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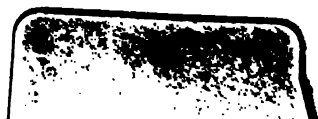
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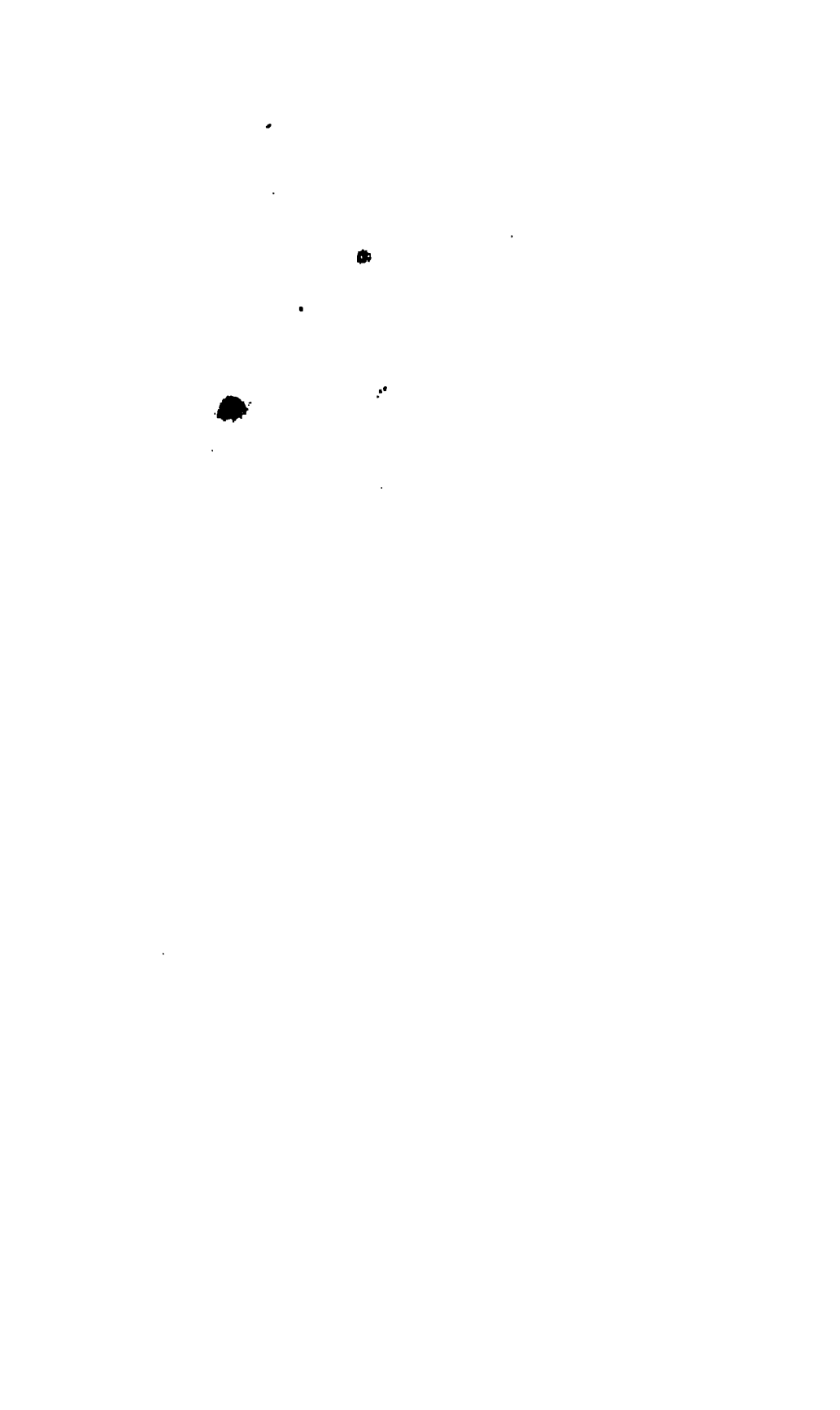
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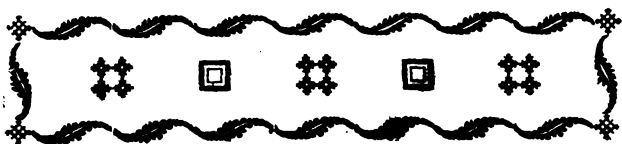
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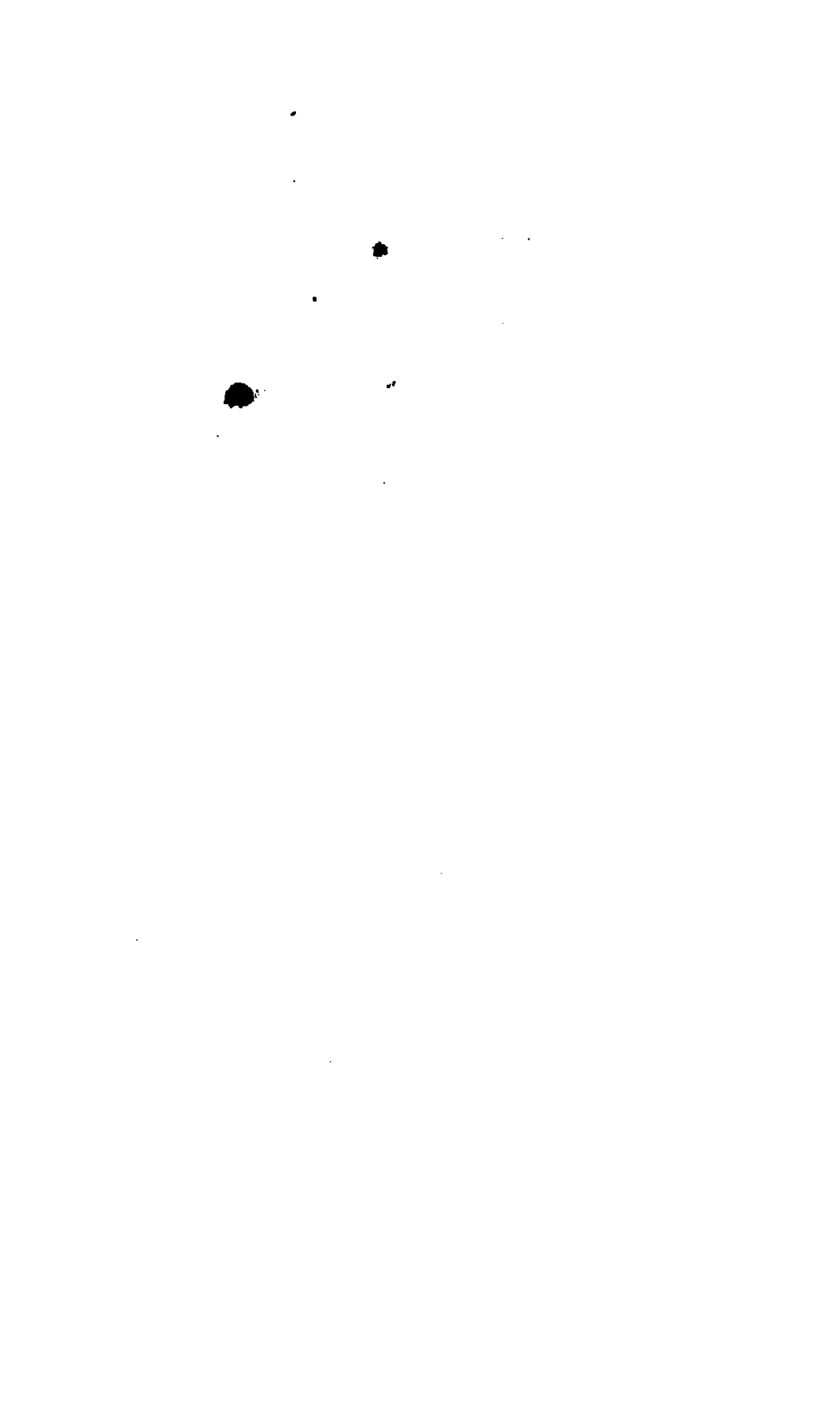
EXTRAORDINARY ANECDOTE

OF CHARLES THE SECOND.

THE King, when at Bruffels, being desirous and resolved to see his sister the Princess of Orange, but withal under a necessity to make the journey with the utmost secrecy, did communicate his design to no person whatsoever. He ordered — Fleming, (a servant of the Earl of Wigton) who was in his service, and of whose fidelity he neither then nor ever after did doubt, secretly to provide a couple of good horses, and have them ready at a certain place and time of the next ensuing night, by his Majesty appointed: that Fleming, with these horses, should remain alone till he heard from the King.

B

At



At the time appointed, the King (having gone to bed, and afterwards dressed himself, and privately gone out of a back door, and leaving only a letter to some one of his servants in whom he confided, with an account of his having gone from them for a few days, and with directions to keep his absence as secret as possible, under pretence of being indisposed) came to the place: there he found Fleming with the horses, as he had directed. He then acquainted Fleming of his design of going to the Hague; and not regarding the hazards he might be exposed to, away he went with his slender equipage and attendance, travelling through the most secret bye-ways, and contriving it so, that he came to the Hague by six in the morning, and alighted at a scrub inn in a remote part of the town, where he was confident none would know him under the disguise he was then in. He immediately sent Fleming to acquaint his sister where he was, and to leave it to her to contrive the way and manner of his having access to her, so as not to be known.

Fleming having dispatched his commission in a very short time, (less than an hour) was no sooner returned to the King, (finding him in the room where he had left him, and where he had been still alone) than an unknown person came and
asked

asked of the landlord, if two Frenchmen had not alighted at his house that morning? The landlord replied, that indeed two men had come, but of what country he knew not. The stranger desired him to tell them he wanted to speak to them; which he having done, the King was much surprized, but withal inclined to see the person.—Fleming opposed it; but the King being positive, the person was introduced, being an old reverend-like man, with a long beard and ordinary grey cloaths; who looking and speaking to the person of the King, told him he was the person he wanted to speak to, and that all alone, on matters of importance. The King believing it might perhaps be a return from his sister, or being curious to know the result of such an adventure, desired Fleming to withdraw; which he refused, till the King taking him aside, told him there could be no hazard from such an old man, for whom he was too much, and commanded him to retire.

They were no sooner alone, than the stranger bolted the door, (which brought the King to think on what might or would happen) and at the same time falling upon his knees, pulled off his very nice and artificial mask, and discovered himself to be Mr. Downing, (afterwards well known by the name of Sir George, and Ambassador from the

King to the States, after his restoration) then Envoy or Ambassador from Cromwell to the States, being the son of one Downing, an Independent Minister, who attended some of the Parliament-men who were once sent to Scotland to treat with the Scots to join against the King, and who was a very active virulent enemy to the Royal Family, as appears from Lord Clarendon's History. "

The King, you may easily imagine, was not a little surprized at the discovery: but Downing gave him no time for reflection, having immediately spoke to him in the following manner:— That he humbly begged his Majesty's pardon for any share or part he had acted during the rebellion against his Royal interest; and assured him, that though he was just now in the service of the Usurper, he wished his Majesty as well as any of his subjects; and would, when an occasion offered, venture all for his service; and was hopeful, what he was to say would convince his Majesty of his sincerity: but before he mentioned the cause of his coming to him, he must insist that his Majesty would solemnly promise to him not to mention what had happened, to Fleming, or any other person whatsoever, until it pleased God his Majesty was restored to his crowns, when he should not have reason to desire it to be concealed; though
even

even then he must likewise have his Majesty's promise never to ask, or expect he should discover how or when he came to know of his being there.

The King having solemnly engaged in the terms required, Downing proceeded, and told, that his master the Usurper, being now at peace with the Dutch, and the States so dependent and obsequious to him that they refused nothing he required, had with the greatest secrecy, in order to make it more effectual, entered into a treaty, by which, among other trifling matters, agreed to *hinc inde*, the chief and indeed main end of the negociation was, that the States stood engaged to seize and deliver up to the Usurper the person of his Majesty, if so be at any time he should happen, by chance or design, to come within their territories, when required thereto by any in his name;—and that this treaty, having been signed by the States, was sent to London, from whence it had returned but yesterday morning, and totally finished yesternight, betwixt him and a private committee of the States. He represented his master's intelligence to be so good, that a discovery would be made even to himself (Downing) of his Majesty's being there; and if he neglected to apply to have him seized, his master would resent it to the highest, which would infallibly cost him his head, and deprive
his

his Majesty of a faithful servant. And being desirous to prevent the miserable consequences of what would follow, if his being here was discovered, he resolved to communicate the danger he was in; and, for fear of a future discovery, he had disguised himself, being resolved to trust no person with the secret. He then proposed that his Majesty would immediately mount his horses, and make all the dispatch imaginable out of the States' territories: that he himself would return home, and, under pretence of sickness, lie longer in bed than usual; and that when he thought his Majesty was so far off, as to be out of danger to be overtaken, he would go to the States, and acquaint them that he understood his Majesty was in town, and require his being seized in the terms of the late treaty: that he knew they would comply, and send to the place directed; but, on finding that his Majesty was gone off so far as to be safe, he would propose to make no farther noise about it, lest it should discover the treaty, and prevent his Majesty's afterwards falling into their hands. The King immediately followed his advice; and he returning home, every thing was acted and happened as he proposed and foretold.

The King having thus escaped this imminent danger, most religiously performed what he had
promised,

promised, never mentioning any part of this story till after his restoration, and not then desiring to know how Downing's intelligence came, (which he never discovered) though he (the King) often said it was a mystery; for no person knew of his design till he was on horseback, and that he could not think Fleming went and discovered him to Downing. Besides, he so soon returned from his sister, he could not have time, Downing having come much about the time Fleming returned.

This story was told by several, who frequented King Charles's Court after the restoration; particularly by the Earl of Cromartie, who said, that next year after the restoration, he, with the Duke of Rothes, and several other Scots quality, being one night with the King over a bottle, they all complained of an impertinent speech Downing had made in Parliament, reflecting on the Scots nation, which they thought his Majesty should resent so as to discard him from Court, and withdraw his favour from him. The King replied, he did **not** approve what he had said, and would reprove him for it; but to go farther he could not well do, because of this story, which he reported in the terms here narrated; which made such an impression on all present, that they freely forgave what had passed, and Rothes asked liberty to begin his health in a bumper.

ON SLEEP.

O Gentle Sleep,
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
 Why rather, Sleep, ly'st thou in smoaky cribs
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
 And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber;
 Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
 Under the canopies of costly state,
 And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
 O thou dull god! why ly'st thou with the vile
 In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch
 A watch-case, or a common larum bell?
 Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy mast,
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
 In cradle of the rude, imperious surge;
 And in the visitation of the winds,
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
 With deafening clamours on the slipp'ry shrouds,
 That with the hurly death itself awakes?
 Canst thou, O partial Sleep, give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
 And, in the calmest and the stillest night,
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a King? Then, happy low! lie down;
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN.

I. **K**INSMAN, I presume you desire to be happy here, and hereafter; you know there are a thousand difficulties which attend this pursuit; some of them, perhaps, you foresee, but there are multitudes which you could never think of. Never trust therefore to your own understanding in the things of this world, where you can have the advice of a wise and faithful friend; nor dare venture the more important concerns of your soul, and your eternal interests in the world to come, upon the mere light of nature, and the dictates of your own reason; since the word of God, and the advice of heaven, lies in your hands. Vain and thoughtless indeed are those children of pride, who choose to turn heathens in the midst of Great-Britain; who live upon the mere religion of nature, and their own stock, when they have been trained up among all the superior advantages of Christianity, and the blessings of divine revelation and grace.

II. Whatever your circumstances may be in this world, still value your Bible as your best treasure; and whatsoever be your employment here, still look upon Religion as your best business.

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Your

Your Bible contains eternal life in it, and all the riches of the upper world; and Religion is the only way to become a possessor of them.

III. To direct your carriage towards God, converse particularly with the Book of Psalms; David was a man of sincere and eminent devotion. To behave aright among men, acquaint yourself with the whole book of Proverbs; Solomon was a man of large experience and wisdom. And to perfect your directions in both these, read the Gospels and the Epistles; you will find the best of rules, and the best of examples there, and those more immediately suited to the Christian life.

IV. As a man, maintain strict temperance and sobriety, by a wise government of your appetites and passions; as a neighbour, influence and engage all around you to be your friends, by a temper and carriage made up of prudence and goodness; and let the poor have a certain share in all your yearly profits. As a trader, keep that golden sentence of our Saviour's ever before you, 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye also unto them.'

V. While you make the precepts of Scripture the constant rule of your duty, you may with courage

rage rest upon the promises of Scripture as the springs of your encouragement. All divine assistances and divine recompences are contained in them. The spirit of light and grace is promised to assist them that ask it. Heaven and glory are promised to reward the faithful and the obedient.

VI. In every affair of life, begin with God.—Consult him in every thing that concerns you. View him as the author of all your blessings, and all your hopes, as your best friend, and your eternal portion. Meditate on him in this view, with a continual renewal of your trust in him, and a daily surrender of yourself to him, till you feel that you love him most entirely, that you serve him with sincere delight, and that you cannot live a day without God in the world.

VII. You know yourself to be a man, an indigent creature and a sinner, and you profess to be a Christian, a disciple of the blessed Jesus; but never think you know Christ or yourself as you ought, till you find a daily need of him for righteousness and strength, for pardon and sanctification; and let him be your constant introducer to the great God, though he sit upon a throne of grace. Remember his own words, John xiv. 6. “No man cometh to the Father but by me.”

VIII. Make prayer a pleasure, and not a task, and then you will not forget nor omit it. If ever you have lived in a praying family, never let it be your fault if you do not live in one always.— Believe that day, that hour, or those minutes, to be all wasted and lost, which any worldly pretences would tempt you to save out of the public worship of the church, the certain and constant duties of the closet, or any necessary services for God and godliness. Beware lest a blast attend it, and not a blessing. If God had not reserved one day in seven to himself, I fear Religion would have been lost out of the world; and every day of the week is exposed to a curse which has no morning religion.

IX. See that you watch and labour, as well as pray. Diligence and dependence must be united in the practice of every Christian. It is the same wise man acquaints us, that the hand of the diligent, and the blessing of the Lord, join together to make us rich; Prov. x. 4, 22.—rich in the treasures of body or mind, of time or eternity.

It is your duty, indeed, under a sense of your own weakness, to pray daily against sin; but if you would effectually avoid it, you must also avoid temptation, and every dangerous opportunity.—

Set

Set a double guard wheresoever you feel or suspect an enemy at hand. The world without, and the heart within, have so much flattery and deceit in them, that we must keep a sharp eye upon both, lest we are trapt into mischief between them.

X. Honour, profit, and pleasure, have been sometimes called the world's trinity, they are its three chief idols; each of them is sufficient to draw a soul off from God, and ruin it for ever. Beware of them, therefore, and of all their subtle insinuations, if you would be innocent or happy.

Remember, that the honour which comes from God, the approbation of heaven, and of your own conscience, are infinitely more valuable than all the esteem or applause of men. Dare not venture one step out of the road of heaven, for fear of being laughed at for walking strictly in it. It is a poor religion that cannot stand against a jest.

Sell not your hopes of heavenly treasures, nor any thing that belongs to your eternal interest, for any of the advantages of the present life: "What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

Remember

Remember also the words of the Wise Man, "He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man;" he that indulgeth himself in "wine and oil," that is, in drinking, in feasting, and in sensual gratifications, "shall not be rich." It is one of St. Paul's characters of a most degenerated age, when "men become lovers of pleasure, more than lovers of God." And that "fleshly lusts war against the soul," is St. Peter's caveat to the Christians of his time.

XI. Preserve your conscience always soft and sensible. If but one sin force its way into that tender part of the soul, and dwell easy there, the road is paved for a thousand iniquities.

And take heed that, under any scruple, doubt, or temptation whatsoever, you never let any reasonings satisfy your conscience, which will not be a sufficient answer or apology to the Great Judge at the last day.

XII. Keep this thought ever in your mind.—It is a world of vanity and vexation in which you live; the flatteries and promises of it are vain and deceitful; prepare therefore to meet disappointments. Many of its occurrences are teasing and vexatious. In every rustling storm without, pos-
sels

sefs your spirit in patience, and let all be calm and serene within. Clouds and tempests are only found in the lower skies; the heavens above are ever bright and clear. Let your heart and hope dwell much in these serene regions; live as a stranger here on earth, but as a citizen of heaven, if you will maintain a soul at ease.

XIII. Since in many things we offend all, and there is not a day passes which is perfectly free from sin, let "repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ," be your daily work.—A frequent renewal of these exercises, which make a Christian at first, will be a constant evidence of your sincere Christianity, and give you peace in life, and hope in death.

XIV. Ever carry about with you such a sense of the uncertainty of every thing in this life, and of life itself, as to put nothing off till to-morrow, which you can conveniently do to-day. Dilatory persons are frequently exposed to surprize and hurry in every thing that belongs to them: the time is come, and they are unprepared. Let the concerns of your soul and your shop, your trade and your religion, lie always in such order, as far as possible, that death, at a short warning, may be no occasion of a disquieting tumult in your spirit,

rit, and that you may escape the anguish of a bitter repentance in a dying hour. FAREWELL.

AN UNCOMMON STORY.

HOW irresistible is the power of conscience! It is a viper which twines itself round the heart, and cannot be shook off. It lays fast hold of us; it lies down with us, and flings us in our sleep. It rises with us, and preys upon our vitals. Hence ancient moralists compared an evil conscience to a vulture feeding upon our liver, and the pangs that are felt by the one to the throws of the other; supposing at the same time the vulture's hunger to be insatiable, and this entrail to be most exquisitely sensible of pain, and to grow as fast as it is devoured. What can be a stronger representation of the most lingering and most acute corporeal pains? Yet, strong as it is, it falls greatly short of the anguish of a guilty conscience. Imagination, when at rest, cannot conceive the horrors which, when troubled, it can excite, or the tortures to which it can give birth.

What must have been the state of mind of Bessus, a native of Pelonia, in Greece, when he disclosed the following well authenticated fact!—

His

His neighbours seeing him one day extremely earnest in pulling down some birds nests, and passionately destroying their young, could not help taking notice of it, and upbraiding him with his ill-nature and cruelty to poor creatures, that, by nestling so near him, seemed to court his protection and hospitality; he replied, that their voice was to him insufferable, as they never ceased twitting him with the murder of his father.

This execrable villainy had lain concealed many years, and never been suspected. In all probability it would never have come to light, had not the avenging fury of conscience drawn, by these extraordinary means, a public acknowledgment of it from the parricide's own mouth.

Bessus is not the only person that has stood self-convicted. Though the discovery has not been distinguished by such a strange circumstance, many have made a voluntary confession, and sought for a refuge from the torments of conscience in death. What a lesson for all men to keep a conscience void of offence!

FRIENDSHIP.

AN ALLEGORY.

A Rich merchant had a son whom he loved tenderly; he had him brought up with great care, and spared nothing to form his heart, and adorn his mind. The young man's education being compleated, he resolved to make him travel: " Son, (said he, one day to him) know that amidst the pressing wants of life, the greatest of all is a good friend. Prodigality consumes our wealth, a reverse of fortune tumbles the most powerful into adversity; but it is death only can rob us of a friend, as it does of ourselves; it is the only advantage that no human power can deprive us of. Find but one friend in the course of your life, and you will find the first and greatest of all blessings. It is therefore, son, I desire you should traverse the world; travelling will give true experience; the more men we have seen, the more we know how to live among them. The world is a great book that will give him proper information who learns to read in it; it is a faithful mirror that represents to our eyes all the objects whose knowledge may convey instruction to us. Depart, son, and think particularly in your excursions of making no valuable acquisition, but of a true friend.

friend. Sacrifice, if necessary, in that view, whatever you may have most precious."

The young man took leave of his father, and passed into a country not far distant from that which he left. He sojourned there but a short time, and returned to his own. "I did not expect you so soon," said the father to him, surprised at his quick return.

"You ordered me (answered the son) to seek out a friend, and I can occasionally produce fifty, all patterns of true friendship."

"Son, (answered the merchant) make not too free with so sacred a name; have you forgot the trite adage? 'You must eat a peck of salt with your friend before you know him;' that is, do not brag of your friend till you have fully proved him. Friendship is a rare, a very rare thing; the most of those who pretend to that title retain only the mask: they resemble a summer cloud that is melted down by the least ray of the sun; they behave in regard to those whom they pretend to love, as the votaries of Bacchus do to a full flask of wine: they embrace it enamoured as long as it contains any of the enchanting liquor, and scornfully throw it away so soon as it is emptied: I greatly fear that

those you seem so well pleased with, resemble the false souls I have here given you the picture of."

" Father, (said the young man) your diffidence is unjust; those I regard as my friends will see me in adversity with hearts unestranged, and their affections unaltered."

" I have now lived seventy years, (said the merchant) I have made a trial of good and adverse fortune; I have narrowly inspected into a number of men; and in so long a revolution of years, scarce was I able to acquire one friend; how then, at your age, and in so short a time, could you find fifty? Learn from me to know mankind."

The merchant cut the throat of a sheep, put it into a sack, and besmear'd his son's cloaths with the animal's blood. All necessary preparations being thus made for the designs he had formed, he deferred the execution of it till night. He took up the sack with the sheep's carcase, laid it on the young man's shoulders, and gave him proper instructions concerning the part he was to act. Both left home in that condition.

The young man knocks at the door of one of the fifty friends. He opens it to him with a seeming

ing air of fondness and alacrity, and asks him the reason of his coming. "It is in misfortunes (said the merchant's son) that we prove those we love. I often mentioned to you the old grudge subsisting between my family and that of a Lord of the Court. Chance would have it that we met each other in a bye place;—hatred armed our hands; I saw him stretched lifeless at my feet. Fearing to be pursued by justice, I took up his body, and it is in the sack you see on my shoulders: I beg you will hide it in your house, till the affair is blown over, and nothing more heard of it."

"My house is so small, (answered the friend, with a forbidding and embarrassed look) that it can hardly contain the living that dwell in it, far from making room in it for a dead body. None are ignorant of the long fostered hatred between you and the lord you have killed: it will be immediately suspected that you are the author of his death; strict enquiry will be made; and as our friendship is publicly known, they will begin with my house: it will avail you nothing to involve me in your mishap: the only service I can render you is to keep your secret."

The young man reiterated the most pressing instances, but all to no purpose. At length despairing

creation is preferred to business. But when the whims of pleasure-engross the thoughts of a King, a whole nation is consigned to ruin. We came here for other purposes than to hear the exploits of the chase; which are only intelligible to grooms and falconers. If your Majesty will attend to the wants and remove the grievances of your people, you will find them obedient subjects; if not"—The King, starting with rage, interrupted him: "If not what?" "If not," resumed the nobleman, in a firm tone, "they will look for another and a better King."

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

"**L**IFE," says Seneca, "is a voyage, in the progress of which we are perpetually changing our scenes: we first leave childhood behind us, then youth, then the years of ripened manhood, then the better and more pleasing part of old age."—The perusal of this passage having incited in me a train of reflections on the state of man, the incessant fluctuation of his wishes, the gradual change of his disposition to all external objects, and the thoughtlessness with which he floats along the stream of time, I sunk into a slumber amidst my meditations, and on a sudden found
my

my ears filled with the tumult of labour, the shouts of alacrity, the shrieks of alarm, the whistle of winds, and the dash of waters.

My astonishment for a time repressed my curiosity; but soon recovering myself so far as to enquire whither we were going, and what was the cause of such clamour and confusion, I was told they were launching out into the *ocean of life*; that we had already passed the streights of infancy, in which multitudes had perished, some by the weakness and fragility of their vessels, and more by the folly, perverseness, or negligence of those who undertook to steer them; and that we were now on the main sea, abandoned to the winds and billows, without any other means of security than the care of the pilot, whom it was always in our power to choose among great numbers that offered their direction and assistance.

I then looked round with anxious eagerness; and first turning my eyes behind me, saw a stream flowing through the flowery islands, which every one that sailed along seemed to behold with pleasure; but no sooner touched, than the current, which, though not noisy or turbulent, was yet irresistible, bore him away. Beyond these islands

E all

all was darkness, nor could any of the passengers describe the shore at which he first embarked.

Before me, and on each other side, was an expanse of waters violently agitated, and covered with so thick a mist, that the most perspicuous eye could see but a little way. It appeared to be full of rocks and whirlpools, for many sunk unexpectedly while they were courting the gale with full sails, and insulting those whom they had left behind. So numerous, indeed, were the dangers, and so thick the darkness, that no caution could confer security. Yet there were many, who, by false intelligence, betrayed their followers into whirlpools, or by violence pushed those whom they found in their way against the rocks.

The current was invariable and insurmountable, but though it was impossible to sail against it, or to return to the place that was once passed, yet it was not so violent as to allow no opportunities for dexterity or courage, since, though none could retreat back from danger, yet they might often avoid it by oblique direction.

It was, however, not very common to steer with much care or prudence; for by some universal infatuation, every man appeared to think himself

voyage; so that every passenger was certain, that how long soever he might, by favourable accidents, or by incessant vigilance, be preserved, he must sink at last.

This necessity of perishing might have been expected to sadden the gay, and intimidate the daring, at least to keep the melancholy and timorous in perpetual torments, and hinder them from any enjoyment of the varieties and gratifications which nature offered them as the solace of their labours; yet in effect none seemed less to expect destruction than those to whom it was most dreadful; they all had the art of concealing their danger from themselves; and those who knew their inability to bear the sight of the terrors that embarrassed their way, took care never to look forward, but found some amusement for the present moment, and generally entertained themselves by playing with Hope, who was the constant associate on the voyage of life.

Yet all that Hope ventured to promise, even to those whom she favoured most, was, not that they should escape, but that they should sink last; and with this promise every one was satisfied, though he laughed at the rest for seeming to believe it. Hope, indeed, apparently mocked the credulity
of

of her companions; for in proportion as their vessels grew leaky, she redoubled her assurances of safety; and none were more busy in making provisions for a long voyage, than they whom all but themselves saw likely to perish soon by irreparable decay.

In the midst of the current of life was the Gulph of Intemperance, a dreadful whirlpool, interspersed with rocks, of which the pointed crags were concealed under water, and the tops covered with herbage on which Ease spread couches of repose, and with shades where Pleasure warbled the song of invitation. Within sight of these rocks all who sailed on the ocean of life must necessarily pass. Reason, indeed, was always at hand to steer the passengers through a narrow outlet by which they might escape; but very few could, by her intreaties or remonstrances, be induced to put the rudder into her hand. without stipulating that she should approach so near unto the rocks of Pleasure, that they might solace themselves with a short enjoyment of that delicious region, after which they always determined to pursue their course without any other deviation.

Reason was too often prevailed upon so far by these promises, as to venture her charge within the eddy

eddy of the Gulph of Intemperance, where, indeed, the circumlocution was weak, but yet interrupted the course of the vessel, and drew it by insensible rotations towards the centre. She then repented her temerity, and with all her force endeavoured to retreat, but the draught of the gulph was generally too strong to be overcome; and the passenger, having danced in circles with a pleasing and giddy velocity, was at last overwhelmed and lost. Those few whom Reason was able to extricate, generally suffered so many shocks upon the points which shot out from the rocks of Pleasure, that they were unable to continue their course with the same strength and facility as before, but floated along timorously and feebly, endangered by every breeze, and shattered by every ruffle of the water, till they sunk by slow degrees, after long struggles and innumerable expedients, always repining at their own folly, and warning others against the first approach of the Gulph of Intemperance.

There were artists who professed to repair the breaches and stop the leaks of the vessels which had been shattered on the rocks of Pleasure.—Many appeared to have great confidence in their skill, and some, indeed, were preserved by it from sinking, who had received only a single blow; but I remarked that few vessels lasted long which had
been

been much repaired, nor was it found that the artists themselves continued afloat longer than those who had least of their assistance.

The only advantage which, in the voyage of life, the cautious had above the negligent, was, that they sunk later, and more suddenly; for they passed forward till they had sometimes seen all those in whose company they had issued from the streights of infancy, perish in the way, and at last were overset by a cross breeze, without the toil of resistance, or the anguish of expectation. But such as had often fallen against the rocks of Pleasure, commonly subsided by sensible degrees, contended long with the incroaching waters, and harassed themselves by labours that scarce Hope herself could flatter with success.

As I was looking upon the various fate of the multitude about me, I was suddenly alarmed with an admonition from some unknown Power, "Gaze not idly upon others, when thou thyself art sinking. Whence is this thoughtless tranquillity, when thou and they are equally endangered?" I looked, and seeing the Gulph of Intemperance before me, started and awaked.

ANECDOTE OF CHARLES II.

A Person of very mean abilities and appearance, having an ambition to be knighted, his money prevailed upon some of the courtiers to solicit that favour for him from the King.— Charles, who could scarce ever refuse a man he liked any thing, particularly if it was mentioned over a bottle, promised it; and next day, when he came to go through the ceremony, his consciousness of not deserving such an honour made him kneel at too great a distance; upon which the King, seeing his embarrassment, good-humouredly cried out, “ Come, come, Sir, be recollected; ’tis I, not you, have the greatest reason to be ashamed in this business.”

VERSES ON MRS. SIDDONS.

SIDDONS! bright subject for a poet’s page!
 Born to augment the glory of the stage!
 Our soul of tragedy restor’d I see;
 A Garrick’s genius is renew’d in thee.
 To give our nature all its glorious course;
 With moral beauty, with resistless force,

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To call forth all the passions of the mind,
 The good, the brave, the vengeful, the refin'd,
 The sigh, the thrill, the start, the angel's tear;
 Thy *Isabella* is our Garrick's *Lear*.

'Tis not the beauties of thy form alone,
 Thy graceful motion, thy impassion'd tone;
 Thy charming attitudes, thy magic pause
 That speaks the eloquence of Nature's laws;
 Not these have giv'n thee high theatric fame,
 Nor fir'd the muse to celebrate thy name.

When Thomson's epithets, to nature true,
 Recal her brightest glories to my view;
 Whene'er his mind-illumin'd aspect brings
 The look that speaks unutterable things;
 In fancy, then, thy image I shall see;
 Then, heavenly artist, I shall think on thee!
 Whatever passion animates thine eye;
 Thence, whether pity steals, or terrors fly;
 Or heav'n commands, to fix averse benign,
 With pow'r miraculous thy face to shine;
 Whatever feeling 'tis thy aim to move,
 Fear, veng'ance, hate, benevolence, or love;
 Still do thy looks usurp divine controul,
 And on their objects rivet all the soul:
 Thy light'ning far outstrips the poet's race;
 E'en Otway's numbers yield to Siddons' face.

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Long after thou hast clos'd the glowing scene;
 Withdrawn thy killing, or transporting mien;
 Humanely hast remov'd from mortal fight,
 Those eyes that shed insufferable light;
 Effects continue, rarely seen before;
 The tumult of the passions is not o'er;
 Imagin'd miseries we still deplore: }

E'en yet distress on meditation grows,
 E'en yet I feel all *Isabella's* woes;
 The dreadful thoughts, rais'd by the magic ring,
 With all her agonies my bosom sting;
 I feel, where Byron ascertains his life
 All the severe amazement of the wife:
 When she, by force, from his remains is borne,
 Myself, by ruffians, from myself am torn:
 Where the keen dagger gives her soul relief,
 Frees her from frenzy, and o'erwhelming grief;
 At vain compassion, with her latest breath,
 I laugh, and triumph in fictitious death.

ON THE NECESSITY
 OF
 SELF-ACQUAINTANCE.

IT is a point agreed upon by the wise, the virtuous, and the religious, that self-acquaintance

ance is of considerable weight and consequence to every one of us.

Surely then it must be worth our while to examine into the causes of our disgust to this important branch of knowledge.

Among other causes of that usual indifference which mankind in general discover to a thorough acquaintance and knowledge of themselves, may be mentioned an immoderate thirst after pleasure.

This truth will appear very evident, if we consider, in the first place, that pleasure is always sure to engross the heart of that man who addict himself to it; and, in the second place, that it enervates and disqualifies the mind for all laborious pursuits. The love of pleasure is that commanding passion which usurps despotic power, and suffers no power to approach its throne, or dispute with it the empire of the human breast. And whoever yields himself up to pleasure forfeits his liberty, and will find it a most difficult task to break loose from his bonds. Miserable, then, are those captives, to whom enlargement and freedom are almost impossible acquisitions! How cautious ought we to be of all such surrenders of ourselves, as preclude us the power of acting a wiser part for

the future! How careful to shun such engagements as are incompatible with thought and reflection, and leave no room for the respective offices and duties of life! engagements which render youth inglorious, and old age contemptible.

But such caution appears additionally necessary, when we consider the pernicious influences and effects of pleasure on the mind of man; that it not only alienates our affections from God, seduces us from our duty, and arrogates the sole possession of our hearts; but what is a more dangerous evil still, it likewise emasculates the human mind, enervates all the powers of the soul, and disables us from the pursuit of what is great and good.

To a man who prizes liberty and independence, captivity is one of the greatest calamities which can befall him. But the loss of freedom, accompanied with the loss of strength—a state of servitude, and at the same time an impotence of reason to extricate him out of his slavery—are surely the worst misfortunes that can happen to humanity; and more particularly when we subjoin, that pleasure not only robs us of our strength, but intoxicates the understanding, reconciles to us our setters, and renders us averse to a discharge from our bondage. The knowledge of ourselves is a laborious study,

study, and requires constant attention and indefatigable industry. No wonder, then, that a mind immersed in pleasures, is reluctant to this arduous task; such aversion is the natural consequence of voluptuousness and effeminacy. It may, with the strictest propriety, be said of pleasure, "that her poison is like the poison of a serpent. and that the votaries of pleasure are like the deaf adder, that stoppeth her ear, which refuseth to hear the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely."

What has been said upon the subject of Pleasure will hold good with respect to Wealth and Ambition. The leading passion, *whatever it be*, is always imperious and clamorous in its demands, and never can brook a competitor. Talk to him, that is greedy of gain, or to the ambitious person, about self-acquaintance; urge the dignity of the science, and expatiate upon its extensive advantages, and you shall be sure to find yourself a most unwelcome preceptor. Solicit the attentive regards of that man, whose heated imagination exhibits splendours and titles to his view; attempt conversation with the man of business, who rises early, and sits up late, and eats the bread of carefulness, in order to accumulate riches; and what reception will you meet with from either of these characters? Like Felix, although converts to the
truth

truth of your doctrine, they will dismiss you in haste, and say, " Go thy way for this time, when I have a convenient season I will call for thee." And indeed, if they proceed so far, it is the utmost you are to expect from them: for, as the promise is conditional, and that convenient season will never arrive, so the performance of their promise will never be fulfilled.

But it is not always levity or laziness; it is not only the love of pleasure, honour, or riches, which keeps men off from an acquaintance with their own hearts; it is sometimes a strong suspicion that their breasts will not bear an inspection. They have reason to fear that things go wrong *there*, and therefore they decline all inquiries; as they who run behind-hand in the world do not care to look into their books. Sad indeed is the case of that man, whose guilt deters him from all researches into his own bosom; but nevertheless, he will do well to consider, that, however painful such examinations may be, they are absolutely necessary to prevent further accessions of guilt, and by a sincere repentance to cancel his former score.

AN HYMN

COMPOSED FOR THE USE OF
SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

FATHER of Mercies! God of Grace!
Each perfect gift is thine;
Through various channels flow the streams,
The source is still divine.

Thy kindness call'd us into life;
And all the good we know,
Each present comfort, future hope,
Thy liberal hands bestow.

The friends whose charity provides
This refuge where to flee,
From want, from ignorance, and vice;
Were raised up by thee.

To Thee we owe the full supply,
Which by their hands is given;
To make us useful here below,
And train our souls for heaven.

May health and peace attend them here,
And every joy above;
While we improve with grateful hearts,
The labour of their love.

OF THE
BATTLE OF MARATHON.

THE History of Persia, after the reign of Cyrus, who died in the year before Christ 529, offers little, considered in itself, that merits our regard. But when combined with that of Greece, it becomes particularly interesting.

The Monarchs, who succeeded Cyrus, gave an opportunity to the Greeks to exercise those virtues, which the freedom of their government had created and confirmed. Sparta remained under the influence of Lycurgus's institutions. Athens had just recovered from the tyranny of the Pisistratidæ, a family who had trampled on the laws of Solon, and usurped the supreme power.

Such was their situation, when the lust of universal empire, which seldom fails to torment the breasts of tyrants, led Darius to send forth his numerous armies into Greece.

But the Persians were no longer those invincible soldiers, who, under Cyrus, had conquered Asia. Their minds were enervated by luxury and servitude.

Athens,

Athens, on the contrary, teemed with great men, whose minds were nobly animated by the late recovery of their freedom. Miltiades, in the plains of Marathon, with ten thousand Athenians, overcame the Persian army of an hundred thousand foot and ten thousand cavalry, in the year before Christ 490.

This memorable day reflected the highest glory on Miltiades. To prevent his little army from being surrounded by the enemy, he drew it up with a mountain in the rear, extended his front as much as possible, placed his chief strength in the wings, and caused a great number of trees to be cut down, to keep off the enemy's cavalry from charging them in flank.

The Athenians rushed forwards on the Persians like so many furious lions. This is remarked to have been the first time that they advanced to the attack running. By their impetuosity, they opened a lane through the enemy, and supported with the greatest firmness the charge of the Persians.

The battle, at first, was fought by both parties with great valour and obstinacy. But the wings of the Athenian army, where, as we have just said, Miltiades had placed his chief strength, at-

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tacking the main body of the enemy in flank, threw them into irretrievable confusion. Six thousand Persians perished on the spot, and amongst the rest the traitor Hippias, the principal occasion of the war. The rest of the Persian army quickly fled, and abandoned to the victors their camp full of riches.

Thus the Athenians obtained a victory, more real than probable. Animated by their success they pursued the Persians to their very ships, of which they took seven, and set fire to several more.

On this occasion, one Cynegirus, an Athenian, after performing prodigies of valour in the field, endeavoured to prevent a particular galley from putting to sea, and for that purpose held it fast with his right hand: when his right hand was cut off, he then seized the galley with his left, which being likewise cut off, he took hold of it with his teeth, and kept it so till he died.

Another foldier, all covered over with the blood of the enemy, ran to announce the victory at Athens, and after crying out, " Rejoice, we are conquerors," fell dead in the presence of his fellow-citizens.

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The Greeks, in this engagement, lost only 200 men. Aristides and Themistocles distinguished themselves very highly in the battle; but Miltiades gained the chief glory. As a reward for his extraordinary merits, and to perpetuate the memory of his skill and bravery, they caused a picture to be painted by Polygnotus, one of the most celebrated artists, where Miltiades was represented, at the head of the ten commanders, exhorting the soldiers, and setting them an example of their duty. This picture was preserved for many ages, with other paintings of the best masters, in the portico, where Zeno afterwards instituted his school of philosophy.

ANECDOTE

OF AN

ATTORNEY AND HIS CLIENT.

A Late popular character, when very young, was a candidate for Berwick upon Tweed; and being returned, preferred a petition to the House of Commons, retaining a certain eminent council, with a fee of fifty guineas. Just before this business was about to come into the House, the barrister, who had in the interval changed his

political sentiments, sent word he could not possibly plead. On this, the candidate immediately waited on his advocate, mildly expostulated and remonstrated, but all in vain, he would not by any means consent either to plead or return the money; adding, with a sneer of professional insolence, that 'the law was open, and that he might have recourse, if he conceived himself injured.' "No, no, Sir," replied the spirited client, "I was weak enough to give you a fee, but I am not quite fool enough to go to law with you; as I perceive my whole fortune may be wasted in retaining fees alone, before I find one honest barrister to plead for me. I have therefore brought my advocate in my pocket!" Then taking out a brace of pistols, he offered one to the astonished counsellor; and protested that before he quitted the room he would either have his money or satisfaction. The money was accordingly returned; but losing so able an advocate, the justice of his cause prevented not the failure of his application.

REFLECTIONS ON DEATH.

DEATH is the most awful and interesting subject on which the thoughts of man can be employed; and I have always considered it as one
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of the wonderful circumstances in human nature, that, notwithstanding the absolute certainty with which every man knows that he is to die, so great a proportion of life is passed without thinking of it at all. It is true, the precise time and manner of it are concealed from men in general, capital convicts only having that knowledge imparted to them: and this obscurity, at the utmost verge of our prospect, instead of shocking the mind as a determinate object of terror does, seems to yield and recede from its approach, and gives room for fancy to form a slender specious hope, which floats in the void, unless crushed by a close examination. But it is surely strange, that beings of strong intelligence and vigorous views of futurity, should be kept quiet, and prevented from starting, by so thin a veil.

In this, as in a thousand other instances, we cannot but discern, with the fullest conviction, the wise and kind operations of Providence; which having found it necessary that we should continue for a time in this state of existence, in our progress to a better, disposes our minds to receive such a degree of apprehension of death, as to make every one, not void of reflection, resolve at least to exert his endeavours in preparing for his great change; while at the same time, present concerns,
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by their immediate influence, preserve his lively and most frequent attention.

The greatest object, if viewed at a prodigious distance, will not affect our perceptions so strongly as a much smaller one that is near to us. Thus it is as to Death, and the comparatively little objects which occur in the course of our lives. We are so framed, that what is present must ever pass upon us so strongly as to render us little concerned about the future, unless we are able to counteract the natural workings of our minds by studied intellectual exertions and contrary habits. This is not to be done in any degree, without more than ordinary spiritual acquirements; and such are the unceasing effects of mere sensation, and its consequences, that I question if even the Monks of La Trappe, whose whole time was spent in the closest seclusion and silence, and exercises of solemn meditation and piety, were able in reality to fix their thoughts upon Death during any considerable part of each day. Their form of salutation to each other being the only words which they were permitted to speak, viz. *memento mori*, remember to die, is a proof that they require to have their recollection occasionally awakened; as Philip of Macedon had one, who every morning, in the
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midst of his magnificence and power, whispered him, *Remember, Sir, you are a man.*

It has been argued by some ingenious and fanciful men; whose abilities were not great enough to make them distinguished upon plain and common ground, and who therefore placed themselves on the summits of singularity:—it has been argued by such, that the fear of Death is not natural to mankind; that the Savage, who is to be admired and envied *as the man of nature*, lives in health, and dies in tranquillity; and that all the dreary notions of mortality have been produced by Priests, to subject the minds of their fellow-creatures to their influence.

That the fear of Death will be less terrible, in proportion as a being thinks less, I shall not deny. But I suppose few of my readers would incline to be degraded to the state of the lamb, whose inconsiderate fearlessness is so well described by Pope:

“ Pleas’d to the last, he crops the flowery food,
“ And licks the hand just rais’d to shed its blood.”

Neither, I hope, would many be content to obtain an exemption from their awful anxiety, at
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the price of being turned into Savages. That Savages have not the fear of Death, I do not believe: but if it is so, the reason can only be, that their whole attention is occupied in procuring themselves food, and watching for safety; so that their views extend not to futurity, more than those of the wild beast of the desert. For it is matter of demonstration, that if the thoughts of Death come into the mind of man at all, they must strike him with at least a very serious concern.

Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Julius Cæsar this speech:

“ Cowards die many times before their deaths:
The valiant never taste of Death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that Death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.”

Of this passage, the two first lines are exceedingly animated; but the rest of it is, in my opinion, an irrational rhapsody. For, surely, it is not the most strange of all wonders, that one should fear Death, since it cannot be disputed that Death involves in it every object of regret, and every possibility of evil.

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If Death is to be considered as the extinction of our being, I need only appeal to the genuine feelings of every one of my readers for the justice of the reflections in Addison's celebrated soliloquy of Cato, though lately cavilled at by a French Philosopher and Critic.

The thought of being at once and for ever deprived of every thing that is agreeable and dear to us, must doubtless be very distressing. If to part with one affectionate friend, to lose one valuable piece of property, gives us pain, what must be the affliction, which the thought of parting with all our friends, and losing all our property, must occasion?

It is in vain for the Sophist to argue, that upon the supposition of our being annihilated, we shall have no affliction; as we can have no consciousness: for all but very dull men will confess, that though we may be insensible of the reality when it takes place, the *thought* of it is dismal. But nobody can be *certain* of annihilation; and the thought of entering upon a scene of being, altogether unknown, which *may be* unhappy in an extreme degree, is, without question, very alarming. If a man were to be put on board a ship which had landed in Britain from a remote region,

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with which, and its inhabitants, we are utterly unacquainted, and should know that he is never to return home again, but to pass the rest of his days in that region, he would, I believe, be reckoned very stupid if he should be unconcerned. Yet Death presents to the imagination suppositions still more terrifying.

In the Play of *Measure for Measure*, Shakespeare gives us most natural, as well as highly poetical sentiments of Death, in the character of *Claudio*; who, after his sister has talked with unthinking levity, thus

“ Oh! were it but my life,
I’d throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.”

Seriously expresses himself in a short sentence,
“ Death’s a fearful thing.”

And a little after,
“ Aye, but to die, and go we know not where,
To lie in cold obstrusion, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;

To

To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendant world; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and uncertain thoughts
Imagine howling; 'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury, imprisonment,
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of Death."

Thus an Infidel, who has a lively imagination, may, upon his own principles, be frightened when he thinks of Death. For infidelity, as to a future state, can carry a man no farther than scepticism; and it is sufficient to excite fear in a strong degree, that such horrible situations as Shakespeare fancies, in the verses which I have just quoted, are even possible.

Neither, in my apprehension, can any man, whose mind is not naturally dull, or grown callous by age, be without uneasiness when he looks forward to the act of dissolution itself. A hypochondriac fancies himself at different times suffering Death in all the various ways in which it has been observed; and thus he dies many times before his death. I myself have been frequently terrified, and dismally afflicted in this way, nor

can I yet secure my mind against it at gloomy seasons of dejection.

When one has found relief by any remedy, however accidental, it is humane to mention it to others. I am therefore to inform my hypochondriac brethren, who may have the same horrible imaginations of Death which I have had, that I have found sensible consolations from a very pretty passage, which I chanced to read several years ago, which is thus:

“ It is certain, indeed, that the fear of Death is one of the strongest passions implanted in human nature, and wisely ordained by Providence as a sort of guard to retain mankind within their appointed station. Yet, possibly, there are not those agonies in dying which are usually supposed: many things appear more formidable in imagination, than they are in reality. When we are in perfect health and vivacity, we have a horrible idea of sickness and confinement. But when we are actually sick or confined, we are more insensible to the pleasures and gaieties of the world, and reconciled to the alteration. As our distemper increases, we begin to be disgusted with life, and wish to be released. The aspect of Death becomes more familiar as it approaches. As nature sinks
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into dissolution, we gradually lose the power of sensation. The interval of departure is short and transient; the change imperceptible. No reflection, and therefore no pain, succeeds. The soul forgets her anxiety, and sinks into repose; and if there is a pain, there is, upon Christian principles, a bliss in dying.

“ We may perhaps reconcile ourselves, in some measure, to the thoughts of our decease, by observing how sleep pervades the human frame, and suspends its operations. With what ease do we pass from waking to sleeping! With how little concern do we part with the knowledge of light, and of ourselves! And if this temporary insensibility, this image of Death, steals upon us imperceptibly; if we feel an inexpressible sweetness in that situation, why may we not imagine that the senses glide away in the same soft and easy manner, when nature sinks into the profoundest repose?”

There are few more beautiful pieces of writing than this, which was extracted from the Critical Review, in giving an account of Dr. Stennett's Discourses on Personal Religion.—A striking and expressive description of the horrors of dying is quoted from that book; upon which the Reviewer
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has made the aforesaid reflection. Indeed, I have often wondered at the excellence of writing which I have found in the Reviews, when I considered that the authors were anonymous, and could not be stimulated by the hopes of praise.

Notwithstanding my persuasion that the fear of Death is rational, and will ever be found in a thinking being, I am very willing to allow all proper respect to that firmness and fortitude of which some are possessed; who, whilst they are sensible of the awful importance of launching from one state of being into another, support the thoughts of it with a calmness and humble hope becoming at once the dignity of human nature, and the humble confidence of piety.

ON GAMING.

AS Gaming is frequently the source of that fearful murderous hatred which has lately been a terror to the nation, I think it would be doing an acceptable public service to shew in what detestation it is held by the whole community assembled in Parliament; and this cannot be better done than by a transcription from the learned
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Blackstone, in which he exhibits a beautiful display and liberality of sentiments.

After having set forth what provision the wisdom of legislature has made against luxury, that baleful plague and ruinous pest of society; and mentioned that by 10 Edw. III. stat. 3, no man shall be served at dinner or supper with more than two courses, except upon some great holidays, there specified, in which he may be served with *three*. He introduces Gaming as the natural offspring of luxury, and says, " Next to that of luxury, naturally follows the offence of Gaming, which is generally introduced to supply or retrieve the expences occasioned by the former; it being a kind of tacit confession that the company engaged therein do, in general, exceed the bounds of their respective fortunes; and therefore they cast lots, to determine upon whom the ruin shall fall, that the rest may be saved a little longer." But taken in any light, it is an offence of the most alarming nature; tending, by necessary consequences, to promote public idleness, theft, and debauchery, among those of a lower class: and among persons of a superior, it has been frequently attended with the sudden ruin and desolation of ancient and opulent families, an abandoned prostitution of every principle of honour and virtue, and too often

often has ended in self-murder. To restrain this vice among the inferior sort of people, the statute 33 Henry VIII. c. 9, was made; which prohibits, to all but gentlemen, the games of tennis, tables, cards, dice, bowls, and other unlawful diversions therein specified, unless in the time of Christmas, under pecuniary pains and imprisonment. And the same law, and also the stat. 30 Geo. II. c. 24, inflict pecuniary penalties as well upon the master of any public-house wherein servants are permitted to game, as upon the servants themselves, who are found to be gaming there.—But this is not the principal ground of modern complaints: it is the gaming in high life that demands the attention of Magistrates; a passion in which every valuable consideration is made a sacrifice, and which we seem to have inherited from our ancestors, the ancient Germans, whom Tacitus describes to have been bewitched with the spirit of play to a most exorbitant degree. “ They addict themselves (says he) to dice, (which is wonderful) when sober, and as a serious employment; with such a mad desire of winning or losing, that when stripped of every thing else, they will stake at last their liberty, and their very selves. The loser goes into voluntary slavery, and, though younger and stronger than his antagonist, suffers himself to be bound and sold.—And this perseverance

verance in so bad a cause they call the *point of honour*."

When men are thus intoxicated with so frantic a spirit, laws will be of little avail; because the same false sense of honour that prompts a man to sacrifice himself, will deter him from appealing to the Magistrate. Yet it is proper that laws should be, and be known publicly, that gentlemen may learn what penalties they wilfully incur, and what confidence they repose in sharpers; who, if successful in play, are certain to be paid with honour; or if unsuccessful, have it in their power to be still greater gainers by informing. For by stat. 16, Car. II. c. 7, if any person, by playing or betting, shall lose more than 100l. at one time, he shall not be compellable to pay the same; and the winner shall forfeit treble the value, one moiety to the King; the other to the informer. The 9th Anne, c. 14, enacts, that all bonds, and other securities, given for money won at play, or money lent at the time to play withal, shall be utterly void: that all mortgages and incumbrances of lands made upon the same consideration, shall be and endure to the use of the heir of the mortgager: that if any person, at one time, loses 10l. at play, he may sue the winner, and recover it back by action of debt at law; and, in case the loser does

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not, any other person may sue the winner for treble the sum so lost; and the plaintiff in either case may examine the defendant himself upon oath; and no privilege of Parliament shall be allowed. And if any one cheats at play, and at one time wins more than 10l. or any valuable thing, he may be indicted thereupon, and shall forfeit five times the value; shall be deemed infamous, and shall suffer such corporal punishment as in case of wilful perjury.

By st. 18 Geo. II. c. 24, the st. 9 Anne is farther enforced. The forfeitures of that act may now be recovered in a Court of Equity: and if any be convicted, upon information or indictment, of winning or losing at any sitting 10 or 20l. within twenty-four hours, he shall forfeit five times the sum.

Thus careful has the legislature been to prevent this destructive vice; which may shew that our laws are not so deficient as ourselves, and our magistrates, in putting those laws in execution.

As gamesters are men who boast of very exalted spirits, both as to the delicacy of their honour, and quick sensibility of parts, I would beg leave to shew them in what sovereign contempt the
judiciously

judiciously candid Addison held both: "It is wonderful (says he) to see persons of the best sense passing away a dozen hours together in shuffling and dividing a pack of cards, with no other conversation but what is made up of a few game phrases, and no other ideas but those of black or red spots ranged together in different figures.—Would not a man laugh to hear any one of his species complaining that life is short?" And in another place he says, "You often see a common sharper in competition with a gentleman of the first rank; though all mankind is convinced that a fighting gamester is only a pick-pocket, with the courage of a highwayman."

OF FRIENDSHIP.

THE greatest sweetner of human life is Friendship. To raise this to the highest pitch of enjoyment, is a secret which but few discover.—Friendships, in general, are suddenly contracted; and therefore it is no wonder they are easily dissolved. A man who has amused us for an evening with sprightly merriment, shall be admitted into the number of our friends, and received with that ardour which is always the attendant upon the first impression of regards. But, though wit be

an agreeable, it is by no means the only qualification necessary in a friend; and is, of all others, the most precarious foundation of esteem. A wit, in this respect, resembles a beauty; all admire her, though few would venture to chuse her as a wife.

Qualifications that make a man the object of general applause, are not, in themselves, sufficient to conciliate our friendly regards. Amidst this universal admiration, there is no opportunity for the partiality of friendship to exercise itself; and a man under the same obligations to every person, cannot, in strict justice, limit his regards to any one in particular. It is much more reasonable to suppose that he will sacrifice the opinion and esteem of an individual, to the opinion and esteem of the rest; and will, at the expence of one admirer, attempt to raise his reputation with others.

But the wit is not the only man disqualified for Friendship. Look round the world, and you will see men employed in such pursuits, and disturbed with such passions, as make Friendship appear almost an empty name, and an imaginary existence. Most breasts are so contracted by selfish and mercenary principles, that they are incapable of feeling any of the finer movements and reciprocal actions of benevolence; and even where nature has
softened

softened the heart to this delicate sensibility, she has, perhaps, considerably abated its operation, by principles and habits of a contrary kind.—Some are susceptible of the warmest affection, quick to the call of necessity, and ready to relieve and succour distress; but then they lie open to the attack of every softer passion, and have not fortitude sufficient to reason down these rising propensities of nature into the genuine principles of disinterested Friendship. Others, from selfishness and pride, shall lend an easy ear to the whisper of malignity and envy. Others destroy Friendship by suspicion and reserve. Others have hearts soft to every impression; and, in these, one seal of Friendship is obliterated by another: while some, by a mutable disposition of mind, relinquish their friends, *not* because they cease to be, but continue what they once were. But when we come to reflect, on the one hand, that Friendship, in order to be true and lasting, must know no rival or reserve, have similar virtues for its foundation, and mutual esteem for its support, and the happiness of another preferred to our own; and when we consider, on the other, the suspicions of pride, the love of superiority, and the natural distrust of the human heart, we shall soon find that Socrates made a right estimate of Friendship,
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and that a very small mansion will contain all which any man can truly call such.

Considering these requisites of Friendship, and the opposition in the way of their acquisition we have a melancholy instance of the imperfection of our present state of being, which almost denies the possibility of attaining that which is the greatest happiness we can enjoy. But this may be wisely designed by the Author of our being: Hence, if Friendship were complete, our happiness here would appear so absolute, as greatly to retard our improvements in those virtues upon which a Friendship most exalted, lasting, and refined, shall be established. But though we may not arrive at all at that happiness which we are assured a pure Friendship is capable of affording, yet this ought not to make us indolent in our researches, or indifferent in our regards. That man would be folly thought very unreasonable, who would refuse to partake of the elegancies which his own country affords, because other regions furnish our greater delicacies.

The very constitution of our minds leads us immediately to the cultivation of Friendship.— Though the powers of the mind are great, yet, the wider they expand, the less forcibly they act.
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That benevolence we feel towards all mankind is of so undeterminate a nature, that, when the general calamities of our fellow-creatures are represented to us, where, perhaps, whole nations are immediate sufferers, we enter not into that sympathy which we should feel for one family or friend in distress. We shall always find that, in exact proportion as the object of our benevolence decreases, the more warm and lively our benevolence operates. The good of the political community to which we belong, is more the object of our regards than the community of the world; that of our family and friends, more than that of the political community; and that of an individual is still more sacred and dear. Here our regards center upon an absolute object, and there is more than general calamity to affect us. When one particular ear is open to our complaints; when we see one breast filled with sympathy; the eye of an individual flowing with a tear of compassion, or glad with the sparkling of joy; we imagine this to be an extraordinary instance of that humanity which, in every instance, gains our esteem and approbation.

The requisites of Friendship, then, as we observed, are confidence, love, and esteem: such as are founded upon similar perfections of character,
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or similar taste, with no more opposition of sentiment than what shall sometimes prove a gentle excitement to an amicable dispute. We cannot confide in the man whose moroseness makes him reserved, any more than in him whose levity makes him liable to change. We cannot trust the man of pride, or commit a secret to his keeping who is always unguarded. We must both love and esteem the person we admit to our Friendship; because a man may possess qualities which may produce love, and no esteem; or esteem without love. The former is founded on qualifications that please, the latter on those that command approbation.

We, in some sort, love ourselves in our friend, and are glad, from a desire of appearing disinterested, to make a joint offering to benevolence and self-love. The foundation of this must be, the similarity between ourselves and our friends. The same taste that leads to the same pleasures binds us most forcibly with the cords of affection. We love to recollect, much more constantly converse, with objects with which we have connected the most agreeable ideas; and, by this joint participation, we give a countenance to pleasures otherwise fugitive, and of precarious remembrance. Such an opposition of sentiment in
Friendship

Friendship must never appear, as may lead us to espouse the causes of different parties. In contentions which these produce, Friendship has been often destroyed, without the conviction of either of the opponents.

When once we have made choice of a friend, let our care to keep him be equal to the value of the possession we enjoy: and let us remember the imperfections of humanity, and expect not too much even from Friendship itself. We may trust in the sincerity of a friend; but there are secrets which no other breast but our own should be conscious of. We may reveal many griefs, but a portion ought to be reserved as a trial of our own fortitude. We may communicate many pleasures, yet still have some in reserve: there will be seasons when these may amuse, and when a friend cannot delight. Friendship may be made subservient to the noblest purposes of human life; for, though it will not allow of direct opposition of sentiment, or the contention of superiority, yet it admits of a generous emulation who shall excel in all the amiable virtues that connect mankind in the inviolable union of social benevolence.

THE
LESSON OF MISFORTUNE.

A MORAL TALE.

“ **T**O overcome adversity, and brave death itself, is the effect of a noble and generous resolution. But there is still a species of courage which I think less frequently to be met with in the world, but not less admirable. I shall give an instance of it in relating what I heard from Watelet, as we were one day walking together in the groves of Moulin Joli.

“ Of all men of the present century, Watelet seemed to have conducted himself in a manner the most likely to secure a life of happiness. He was a man of universal taste, a lover of the arts, and an encourager of artists and men of letters; he was himself a literary man and an artist, but not with sufficient success to awaken and call forth envy; he possessed that moderate excellence of talent, which sues for indulgence, and which, free from noise and attention, acquiring esteem and dispensing with glory, amuses the leisure of unambitious retirement, or of a few partial friends; he was wise enough to confine his desire of applause within the limits of that narrow circle, and
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not to seek in the world either the fulsome praise of admirers, or the criticism of jealousy. Add to these advantages an uncommon amenity of manners, a delicate sensibility of disposition, an attentive and conciliating politeness, and you will have the idea of a life that was innocently pleasurable. Such was the life of Watelet.

“ Every body heard of his philosophical retreat on the banks of the Seine. I sometimes paid him a visit there. One day I met a new-married couple that were mutually delighted with each other; the husband still in the prime of life, and the bride not yet twenty years of age. Watelet seemed himself to derive happiness from theirs, and their looks were expressive of their owing it to him.— As they spake the French tongue with purity, I was surprized to hear them say they were going to live in Holland, and that they were come to take their leave of him. When dinner was over, and when they were gone away, I had the curiosity to ask who this happy and grateful couple were. My friend led me into a corner of his enchanting island, where we both sat down. ‘ Listen,’ said he, ‘ and you will see honour saved from shipwreck by virtue.’

" In a journey to Holland, which I undertook solely to see a country for which man is constantly contending with the sea, and which is enriched by commerce in despite, as it were, of nature, I was recommended to a rich merchant of the name of Odelman, a man as liberal in his house, as he was avaricious in his commerce. In his counting-house, and at his table, I found a young Frenchman, of an interesting appearance and uncommon modesty of deportment. He was known in Holland by no other name than that of Oliver.

" In vain Odelman, who was a man of plain manners, treated him like a friend, and almost as an equal: the young man, with a certain respectful dignity, always kept himself at a proper distance; you would have said, at that of a son ever attentive and dutiful to the will of his father, whom he was serving for love.

" I shewed him an attention of which he appeared very sensible, and which he returned by a certain nobleness of deportment, but with an air of humility and bashfulness. At table he said little, but with a manner, a decency, a choice of expression, that bespoke a well-educated man.— After dinner he attended me in the most obliging manner, and made me a tender of his services.—

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I did not take an undue advantage of it; but I begged him to assist me with his advice relative to the management of my expences, and to some purchases I wished to make. To this friendly office he joined the kindest attentions to the most affectionate care.

“ I endeavoured to learn what had induced him to live in Holland. He replied, ‘ it was misfortune;’ and in every thing that related to himself, I thought I perceived he did not wish to come to an explanation.

“ In the mean time, while we passed all the time he could spare together, and with a complaisance that my curiosity sometimes fatigued, but never wore out, he gave me every information relative to whatever was interesting in Holland. He represented it as having no more than an artificial existence in its relations with all the nations of the universe, and continually occupied in supporting and defending its dykes and its liberties. Impressed with gratitude in favour of his new country, he spake of it with the expression of a sentiment to which his melancholy gave greater force, and which, though full of esteem for that country, was nevertheless mingled with the regret and recollection of his own. ‘ Ah!’ would he say, ‘ if
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France did the fourth part as much to assist nature as Holland does to subdue it!—And from a view of the manners of the Dutch, their laws, their laborious and painful industry, he led me to admire the prodigies that are brought about by necessity.

“ You may be sure I began to conceive a singular affection for him. ‘ This is an entertaining young man,’ said I to Odelman, ‘ and I have the greatest reason to speak in his favour. It was doubtless you that recommended him to shew me such attention.’ “ Not at all,” replied he, “ but you are a Frenchman, and he idolizes his country. I am very glad, however, to profit by its loss, for it has few more such to boast of. He is an assemblage of every estimable quality; fidelity, intelligence, indefatigable application, readiness in business, an extreme quickness and niceness of perception; a spirit of order which nothing can escape; and above all, an œconomy—Ah! he is the man, indeed, that knows the value of money.”

“ The last article of his eulogium was not of my taste; and, in his excuse, I observed, that ‘ it was allowable in the unfortunate to be avaricious.’ “ Avaricious! he is not so,” replied the Dutchman, “ for he is not even covetous. ‘ Never, I
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am well assured, did he desire the wealth of another; he is only careful of his own. But in the management of it he exhibits a parsimony, so ingenuous and so refined, that the Dutch themselves are astonished at it." 'And yet there is nothing,' observed I, 'about him, that betrays an interested disposition. He talked to me about your wealth, and the wealth of Holland; but he talked of them without envy.'

"Oh! no; I told you he was not envious.—He seems to want even that desire of gain which is the very soul of our commerce. I have often proposed to him to adventure the profits of his labour in my ships."—"No," he would say, 'I have nothing to risk. The little I possess, I cannot do without.' And when he has sometimes given way to my persuasion, and exposed small sums to the dangers of the sea, I have seen him so much agitated, till the safe return of the vessel, that he has lost his nightly rest. This is exactly the disposition of the ant. Satisfied with what he can accumulate by labour, he never regrets his not acquiring more; and, preserving in his œconomy an air of easy circumstances, and of dignity, he appears, in refraining from every thing, to be in want of nothing. For instance, you see he is decently dressed. Well, that blue coat, upon which

which was never seen a grain of dust, is the same he has worn for six years together, and is the only coat he possesses. He did me the favour to dine with me to-day, this is what he rarely does; and yet it is his own fault if he does not make my table his own; but he chuses rather to dispose of that article of his expences in his own way, in order to reduce it to what is barely necessary; and in every want of life his frugality still finds out means of œconomy. But what most surprizes me is, the secrecy with which he hides, even from me, the use he makes of his money. I at first imagined he had some mistress that saved him the trouble of hoarding it up; but the propriety of his conduct soon removed that suspicion. I can now make no other conclusion, than, that being impatient to return to his own country, he remits his little fortune thither as fast as he makes it, and conceals from me his intention of going and enjoying it there.

“ As nothing was more natural, or more likely, I was quite of the same opinion, but, before my departure, I became better acquainted with this uncommon and virtuous young man.

“ My dear countryman,” said I, the day I was taking my leave of him, “ I am going back to Paris. Shall

Shall I be unfortunate enough to be of no use to you there? I have afforded you the pleasure of obliging me as much and as long as you have pleased; don't refuse me an opportunity of returning the obligation."—"No, Sir," said he, 'you shall have it; and, in exchange for the little services which you are pleased to over-value, I shall come this evening, and request one from you, which is of the most material consequence to me. I must observe that it is a secret which I am going to communicate to you; but I can be under no apprehensions.—Your name alone is a sufficient guarantee.' I promised to keep it faithfully; and on that very evening he called on me with a casket full of gold in his hand.

'Here,' says he, 'are five hundred louis d'ors, arising from three years savings, and a paper signed with my hand that will indicate the use I wish them to be put to.' It was signed Oliver Salvary. How great was my surprize to find it was destined for nothing but objects of luxury!—a thousand crowns to a jeweller; a thousand to a cabinet-maker; a hundred louis for millinery; as much for laces; and the rest to a perfumer.

'I surprize you,' said he, 'yet you don't see all. I have already paid, thank Heaven, three hundred

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louis for the like fooleries; and I have much yet to pay before every thing will be discharged.—Must I tell it you, Sir? Alas! I am a dishonoured man in my own country, and I am labouring here to wipe away a stain I have brought upon my name; in the mean while, I may die, and die insolvent. I wish to make you a witness of my good intentions, and the efforts I am making to repair my misfortunes and my shame. What I am going to relate to you may be considered as my testament, which I request you to receive, that in case of my death, you may take the necessary pains to reinstate my memory.’ “You will live long enough,” said I, “you will have time to efface the remembrance of the misfortunes of your youth. But if, in order to make you easy, you want nothing but a faithful witness of your sentiments and conduct, I am better informed on that subject than you imagine, and you may with all confidence lay open your heart to me.”

‘I begin then,’ said he, smiling, ‘by confessing, that my misfortunes are entirely owing to myself, and that my errors are without excuse. My profession was one of those that essentially required the strictest probity; and the first law of that probity is not to dispose of any thing that is not our own. I reckoned with myself, but reckoned ill.

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I ought to have reckoned better, and my foolish imprudence was not the less criminal. Hear in what manner I was led into it.

‘ A reputable extraction, a fair name, the esteem of the public, transmitted from my ancestors to their children, my youth, some successes in which I had been much favoured by circumstances; all seemed to promise that I should make a rapid and brilliant fortune by my profession. This was the very rock on which I split.

‘ Monsieur d’Amene, a man of fortune, and who considered my prospects as infallible, ventured to ground his daughter’s happiness upon these delusive hopes. He offered me her hand; and as soon as we were acquainted, a mutual attachment rendered our union equally desirable to both.—She is no more!—If she were still alive, and I were again to chuse a wife, it should be her.—Yes, I swear it should be thee, my dearest Adrienne, that I would chuse from among a thousand. They might have more beauty, perhaps; but who will ever possess thy worth, thy tenderness, thy charming temper, thy good sense, and candour, in the same degree!”

“ In this address, his eyes uplifted to Heaven, where he seemed to be looking for her spirit, were moistened with a tear. ‘ Impute not,’ added he, ‘ to her any thing that I have done on her account. The innocent cause of my misfortune, she never even suspected it. And in the midst of the illusions with which she was surrounded, she was far from perceiving the abyss to which I was leading her, over a path strewed with flowers.—Enamoured of her before I married her, more enamoured after possession, I thought I could never do enough to make her happy ; and in comparison with the love with which I burned for her, her timid tenderness, and her sensibility, which were kept within bounds by her modesty, had an appearance of coldness. To make myself beloved as much as I loved her,—shall I declare it?—I wanted to intoxicate her with happiness. Good heavens! what passion ought not a man to indulge with distrust, if it be dangerous to give himself up to the desire of pleasing his wife.

‘ A commodious and elegant mansion, expensive and ornamental furniture, whatever fashion and taste could procure in the article of dresses to flatter in young minds the propensities of self-love, by affording new splendour or new attractions to beauty, all this prevented my wife’s desires, and
poured

poured in upon her, as it were, spontaneously.—A chosen society, formed by her own inclination, shewed her the most flattering attentions, and nothing that could render home agreeable was ever wanting.

‘ My wife was too young to consider it necessary to regulate and reduce my expences. Ah! had she known how much I risked to please her, with what resolution would she not have opposed it? But as she brought me a handsome fortune, it was natural for her to conclude, that on my side I was in good circumstances. She imagined at least that my situation in life allowed me to put my house upon a genteel footing. She perceived nothing in it that was unsuitable to my profession; and on consulting her female friends, *all this was highly proper—all this was no more than decent*. Alas! I said so too, and Adrienne alone, with her modest and sweet ingenuous manners, asked me if I conceived it necessary to incur such expences to render myself amiable in her eyes. “ I cannot be insensible,” said she, “ to the pains you take to render me happy; but I should be so without all that. You love me, and that is enough to excite the envy of these young women. What satisfaction can you find in increasing it by your wishing me to eclipse them? Leave them their advantages,

tags, which I shall not envy. Let the frivolity of taste, let whim and vain superfluity, be their love. Love and happiness shall be mine."

• Her delicacy, though it gave her new charms, did not alter my conduct, and I answered, that it was on my account that I complied with custom; that what appeared as luxury to her, was nothing but a little more elegance than ordinary; that good taste was never expensive, and that whatever I might do, I should never transgress the bounds of propriety. I deceived her. I deceived myself, or rather I banished all reflection. I was aware of living beyond my present income, but in a short time the produce of my labours would make good the deficiency, and in the mean while my wife would have had her enjoyments. Every one approved of my affectionate care to make her happy. Could I do less for her? Could I even do enough? This was the public voice. At least it was the sentiments and language of our friends. My father-in-law looked with concern upon those anticipated expences, upon this emulation of luxury, which ruins, said he, the greatest fortunes. He testified to me his disapprobation of it with some degree of severity. I calmly replied, that this emulation should never lead me into any indiscretion, and he might safely depend upon

upon my prudence. I have since learnt what an impressi^on this manner of respectfully eluding his advice, made upon his mind, and what bitter resentment he nourished at the bottom of his heart.

‘ The moment of my becoming a father drew nigh, and this moment, which I looked for with an impatient delight, my heart had hitherto been a stranger to; this day, which promised to be the happiest I had ever yet experienced, turned out the most fatal. It deprived me both of the mother and the child. This stroke plunged me into an abyss of sorrow. I will not tell you how heart-breaking it was; it was that kind of grief that can only be expressed by the cries it utters. None but those who experience such sorrows can imagine what they are.

‘ It was still in the height of my affliction, when my wife’s father informed me by his notary, accompanied with a few words of sorrow and condolence, that the writings were drawn up to transfer back into his hands the fortune I had received from him. Full of indignation at his haste, I replied that I was quite prepared; and on the morrow the fortune was returned. But the jewels that I had given his daughter, and the other articles

ticles of value for her own particular use, became also his spoils. He had a legal right to them. I represented the inhumanity of requiring me, at the end of eighteen months marriage, to submit to so severe a law; but he availed himself of his right with all the impatience and avidity of a greedy claimant. I submitted, and this severe exaction made some noise in the world. Then did the envy my happiness had excited, hasten to punish me for my short-lived felicity, and under the disguise of pity, took care to divulge my ruin, which it seemed to deplore. My friends were less zealous to serve me, than were my enemies to do me injury. They agreed that I had been too much in haste to live away. They were very right, but they were so too late. It was at my entertainments that they should have made such observations. But you, Sir, who know the world, know with what indulgence spendthrifts are treated until the period of their ruin. Mine was now made public, and my creditors being alarmed, came in crowds to my house. I was determined not to deceive them, and making them acquainted with my situation, I offered them all that I had left, and only required them to give me time to discharge the rest. Some were accommodating, but others, alledging the wealthy circumstances of my father-in-law, observed, that he was the person who

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ought to have given me indulgence, and that in seizing the spoils of his daughter, it was their property he had plundered. In a word, I was reduced to the necessity of escaping from their pursuits by blowing out my brains, or of being shut up in a prison.

‘Twas this, Sir, this night, which I passed in the agonies of shame and despair, with death on one hand, and ruin on the other. This is what ought to serve as an eternal lesson and example. An honest and inoffensive man, whose only crime was his dependance upon slight hopes; this man hitherto esteemed and honoured, in an easy and sure way to fortune, all on a sudden marked with infamy, consigned to contempt, condemned either to cease to live, or to live in disgrace, in exile, or in prison; discountenanced by his father-in-law, abandoned by his friends, no longer daring to appear abroad, no longer daring to name himself, and desirous of finding some solitary and inaccessible retreat that could conceal him from pursuit. It was in the midst of these horrible reflections, that I passed the longest of nights. Ah! the remembrance of it still makes me shudder! and neither my head nor my heart have yet recovered the shock I felt at this dreadful reverse of fortune. I do not exaggerate when I tell you that during

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these agonizing convulsions I even sweated blood. At last, this long conflict having overcome my spirits, my worn out force gave way to a calm still more dreadful. I considered the depth of the abyss into which I had fallen, and it was then that I began to feel the cool resolution of putting an end to my existence take its birth at the bottom of my heart.

‘ Let me weigh,’ said I to myself, ‘ my last determination. If I submit to be arrested and dragged to prison, I must perish there dishonoured, without resource and without hope. It is doubtless a thousand times better to get rid of a hateful life, and to throw myself upon the mercy of God, who will perhaps pardon me for not being able to survive misfortune combined with dishonour.— My pistols were cocked, they lay on the table, and as I fixed my eyes upon them, nothing appeared to me at this moment more easy than to put an end to every thing. Aye, but how many villains have done the same; how many base and worthless minds have possessed like me this desperate courage? And what will wash away the blood in which I am going to imbrue my hands? Will my infamy be the less inscribed upon my tomb? if, indeed, a tomb be allowed me. And will my name, stigmatized by the laws, be buried with

with me? But what am I saying? wretch that I am! I am thinking of the shame, but who is to expiate the guilt? I want to steal out of the world; but would not that be to rob myself, and to frustrate those to whom I am indebted over again? When I shall cease to exist, who will make restitution for their property, which I have carried off? who will justify such abuse of their confidence? who will ask forgiveness for a young madman, the squanderer of wealth that was not his own? Ah! let me die, if I can no longer hope to regain that esteem which I have lost! But is it not possible, at my age, with labour and time to repair the errors of my youth, and to obtain pardon for my misfortunes? Then reflecting upon the resources that were left me, if I had fortitude to contend with my ill fate, I fancied I saw at a distance my honour emerging from behind the cloud that had obscured it. I fancied I saw a plank placed at my feet to save me from shipwreck, and that I beheld a friendly port at hand ready to receive me. I retired into Holland; but before I set off, I wrote to my creditors, informed them that having given up all I had left in the world, I was still going to devote my whole life to labour for their benefit; and entreated them to have patience.

‘ I landed at Amsterdam. On my arrival, my first care was to learn who among the wealthy merchants of that city was the man of the most honour and the best reputation; and as every one agreed in naming Odelman, I repaired to him.

‘ Sir,’ said I, ‘ a stranger persecuted by misfortune flies to you for refuge, and to ask you whether he must sink under its weight, or whether by dint of resolution and labour, he may be able to overcome and survive it? I have no one to patronize or be answerable for me. I hope in time, however, to be my own security; and in the meanwhile, I beg you will make use of a man, that has been educated with care, is well enough informed, and of a willing disposition. Odelman, after having listened to, and surveyed me with all attention, asked me who had recommended me to him? “ The public opinion,” said I. “ On my arrival, I enquired for the wisest and best amongst the citizens of Amsterdam, and every one named you.”

‘ He appeared much struck with a certain expression of spiritedness, of frankness, and resolution in my language and countenance, which misfortune imparts to resolute minds, and which nature seems to have made the dignity of the unfortunate.

fortunate. He was discreet in his questions, and I was sincere, but reserved in my answers. In a word, without betraying myself, I said enough to remove his distrust; and prepossessed with a sentiment of esteem in my favour, he consented to put me to a trial, but without any fixed engagement. He soon perceived that there was not in his counting-house a man of more diligence, more assiduity, more application, and more emulous of gaining information, than myself,

“ Oliver,” said he, (for that was the only name I had taken) “ you have kept your word. Go on, I see you will suit me; we are made to live with one another. There is three months of your first year’s salary. I hope, and I foresee, that it will go on in a progressive increase.”

‘ Ah! Sir, I, who had never in my life known the value of money, with what joy did I see myself master of the hundred ducats he had presented me with? with what cautious care did I lay by the greater part of this sum? with what ardour did I give myself up to that labour of which it was the fruits, and with what impatience did I wait for the other three quarters of my salary that were to increase this treasure?

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‘ One of the happiest days in my life was that on which I was to remit to Paris the first hundred louis d’ors of my savings. When the receipt came back, I kissed the paper a hundred times, and watered it with my tears. I laid it upon my heart, and I felt it like a balm applied to my wounds.

‘ Three years together I procured myself the like gratification. This gratification is now heightened; for my perquisites being augmented and joined to some gains which I have derived from commerce, double the amount of my savings. If this remittance has been tardy, I beg, Sir, you will mention, that the delay has been occasioned by the death of the only trusty correspondent I had at Paris, and that henceforth you will be so good as to supply his place. Alas! I may yet labour fifteen years before I can discharge all, but I am only five and thirty. At fifty I shall be free; the wound in my heart will be healed. A multitude of voices will proclaim my honesty, and I shall be able to return to my country with an unblushing countenance. Ah! Sir, how sweet and consoling is the idea, that the esteem of my fellow-citizens will be restored to grace my old age, and to crown my grey hairs.’

“ He

"He had hardly finished speaking," rejoined Watelet, "when delighted at this exemplary probity, I embraced him, and assured him, that in all the world, I had never met with an honest man than himself. This mark of my esteem affected him deeply, and he told me with tears in his eyes, that he should never forget the consolation that accompanied my farewell. He added, besides, 'that I was well acquainted with his heart, and that my testimony accorded with that of his conscience.'

"When I arrived at Paris, I made his payments. His creditors were desirous of knowing where he was, what he was doing, and what his resources were. Without explaining myself in that respect, I impressed them with the same good opinion of his honesty as I entertained myself, and dismissed them all well satisfied.

"Being one day at dinner with Monsieur Nervin, my notary, one of his guests, on hearing me speak of my journey into Holland, asked me with some degree of ill-humour and contempt, if I had never happened to meet with one Oliver Salvary in that country. As it was easy to recognize in his looks and the scowl of his eye-brows a sentiment of malevolence, I stood on my guard, and replied,

replied, ' that my tour into Holland having been a mere party of pleasure, I had not had leisure to acquire information respecting the French that I might have seen there, but that through my connections, it would be very possible to get some account of the person he had named.' " No," said he, " it is not worth while. He has given me too much vexation for me to take any concern about him. He has possibly died of want or shame, as it was but fit he should. He would have done much better still, if he had died before he married my daughter, and brought himself to ruin. After that," continued he, " depend upon the fine promises which a young man makes you. In eighteen months fifty thousand crowns in debt; and, to complete the whole, exile and disgrace! Ah, Sir!" said he to the notary, " when you marry your daughter, mind and be upon your guard.—An insolvent and dishonoured son-in-law is but a sorry piece of furniture.

" Monsieur Nervin asked him how it happened, that so prudent a man as himself had not foreseen and prevented these misfortunes?" ' I did foresee it,' replied d'Amene, ' and prevented it as far as I could; for on the very morrow of my daughter's death, I diligently began to take my measures, and, thank Heaven, I have had the consolation
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of recovering her portion and personal property; but that is all I was able to save from the wreck, and I left nothing but the shattered remains for the rest of his creditors.'

"It was with great difficulty that I could contain myself; but perceiving after he was gone the impression he had made upon the minds of the notary, and his daughter, I could not resist giving way to my desire of vindicating the honourable absent man; but without mentioning his retreat, without saying where he was concealed, (for it was on that head it behoved me to keep silence.)

"You have been hearing," said I, "this unmerciful father-in-law speak of his son with the most cruel contempt. Well, every thing he has said about him is true; and it is not less true that this unfortunate man is innocence and probity itself." This exordium seemed very strange to them, it riveted their attention, and the father and daughter remaining silent, I began to relate what you have heard.

"Nervin is one of those uncommon characters, that are so difficult to be comprehended. Never was there a cooler head or a warmer heart. It was a volcano beneath a heap of snow. His daughter, on the contrary, was a girl of a tender

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and placid disposition, equally partaking of the ardour of her father's soul, and of the sedateness of reason. She is handsome. You have seen her; but she is so little vain of her beauty, that she hears it spoken of without blushing or embarrassment, as she would the beauty of another.— ‘ We may be proud,’ said she, ‘ of what we have acquired ourselves, and modesty is necessary to conceal such pride, or to keep it within due bounds. But where is the merit or the glory in having one's eyes or mouth made in such and such a manner, and why should we think ourselves obliged to blush at the praise of what the caprice of nature has conferred upon us, and without any merit of our own.’ This single trait may give you an idea of the disposition of Justina, which though more strongly characterized and determined than that of Adrienne, exhibited the same candour and the same charms.

“ This estimable girl paid as much attention to my words as her father, and at each trait that marked the good faith of Salvary, his strong sensibility, his firmness under misfortune; I perceived them look at each other, and thrill with that sweet delight which ~~virtue~~ ^{virtue} ever excites in the breasts of those that love her. But the father became im-
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perceptibly more thoughtful, and the daughter more affected.

“ When I came to these words in which Oliver had addressed me :—‘ Ah! Sir, how sweet and consoling is the idea that the esteem of my fellow-citizens will be restored to grace my old age, and crown my grey hairs,’ I saw Nervin lift up his head, with eyes all glistening with tears, of which they were full. “ No, virtuous man,” exclaimed he, in the effusion of his generosity, “ you shall not wait the tedious decline of life, in order to be free, and honoured as you deserve. Sir,” added he to me, “ you are in the right, there is not an honest man in the world. As to the common and strait-forward duties of life, any one may discharge them, but to preserve this resolution and probity, while hanging over the precipices of misfortune and shame, without once losing sight of them for a moment, this is rare indeed! this is what I call possessing a well-tempered mind. He will commit no more follies. I will be answerable for it. He will be kind, but he will be prudent; he knows too well what weakness and imprudence have cost him, and with d’Amene’s good leave, that is the man I should like for a son-in-law.—And you, daughter, what think you of it?” ‘ I, Sir!’ replied Justina, ‘ I confess that such

would be the husband I should chuse.' "You shall have him," said her father, taking his resolution. "Write to him, Sir, and desire him to come to Paris, tell him that a good match awaits him there, and tell him nothing more."

"I wrote; he made answer, that situated as he was, he was condemned to celibacy and solitude, that he would involve neither a wife nor children in his misfortunes, nor would he set his foot in his own country, until there should be no one there before whom he should be ashamed to appear.—This answer proved a farther incitement to the impatient inclinations of the notary. "Ask him," says he, "to give in a specific account of his debts, and inform him that a person who interests himself in his welfare will undertake the care of adjusting every thing."

"Salvary consented to intrust me with the state of his debts, but as to the accommodation of them, he replied, he would hear of no such thing; that any reduction of his creditors' claims would be unjust; that it was his intention to discharge them fully, and to the last livre; and all that he required at their hands was time. "Time, time," says the notary, "I have none to spare him. My daughter will grow old before he pays his debts.
Leave

Leave this list of them with me. I know how to deal for an honourable man. Every body shall be satisfied." Two days after he came to see me. "All is settled," said he. "Look, here are his bills, with receipts to them. Send them to him, and give him the choice of being no longer in debt to any one by marrying my daughter, or of having me for sole creditor, if he refuses to accept me for a father-in-law; for this does not bind him to any thing."

"I leave you to imagine the surprize and gratitude of Salvary at seeing all the traces of his ruin done away, as it were, by a stroke of a pen; and with what eagerness he came to return thanks to his benefactor. He was nevertheless detained in Holland longer than he wished, and the impetuous Nerven began to complain, that this man was tardy, and very hard to work upon. At last he arrived at my house, not yet daring to persuade himself but that his happiness was only a dream. I quickly introduced him to his generous paymaster, with a mind impressed with two sentiments equally grateful, deeply sensible of the father's goodness, and every day still more captivated with the charms of the daughter; for finding in her all he had so much loved, and so much regretted in Adrienne, his mind was, as it were,
ravished

ravished with gratitude and love. He was no longer able, he said, to decide which was the more inestimable gift of heaven ; a friend like Nervin, or a wife like Justina.

“ One regret, however, that he could not hide, still hung about his mind. ‘ Pardon me,’ said he one day, when Nervin reproached him for having rather put his patience to the test ; ‘ pardon me, Sir, I was impatient to throw myself at your feet, but besides the accounts I had to make up, I have had in leaving Holland more than one conflict to undergo. The worthy Odelman, my refuge, my first benefactor, had depended upon me for the ease and comfort of his old age. He is a widower, has no children ; and without declaring it, he had already adopted me in his heart. When we were obliged to part, when in revealing to him my past misfortunes, I told him by what prodigy of goodness I had been restored to honour ; he bitterly complained of my dissimulation, and asked me if I thought I had a better friend in the world than Odelman. He pressed me to consent to his acquitting the obligation I owed you. He requested it with tears, and I quickly began to feel myself no longer able to resist his entreaties. But he read the letter in which Mr. Watelet had made the eulogium of the charming and amiable Justina,
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and in which he had given a still more enchanting portrait of her mind than her person. " Ah!" said that good man to me, " I have no daughter to offer you; and if this picture be a faithful one, it will be a difficult matter to find her equal. I will detain you no longer. Go, be happy—think of me, and do not cease to love me."

" Nervin, as he listened to this narrative, stood wrapt up in thoughtful attention. ' No,' said he, ' suddenly breaking silence, ' I will not desire you to be ungrateful, nor will I suffer a Dutchman to boast that he is more generous than I. You have no profession here, and you are not formed to lead an idle and useless life. It would be a very great satisfaction for me, as you must imagine, to have my children about me, but let that blessing be reserved for my old age; and as my business here furnishes me with sufficient occupation to keep away *ennui*, write to the worthy Odelman, and tell him, that I give you up to him, together with my daughter, for half a score years; after which you will return, I hope, with a little colony of children; and you and I, in the mean while, shall have been labouring for their advantage."

" The Dutchman, overjoyed, returned for answer, that his house, his arms, his heart, were
all

all open to receive the new-married pair. He expects them, they are going to set off, and Oliver will henceforth be in partnership with him. This is the instance I have promised you," added Water-let, " of a species of courage that many unfortunate people are in want of, that of never forfeiting their own esteem, and that of never despairing so long as conscious of their own integrity."

ON
ABSENCE.

THERE are certain cares which intrude upon the mind on all occasions and in all places, nor can we prevent them. The strong influence which they exercise over us will not suffer our attention to be long bestowed on things which have no relation to themselves. Have we aught to do which remains undone, or have ills of any kind befallen those whom we sincerely regard; our own condition, or that of our friends, will be a subject from which our thoughts cannot, for a long time, be wholly abstracted.

We are not to be surprized, therefore, nor ought we to be offended, if, by those who are under these or similar circumstances, a becoming observ-

observance of time, place, and person, should, without intention, be often neglected.

In these cases the *inscientia temporis* may admit of excuse: but the wilful disregard of that particular decorum which the present occasion may demand, surely deserves severe reprehension; and especially as the practice of it daily becomes more and more frequent.

This inattention to the place in which, and to the persons with whom we are, and to the occasion on which we are met, is called, whether it be with or without cause, whether with or without intention, Absence; the chief discrimination in company, as it is now-a-days thought, between men of superior intellectual strength, and those who possess only common understanding.

No doubt they who have the most knowledge have the greatest employment for their thoughts, and certainly do think the most; moreover, in those who have been accustomed, during the whole of their lives, to spend much of their time in the penfivè occupation of solitary study, and have delighted more in books than in men, the habit of thought may be so powerful, that they may scarcely ever be long and thoroughly free from it; and,
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therefore, cannot but have in company frequent, though inconscius relapses into the absent state.

And, because in this manner some men of learning and genius have been observed to behave, a conclusion has been made, that the behaviour of every one of superior parts must be the same ; and therefore, that by this we should at all times be enabled to distinguish in company those who have knowledge from those who have none. The error, however, of this conclusion will shortly appear; for now there is hardly a man who wishes to be considered in any wise learned, that does not affect to be frequently absent.

If men confessedly great have ever, and it is to be suspected that they sometimes have, been guilty of the affectation of absence, such their conduct could only proceed from a notion, which must excite contempt for those by whom it is held, that common conversation has nothing in it worthy their notice, and, therefore, that it would not become them to be attentive to it.

Certainly in this they are sadly deceived; and such a mistake cannot but prove, that the greatest weakness will sometimes be shewn by those who are esteemed the wisest of men.

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That philosophy, however, which is of a more genuine kind, which has a consideration for others as well as for self, thinks and acts in a different manner; at all times adapts itself to the society in which it may be; and to the merest trifles, provided the pleasure of others can be promoted thereby, readily gives the most patient attention.

When men, in genius or in knowledge greater than others, are inattentive to the company at which they are present, they surely forget the end of their visit: they forget that we retire to the closet for meditation and study, but that we come into society for relaxation and amusement; to be absent, therefore, on these occasions is, as it were, to fall into slumbers when we should keep awake; it is committing a rudeness which sinks us at once to the barbarian level; it is giving an offence which cannot but sometimes be of hurt to those from whom it proceeds, and which all but the desipient or insane would wish to avoid.

MORAL INSTRUCTIONS
TO THE YOUNG
FOR MAKING THE
DANGEROUS VOYAGE OF LIFE.

WOULD you, Eugenio! covet to secure
An interest in the *Master of the Storm*?
Invoke protection at his sacred shrine;—
Would you the sober course of safety steer?
Make Virtue's favourites your chosen crew;
The wise, the good, th' experienc'd, and the brave;
Announc'd by *seers* "the excellent of the earth;"
Then steer with these the course the Master plann'd,
Nor deviating from his sacred chart,
And sure success shall all your course attend,
'Till, safely anchor'd in the port of peace,
You share the greetings of celestial joy.
Mean time let prudence dictate to your ear;
Form a true estimate of human life;
Its ebbs, its flows, and various incidents,
Prepare against with caution; and betimes
Weigh well each good, each ill to counterpoise
As in *Astrea's* balance. Meditate
And plan the course of wisdom. Do not launch
Life's bay untutor'd, uninstruct'd alike
In discipline and good œconomy,

Like

Like some high-flown intoxicated brain
 Afloat on reeds in hope to cross the gulph.
 From precedent learn prudence. Keep in view
 The num'rous rocks, so fatal prov'd by all
 Who steer the course of bold impiety,
 And dare to shun their track. Be cautious, mark
 Where *wife* men err'd. That course avoid, intent
 To glean advantage from the worst mishap
 Of eminence.—Such wrecks strike up a light
 Which, like a Pharos, shines full many a league;
 A caution clear to shun the fatal cliff!
 From vice's crews bear adverse. Seek to gain
 In wisdom's chart superior excellence.
 The best avidity is wisdom's thrift:
 Herein is no excess. Be timely wise:
 Choose an experienc'd mate: such will afford
 Good ground of safety in threat'ning storm.
 Make plain Sincerity your bosom friend;
 He will stand by when dangers stalk behind,
 Or threat'ning terrors meet, to shield your breast.
 Let meek-ey'd Piety your steps attend,
 While lovely Charity the cabin cheers,
 And grave Devotion keeps the closet-door.
 Dismiss all wayward passions: such can serve
 Only to bear you adverse from the port.
 Let Magnanimity your course conduct,
 For Honour waits on Magnanimity.
 Let Reason too your every scheme project,

And

And dictate to your ear. One counsel I
Impart : It is an oracle ! attend ;
“ Keep old blunt Honesty close by your side :
“ A trusty TAR in every rugged blast :
“ So safely shall each various storm befriend,
“ And waft you bounding o’er the deep profound ;
“ Opposing rocks in vain obstruct your course,
“ To lame your passage to the realms of love.”

THE WISE CONDUCT OF
HASSAN, KING OF GOLCONDA.

AN EASTERN TALE.

IT is the peculiar province of wisdom to examine with the greatest attention whatever offers itself as fit either to be done, or to be avoided.— Hassan, king of Golconda, followed this excellent maxim in the most difficult conjuncture that can employ the thoughts of an earthly Monarch.

This king was six-score years old, was desirous or resigning his empire, and finishing his glorious reign, by the choice of a worthy successor. He had three sons by three different women, who were all living ; each of them pleaded in behalf of her own son ; so that the King, who was equally a good husband

husband and a good father, wavered in the most cruel uncertainty. 'What shall I resolve on?' said he to himself: 'The laws declare for the eldest; my favourite sultaneſs pleads for the ſecond; and I myſelf incline for the youngeſt.—O too lovely ſultaneſs, I have felt the effects of your ſweet and alluring looks! O thou weak nature, that yieldeſt to my love! But neither of you ſhall triumph over the laws; I will die on the throne, that, after my death, the laws may decide the controverſy. But what? The laws will decide nothing; a cruel war will be kindled between my children; my people will be the victim of their ambition, and I owe all to my people.—O beauteous ſultaneſs! I ought to ſacrifice you, myſelf, and whatever elſe is dear to me, to the good of my ſubjects; I will therefore leave them at liberty to chuſe themſelves a ſovereign.'

After theſe reflections, he aſſembled his viſiers, the nobles, and the people: 'I have,' ſaid he to them, 'one foot on the throne, and the other in the grave; but I would, if it were poſſible, not go down into the abyſs of eternity with the crown on my head; its weight oppreſſes and weighs me down, I reſign it to you, chuſe for yourſelves a Maſter.' At theſe words, there appeared in all their looks a profound ſadneſs. The people cried
out

out with one voice, " Live, long live the King, our father, and our friend!" ' Be not so much concerned,' interrupted the king, ' you are my bowels; you can suffer nothing, but I must feel so great a pain as would shorten my days.' At this, they redoubled their cries, and the aged monarch himself could not refrain from tears.— ' Think no more,' said he, ' on what you are going to lose, but consider what you have still left.—The princes, my children, have all the qualities that make men great; proclaim which of them you think most worthy to possess the throne I resign.'

A profound silence succeeded their sighs and lamentations. The whole assembly cast their eyes on the throne, and saw the three princes sitting on the steps; they admired each of them, and, not liking one more than another, no man could determine which to chuse. Then the prime visier approached the throne, and spoke in this manner: " O wise and valiant king! May he who draws light out of darkness, and from the horrors of the night produces a glorious and delightful morning, keep you in his holy care, and perpetuate your posterity! Receive with your accustomed goodness the advice of your faithful slave: Let each of your three sons reign three days only, and we will determine afterwards, since your majesty is pleased

pleased to give us leave. Our choice then will be founded on judgment; for men are known, when they are in high fortune, and in wine. The man is truly wise, whom neither the one nor the other of them can corrupt."

This advice of the grand visier was followed, and prevailed over the subtle insinuations of his three wives, who saw all their sollicitations rendered vain, and their projects confounded.

Accordingly, the eldest prince was clothed in purple, and took the sceptre of government in his hand. His mother counselled him to be affable and liberal, not to alter the form of the government, and to pardon criminals. "By this means," said she, "you will have all the empire for you, the king, the nobles, and the people."

Instructions grounded on such principles seemed to promise a happy issue. The prince followed them exactly, but his conduct appeared studied and affected, which occasioned some distrust.

The three days of his reign being expired, the second prince ascended the throne. His mother gave him opposite instructions: "Depose," said she, "the visiers; banish the doctors of the law;

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raise to the highest dignities men of ambitious minds. who, to keep their employments, will vote you the throne; and, when you are well settled in it, we will recall the visiers and the doctors, whose fidelity the riches, which thy ambitious ministers shall have amassed, will serve to regain, and to reanimate their zeal.

This model was followed; but the people dreaded the worst that could happen, from a prince who pretended to the crown, and gave himself so little trouble to deserve it.

The King's third son took upon him, in his turn, the sovereign authority. He would have no advice from his mother; "For though," said he, "I have an infinite respect for my mother, and even believe, that she would give me no advice but what is founded on reason, it would be, at best, but superfluous. The laws are what I will observe; and what is dark and intricate in them, our wise visiers and learned doctors, all of whom I restore to their employments, will help me to interpret."

After he had spent the first day, and part of the second, in appointing good judges for the people, and old and prudent officers over the soldiers, the king, his father, sent some of the doctors to examine

mine and put questions to him in public, and to know if he understood the laws and the art of reigning. One of the doctors asked him, ‘ What persons a king has absolute need of, to be near his person?’ “ He has need,” answered the prince, “ of eight sorts: Of a prudent visier; of a general; of a good secretary, who understands and can write perfectly well the languages of the east; of a physician consummate in the art of healing, and in the knowledge of remedies; of learned doctors to instruct him thoroughly in the laws; of dervises capable of explaining to him the obscure points of his religion; and of musicians, who, by the sweetness of their voices, and the harmony of their instruments, may call back his spirits, that shall have been dissipated by the application he hath given to affairs of state.”—Another doctor said to him, ‘ Prince, to what do you compare an emperor, his viceroys, his subjects, his empire, and his enemies?’ “ An empire,” answered the Prince, “ resembles a pasture-ground; an emperor a shepherd; his subjects the sheep; his viceroys the shepherd’s dogs; and his enemies the wolves.”

At these answers of the young prince, the old king of Golconda burst into tears of joy, and said within himself, ‘ My third son is the most learned

and most worthy of the throne; but, before I declare my thoughts, I will know the sentiments of my people.'

He published therefore an order for all the inhabitants of the city to appear the next morning in the plain without the walls. He himself came thither, mounted on a stately steed, attended by his three sons and all his courtiers; and, when he was in the midst of the people, he spoke these words: 'O my fellow-citizens, my relations, my faithful subjects! Regard not what I am to-day; no man is less than me in the sight of that Being who created the universe. To-morrow, that is, at the day of judgment, (which we all believe will come) how many will there be of you, who, possessing high dignities in paradise, will rend my garments, and say to me, "Oh! tyrant! what ills didst thou make us suffer during thy hateful reign!" ' Instead of answering your reproaches, I shall remain in a shameful silence, and not dare to regard your irritated looks.' At these words, the good old monarch hid his face, while floods of tears ran trickling down the furrows of his aged cheeks. His sons and his courtiers, after his example, also dropped their tears; and all the people were transported with grief and lamentations. At length the hoary monarch wiped away his
tears,

tears, and proceeded: ‘ O my friends ! I am going out of this world, to enter into the palace of eternity. I conjure you to unburthen my conscience of the things you may have to reproach me with, to the end that I may not be ill-treated in my tomb by the evil angels, and that, at their departure, they may leave a daughter of paradise to continue with me till the day of judgment; and now chuse which of my three sons you please to succeed me.’

All the people cried out, “ May the days of the king last as long as the world endures ! We have nothing to reproach him with. May that Almighty Being, who draws the sable curtain of the night, and commands the purple rays of the morning to paint the summits of the lofty mountains, be as well satisfied with him, as we are ! As to the princes his sons, let his majesty place which of them he pleases on the throne, we will readily consent. and faithfully obey him. But if he absolutely commands us to tell him which of the three we think most worthy to fill his place, we confess it is the youngest.”

After this declaration, the king returned to the city, and, being come to the palace, gave orders for the coronation of the youngest prince. Every
thing

thing being ready, the aged king took the young prince by the hand, and made him ascend the throne: ' O my son,' said he, ' take possession of a dignity, which I gladly resign to you, and wear the crown you so well deserve. But always remember that you are accountable, both to the Lord of nature and your country, for every action of your life. A monarch is born only for the good of his people. Beware of flattery, it is a rock more fatal to princes, than those hid beneath the surface of the waves are to mariners. Fear nothing but your own conscience, and aim at nothing but the prosperity of the empire. Then shall thy throne be established like the everlasting mountains, and thy virtues applauded in the utmost regions of the earth. Kings shall seek thy friendship, and sages drink instruction from thy mouth. The merchant shall flourish under thy protection, and the stranger sojourn safely under the shadow of the laws.—The hearts of the widow and orphan shall sing for joy, and the mouth of the infant, in lisping accents, declare thy praise.' Immediately all the people proclaimed him king, and all the nobles congratulated him on his ascension to the crown, praying the Almighty to shower down blessings on his reign.

ANECDOTE.

AS a lame country schoolmaster was hobbling one morning upon his two sticks, to his *noisy mansion*, he was met by a certain nobleman, who wished to know his name, and the means by which he procured a livelihood. "My name," answered he, "is R—— T——, and I am *master* of this *parish*."

This answer further increased his Lordship's curiosity, and he desired to know in what sense he was *master* of the parish? "I am," answered he, "the *master* of the *children* of the parish; the children are masters of the *mothers*; the mothers are the rulers of the *fathers*; and consequently I am the *master* of the whole *parish*."—His lordship was pleased with this logical reply, and gave the schoolmaster half-a-guinea, to buy a book with.

ANECDOTE

OF THE DUKE OF NIVERNOIS AND A
POOR CLERGYMAN.

WHEN the Duke of Nivernois was ambassador in England, he was going down to Lord Townshend's seat in Norfolk, on a private visit,

visit, quite *en dishabille*, and with only one servant, when he was obliged, from a very heavy shower of rain to stop at a farm house in the way. The master of the house was a clergyman, who, to a poor curacy, added the care of a few scholars in the neighbourhood, which, in all, might make his living about 80l. a year, which was all he had to maintain a wife and six children. When the Duke alighted, the clergyman, not knowing his rank, begged him to come in and dry himself, which the other accepted, by borrowing a pair of old worsted stockings and slippers of him, and warming himself by a good fire. After some conversation, the Duke observed an old chess-board hanging up, and as he was passionately fond of that game, he asked the clergyman whether he could play? The other told him he could, pretty tolerably; but found it very difficult, in that part of the country, to get an antagonist. ‘I am your man,’ says the Duke. “With all my heart,” says the parson, “and if you’ll stay and eat pot-luck, I’ll try if I can’t beat you.” The day continuing rainy, the Duke accepted his offer; when the parson played so much better, that he won every game. This was so far from fretting the Duke, that he was highly pleased to meet a man who could give him such entertainment at his favourite game. He accordingly enquired into the state of his

his family affairs,—and just taking a memorandum of his address, without discovering his title, thanked him, and departed. Some months passed over, and the clergyman never thought any thing of the matter; when, one evening, a footman in laced livery rode up to the door, and presented him with the following billet: “ The Duke of Nivernois’s compliments wait on the Rev. Mr. —, and, as a remembrance for the *good drubbing* he gave him at chess, begs that he would accept of the living of —, worth 400l. per annum, and that he will wait on his Grace the Duke of Newcastle on Friday next, to thank him for the same.” The good parson was sometime before he could imagine it any thing more than a jest, and was not for going; but as his wife insisted on his trying, he came up to town, and found the contents of the billet literally true, to his unspeakable satisfaction.

ANECDOTE

OF THE LATE SIR WILLIAM STANHOPE.

THIS gentleman coming out of Drury-lane play-house, with a lady under his arm, was met by a couple of *bucks*, who took some liberties, not very acceptable to the lady, or her protector.

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Sir

Sir William, whose courage was equal to his gallantry, immediately called upon the gentlemen to answer for their misconduct.

One of the heroes steps forward, and says, "Sir, the lady, wearing artificial colour on her cheeks, we looked upon as fair game." Sir William's reply, and his subsequent conduct, did honour to his prowess and plain sincerity.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I may have mistaken the roses on the lady's cheeks for the ornaments of pure and simple nature; I shall be happy, if, by your means, I shall be cured of my illusion.—But I swear, by God, you shall never evade me, until I shall have fully proved the truth or fallacy of your assertion.

"Retire with me," continues Sir William, "to the Rose Tavern; there the experiment shall be made."

To the Rose they repaired—cold and hot water were called for, and applied with a napkin, smeared with soap and pomatum. Obstinate nature prevailed—the roses did not fade, but bloomed more in the operation.

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The bucks were convinced—they begged pardon for their transgressions, and wished to depart in peace.

“ Not so,” says Sir William, “ You have been satisfied, and so will I. The lady has undergone the ordeal, and she has come from it pure and unpolluted. My part I have yet to act: you must, on your knees, ask the lady’s pardon.” They did so,

“ Now gentlemen,” said Sir William, “ do not blush at your past conduct; the liberty you took was not only justifiable, but even proper, if, at your own risk, you ran the peril of the proof. If I had proved her a *piñ*, the most odious and perfidious of all impostors, I should, in the language of Othello, ‘ have whistled her off, and let her down the wind, a prey to fortune;’ but as she is pure from that w——sh contagion, I insist on your supping, and drinking a bottle of Burgundy with the offended innocent and her protector.”

REMARKABLE ANECDOTE
OF
QUEEN ELIZABETH.

NOT long after the death of Mary, Queen of Scots, Margaret Lambrum (who had been one of her attendants, became in some measure desperate, on account of the loss of a husband, whom she dearly loved; a loss which had been occasioned by grief, for the melancholy fate of that unfortunate Princess; to whose retinue he had also belonged) formed a resolution to revenge the death of both upon the person of Queen Elizabeth. To accomplish her purpose, she dressed herself in the habit of a man, assumed the name of Anthony Spark, and attended at the Court of Elizabeth with a pair of pistols constantly concealed about her, one to kill the Queen when an opportunity offered, and one to kill herself if her crime should be discovered. One day, as she was pushing through the crowd in order to get to her Majesty, who was then walking in the garden, she accidentally dropped one of the pistols. This circumstance being observed by the guards, she was immediately seized, in order to be sent to prison.—The Queen, however, interfered, and desired to examine the culprit first. She accordingly demanded

manded her name, her country, and her quality; and Margaret, with a resolution still undaunted; replied, "Madam, though I appear before you in this garb, yet I am a woman. My name is Margaret Lambrum, and was several years in the service of Mary, a Queen whom you have unjustly put to death, and thereby deprived me of the best of husbands, who could not survive that bloody catastrophe of his innocent mistress. His memory is hardly more dear to me than is that of my injured Queen; and, regardless of consequences, I determined to revenge their death upon you. Many, but fruitless were the efforts I made to divert me from my purpose. I found myself constrained to prove by experience, the truth of the maxim, that neither reason nor force can hinder a woman from vengeance, when she is impelled to it by love."

Highly as the Queen had cause to resent this speech, she heard it with coolness and moderation. "You are persuaded then," said her Majesty, "that in this step you have done nothing but what your duty required:—What think you is my duty to do to you?" "Is that question put in the character of a Queen, or that of a Judge," replied Margaret. With the same intrepid firmness, Elizabeth professed to her it was that of a Queen.

"Then,"

"Then," continued Lambrum, "it is your Majesty's duty to grant me a pardon." "But what security," demanded the Queen, "can you give me that you will not make the like attempt upon some future occasion?" "A favour ceases to be one, Madam," replied Margaret, when it is yielded under such restraints: in doing so, your Majesty would act against me as a Judge."

"I have been a Queen thirty years," cried Elizabeth, turning to the courtiers then present, "and had never such a lecture read to me before." And she immediately granted the pardon entire and unconditional, as it had been desired, in opposition to the opinion of the President of the Council, who told her Majesty that he thought she ought to have punished so daring an offender. The fair criminal, however, gave an admirable proof of her prudence, in begging the Queen to extend her generosity one degree further, by granting her a safe conduct out of the kingdom; with which favour also Elizabeth complied. And Margaret Lambrum, from that period, lived a peaceable life in France.

THE

THE PASSING YEAR.

THOUGH leafless woods, though barren fields,
The pensive eye delightful meet;
Though few the charms fair nature yields,
Where winter steps with frozen feet.

Yet now, with slow but certain pace,
Again returns the circling year,
And soon renew'd with softer grace,
The genial season shall appear.

While yet, with angry clouds o'ercaft,
The fullen tempest frequent roars,
And issuing oft the nit'rous blast,
Close binds up nature's balmy stores;

While yet, to fix'd, unerring laws,
Obedient lays the landscape wide,
The moral lesson wisdom draws
From scenes which folly strives to hide.

Man's pictur'd life she sees in each
Successive season, as it flies;
What knowledge can the sages teach
Like that the PASSING YEAR supplies?

Yet,

Yet, blind to plainer truths, abroad
 Through endless labyrinths we roam,
 To seek, in learning's devious road,
 The gem we always have at home.

In nature's page, more fully seen,
 Life's useful lessons open lie;
 No fruitless comments intervene,
 To lead from truth th' enquiring eye.

And, see, Religion, dropping low
 The chain of universal love,
 For virtue's humble toils below,
 Assigns eternal joys above.

HEROIC VALOUR.

THE following instance of heroic valour, and inviolable attachment, occurred in the year 1769, during the war between the Turks and the Russians. Caraman Pacha, who had a command in one of the actions near Choczim, having gone to meet the Grand Visir on his march, that General (for what real or supposed offence is unknown) flew into a most violent passion, and immediately ordered his head to be cut off.

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The unfortunate Pacha endeavoured to retire, and, at the same time drawing his sword, defended himself bravely, but, being soon surrounded and overborne by numbers, was cut to pieces.

In the mean time, his seliſtar or sword-bearer, fired with rage and indignation at the ſituation of his maſter, ſuddenly drew a piſtol, with which he attempted to ſhoot the Viſir. It happened fortunately for the Viſir, that a faithful domeſtic, having ſeen the motion of the ſeliſtar's arm, ſtepped ſuddenly between his maſter and the ſhot, which he received in his own body, and fell dead at his feet.

THE
LADIES' MERRY,
IN A
SUMMER RETIREMENT.

THE ſeaſon of the year is now come, in which the theatres are ſhut, and the card tables forſaken; the regions of luxury are for a while unpeopled, and pleaſure leads out her votaries to groves and gardens, to ſtill ſcenes and erratic gratifications. Thoſe who have paſſed many months
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in a continual tumult of diversion; who have never opened their eyes in the morning, but upon some new appointments, nor slept at night without a dream of dances, music and good hands, or soft sighs and humble supplications; must now retire to distant provinces, where the sycophants of flattery are scarcely to be heard, where beauty sparkles without praise or envy, and wit is repeated only by the echo.

As I think it one of the most important duties of social benevolence to give warning of the approach of calamity, when by timely prevention it may be turned aside, or by preparatory measures be more easily endured, I cannot feel the increasing warmth, or observe the lengthening days, without considering the condition of my fair readers, who are now preparing to leave all that has so long filled up their hours, all from which they have been accustomed to hope for delight; and who, till fashion proclaims the liberty of returning to the seats of mirth and elegance, must endure the rugged squire, the sober housewife, the loud huntsman, or the formal parson, the roar of obstreperous jollity, or the dulness of prudential instruction; without any retreat, but to the gloom of solitude, where they will yet find greater inconveniences,

veniences, and must learn, however unwillingly, to endure themselves.

In winter, the life of the polite and gay may be said to roll on with a strong and rapid current; they float along from pleasure to pleasure, without the trouble of regulating their own motions, and pursue the course of the stream in all the felicity of inattention; content that they find themselves in progression, and careless whither they are going. But the months of summer are a kind of sleeping stagnation without wind or tide, where they are left to force themselves forward by their own labour, and to direct their passage by their own skill; and where, if they have not some internal principle of activity, they must be stranded upon shallows, or lie torpid in a perpetual calm.

There are indeed some to whom this universal dissolution of gay societies affords a welcome opportunity of quitting, without disgrace, the post which they have found themselves unable to maintain, and of seeming to retreat, only at the call of nature, from assemblies where, after a short triumph of uncontested superiority, they are overpowered by some intruder of softer elegance or sprightlier vivacity. By these, hopeless of victory, and yet ashamed to confess a conquest, the sum-

mer is regarded as a release from the fatiguing service of celebrity, a dismissal to more certain joys and a safer empire. They now solace themselves with the influence which they shall obtain, where they have no rival to fear; and with the lustre which they shall effuse, when nothing can be seen of brighter splendour. They imagine, while they are preparing for their journey, the admiration with which the rustics will croud about them; plan the laws of a new assembly, or contrive to delude provincial ignorance with a fictitious mode. A thousand pleasing expectations swarm in the fancy, and all the approaching weeks are filled with distinctions, honours, and authority.

But others, who have lately entered the world, or have yet had no proofs of its inconstancy and desertion, are cut off, by this cruel interruption, from the enjoyment of their prerogatives, and doomed to lose four months in inactive obscurity. Many complaints do vexation and desire extort from these exiled tyrants of the town against the inexorable fun, who pursues his course without any regard to love or beauty, and visits either tropic at the stated time, whether shunned or courted, deprecated or implored.

To

To them who leave the places of public resort in the full bloom of reputation, and withdraw from admiration, courtship, submission, and applause; a rural triumph can give nothing equivalent. The praise of ignorance, and the subjection of weakness, are little regarded by beauties who have been accustomed to more important conquests, and more valuable panegyrics. Nor indeed should the powers which have made havock in the theatres, or borne down rivalry in courts, be degraded to a mean attack upon the untravelled heir, or ignoble contest with the ruddy milk-maid.

How then must four long months be worn away? Four months in which there will be no routs, no shews, no ridottos; in which visits must be regulated by the weather, and assemblies will depend upon the moon! The *Platonists* imagine, that the future punishment of those who have in this life debased their reason by subjection to their senses, and have preferred the gross gratifications of lewdness and luxury, to the pure and sublime felicity of virtue and contemplation, will arise from the predominance and sollicitations of the same appetites, in a state which can furnish no means of appeasing them. I cannot but suspect that this month, bright with sunshine, and fragrant with perfumes; this month, which covers the meadows

nor can any hour be long, which is spent in obtaining some new qualifications for celestial happiness.

TO THE MEMORY OF
JOHN HOWARD, Esq.

IF from your eye compassion's lucid tear
E'er shed its fainted gem on virtue's bier;
If sad, ye've seen, amid the church-yard gloom,
The crawling ivy clasp the good man's tomb;
And if ye then have mourn'd, O! now bestow
A sigh for HIM, who was the friend of woe!
By mercy led from childhood to the grave,
He sought to comfort, and he toil'd to save;
To help the wretched was his honest pride,
For them alone he liv'd—for them HE DIED!
Yes, such was HOWARD, who, alas! no more
Shall with his influence cheer his native shore;
No more each prison's dark recesses seek,
To wipe the scalding drop from sorrow's cheek;
No more to guilt his healing hope impart,
Or calm the workings of the widow's heart.
In a far distant land he fell, remov'd
From those who honour'd him, and those who lov'd;
Yet, full of well-earn'd fame, he sunk to rest,
By all his country's praise and wishes blest:

And

And sure, as long as time itself shall last,
 The *mem'ry* of his *deeds* can ne'er be past;
 Though ENGLAND's glory swell from age to age,
 And fill with excellence th' historian's page—
 Still 'midst her heroes and her kings shall shine,
 With lustre unimpair'd, this *man divine*!
 Still future realms shall to his worth decree,
 Thy matchless meed, benign humanity!
 For not *alone* to ALBION's isle confin'd—
 His glowing bosom felt for ALL MANKIND.
 Patient he wander'd on from coast to coast,
 The world's great patriot, and sublimest boast;
 O'er the TURK's barb'rous plain he scatter'd light,
 To pierce th' obscurity of mental night;
 'Mongst plagues and famine ev'ry ill sustain'd,
 And what himself might undergo—disdain'd.
 Compos'd, yet firm, beneath the frozen skies,
 Where ruthless RUSSIA's wildest tempest flies,
 With philanthropic course he dar'd to roam,
 Till HEAVEN, approving, call'd *its angel home*!

BRITONS, by this rever'd example taught,
 Shall wider spread the tenderness of thought;
 To soothe *his spirit*, pour the fervent vow,
 And with the cypress twine the laurel bough.
 So shall contemplation round diffuse
 Celestial pity's vivifying dews;

So shall triumphant sympathy assuage
The throbs of anguish, and the threats of rage;
With with'ring frown each selfish soul appall,
And make benignant HOWARDS of us all.

A REMARKABLE INSTANCE
OF
FILIAL AFFECTION.

A Veteran, worn out in the service of France, was reduced without a pension; by continual labour he procured a scanty pittance, which scarcely kept in motion the pulse of life. He complained not, nor did he repine at the will of Providence; having never deviated from the paths of honour, he knew not shame, whilst the idea of conscious merit heightened the blush of modesty.

With the coarsest food he had been content, and with a mind resigned to heaven, he had eaten the blackest bread with cheerfulness, were it not that a wife and three small children shared his wretchedness. Is this, honour, thy recompence? Is this the reward for toil, for danger, for service?

Fortune

Fortune once led him by the hand,—fortune was fickle;—yet she placed his son, a youth, in *l'ecole militaire*—himself had solicited a pension, but not having the means to continue the necessary attendance which greatness required, he abandoned his application, and retired from the world to content and poverty. He knew mankind, therefore he was not surprized that his misery should banish friendship.

At *l'ecole militaire*, his son might command every convenience that could improve the comforts of life, and the most sumptuous table was prepared for his repast; yet amidst all this noble provision a visible inquietude appeared on the countenance of the youth, and the strongest persuasion could not prevail on him to taste of any thing, except the coarsest bread and a draught of water. An abstinence of this kind, amidst all the allurements of so many temptations, was regarded by the masters as a very singular circumstance; the Duke de Choiseul was informed of an incident so uncommon, he ordered the youth before him, and asked the reason of his forbearance. The boy, with a manly fortitude, replied,—‘ Sir, when I had the honour of being admitted to the protection of this royal foundation, my father conducted me hither. We came on foot; on our journey, the demands

of nature were relieved by bread and water! I was received, my father blessed me, and returned to the protection of a helpless wife and family; as long as I can remember, bread of the blackest kind, with water, has been their daily subsistence, and even that is earned by labour of every kind which honour does not forbid. To this fare, Sir, my father is returned; therefore, whilst he, my mother, and sisters, are compelled to endure such wretchedness, is it possible that I can enjoy the bounteous plenty of my gracious king? The Duke felt his tale of nature; gave the boy three louis d'ors for pocket money, and promised that he would order his father a pension. The youth, enraptured at this benevolent assurance, beseeched the Duke's permission to go immediately to his father with the joyful tidings. The Duke assured him that it should be carried by an express. The boy then took the three louis d'ors, and begged these might be sent, for they would be useful to his dearest relations; and whilst they were in want, he could have no enjoyment, even of the king's treasures.

Such is the sensibility that harmonizes the soul, and gives it the nicest tone of benevolence, and universal commiseration. And, Choiseul, if thy name be transmitted to posterity, with every virtue

the that it merits, this instance of thy justice and humanity will dignify the noblest action of thy life. Happy Louis, who had a minister susceptible of such tender sensations. Happy Choiseul! who had a virtuous prince to encourage the indulgence of them. The minister failed not in his word. He brought forth indigent merit from distress, and the boy is now grown up an ornament to human nature, and is one of the best officers in the service of France.

OLD ENGLISH ANECDOTES.

IN the time of Nero, when we could no longer bear the Roman bondage, Boadicea animated the Britons to shake it off, and concluded thus:—
 “ Let the Romans, who are no better than hares and foxes, understand, that they make a wrong match with wolves and greyhounds.” As she said this, she let a hare out from her lap as a token of the fearfulness of the Romans. The success of the battle however proved otherwise.

DURING the reign of Severus, no less than three thousand women were accused of adultery at Rome, at which time Julia the Empress, in

the king, who lay still, and pretended not to see, began to speak, and bade him retire as quick as possible, for, "if Hugoline discovered him, he was not only likely to lose what he had gotten, but also to stretch on an halter." The fellow was no sooner gone, but Hugoline came in, and seeing the casket open, and almost empty, was much agitated. The king, however, endeavoured to relieve his mind, and assured him, "that he who had it, needed it more than they did."

SEWARD, the brave Earl of Northumberland, feeling, in his sickness, that he drew near his end, quitted his bed, and put on his armour, saying, "that it became not a man to die like a beast:" on which he died standing—an act as heroic as it was singular.

WHEN the same Seward understood that his son, whom he had sent into the service against the Scotch, was slain, he demanded whether his wounds were in the fore or hind parts of his body; and, being informed in the forepart, replied, "I am rejoiced to hear it, and wish no other kind of death to befall me or mine."

SIN-



SINGULAR ANECDOTE

OF

CHARLES THE TWELFTH OF SWEDEN.

COURAGE and inflexible constancy formed the basis of this monarch's character. In his tenderest years he gave instances of both. When he was yet scarce seven years old, being at dinner with the Queen his mother, intending to give a bit of bread to a great dog he was fond of, this hungry animal frapped too greedily at the morsel, and bit his hand in a terrible manner.—The wound bled copiously; but our young hero, without offering to cry, or take the least notice of his misfortune, endeavoured to conceal what had happened, lest his dog should be brought into trouble, and wiped his bloody hand in the napkin. The Queen perceiving that he did not eat, asked him the reason; he contented himself with replying, that he thanked her, he was not hungry. They thought he was taken ill, and repeated their solicitations. But all was in vain, though he was already grown pale with the loss of blood. An officer who attended at table, at last perceived it; for Charles would sooner have died than betrayed his dog, which, he knew, intended no injury.

A

A CHINESE ANECDOTE.

THE last Emperor of China was one of the greatest monarchs of his age, and for nothing more celebrated than the rigour and strictness of his justice; but he was warm in his pursuits of pleasure, and impatient of interruption, when his mind was intent upon it. The viceroy of one of the provinces of that vast empire that lay most remote from the imperial city, had wrongfully confiscated the estate of an honest merchant, and reduced his family to the extremest misery. The poor man found means to travel as far as to the Emperor's court, and carried back with him a letter to the viceroy, commanding him to restore the goods which he had taken so illegally. Far from obeying this command, the viceroy put the merchant in prison; but he had the good fortune to escape, and went once more to the capital, where he cast himself at the Emperor's feet, who treated him with much humanity, and gave orders that he should have another letter. The merchant wept at this resolution, and represented how ineffectual the first had proved, and the reason he had to fear that the second would be as little regarded. The Emperor, who had been stopped by this complaint, as he was going with much haste to dine in

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the apartments of a favourite lady, grew a little discomposed, and answered with some emotion, ' I can do no more than send my commands; and if he refuses to obey them, put thy foot upon his neck.' " I implore your Majesty's compassion," replied the merchant, holding fast the Emperor's robe, " his power is too mighty for my weakness, and your justice prescribes a remedy, which your wisdom has never examined."

The Emperor had, by this time, recollected himself, and raising the merchant from the ground, said, ' You are in the right; to complain of him was your part, but it is mine to see him punished. I will appoint commissioners to go back with you, and make search into the grounds of his proceeding, with power, if they find him guilty, to deliver him into your hands, and leave you viceroy in his stead; for since you have taught me how to govern, you must be able to govern for me.'

THE FATAL EFFECTS
OF
HATRED AND PASSION.

JOHN de Medici, when young, was made a cardinal through his father's interest; but never

ver could conciliate to himself the affection or
 friendship of his brother Garcias, who was known
 to be of a furious, vindictive disposition. One
 day the two brothers, while at hunting, found
 themselves alone in following the chase, far re-
 moved from all their attendants; and Garcias took
 that opportunity of quarrelling with his brother,
 whom he stabbed to the heart with his dagger.—
 He then rejoined his company, without discover-
 ing, in his countenance or manner, the smallest
 emotion, as if any thing extraordinary had hap-
 pened. The cardinal's horse, however, returning
 without his rider, the company, by tracing back
 the prints of his hoofs, discovered the place where
 John lay murdered. His body being carried to
 Florence, the grand duke, his father, ordered
 that the circumstance of the murder should be
 concealed; and gave out that his son died of an
 apoplectic fit, while he was hunting. He then
 ordered the dead body to be conveyed into an
 inner apartment, and sending for Garcias, to
 whose malignant disposition he was no stranger, he
 taxed him with the murder. The youth denied it
 at first with great warmth, and in the strongest
 manner; but being introduced into the room
 where the body lay, it is said to have bled (very
 possibly by chance) at his approach. He then
 threw himself at his father's feet, and confessed

the charge. The father, who had resolved on the part he was to act, solemnly desired his son to prepare for death; adding, that he ought to account it a happiness, that he was about to lose that life, of which his crime had rendered him unworthy, by no other hand than that of him who gave it. He then plucked out of his sheath the dagger with which Garcias had murdered the cardinal, and which still hung by his side, and plunging it into his bosom, he fell dead by his brother's side.

This dreadful catastrophe happened in 1562, when the cardinal was no more than eighteen, and Garcias fifteen years of age. The father ordered the facts to be concealed; and all but they from whom it could not be concealed, believed the two brothers died of a pestilential distemper, which then raged at Florence. To give this report authenticity, both bodies were buried with great pomp, and a funeral oration was pronounced over that of Garcias.

This tragedy, however, proved fatal to the mother, who was so affected with the death of her two sons, that she survived them but a few days.

AN INSTANCE OF
I TURKISH JUSTICE.

A Grocer of the city of Smyrna had a son, who with the help of the little learning the country could afford, rose to the post of naib, or deputy of the cadî, or mayor of the city, and as such visited the markets, and inspected the weights and measures of all retail dealers. One day, as this officer was going his rounds, the neighbours, who knew enough of his father's character to suspect that he might stand in need of the caution, advised him to move his weights, for fear of the worst; but the old cheat depending on his relation to the inspector, and sure, as he thought, that his son would not expose him to a public affront, laughed at their advice, and stood very calmly at his shop door, waiting for his coming. The naib, however, was well assured of the dishonesty and unfair dealing of his father, and resolved to detect his villainy, and make an example of him. Accordingly he stopped at the door, and said coolly to him, ' Good man, fetch out your weights, that we may examine them.' Instead of obeying, the grocer would fain have put it off with a laugh, but was soon convinced his son was serious, by hearing him order the officers to search his shop, and

and seeing them produce the instruments of his fraud, which, after an impartial examination, were openly condemned and broken to pieces.—His shame and confusion, however, he hoped would plead with a son to excuse him all farther punishment of his crime: but even this, though entirely arbitrary, the naib made as severe as for the most indifferent offender, for he sentenced him to a fine of fifty piastrs, and to receive a bastinado of as many blows on the soles of his feet,

All this was executed on the spot, after which the naib, leaping from his horse, threw himself at his feet, and watering them with his tears, addressed him thus: ‘ Father, I have discharged my duty to my God, my sovereign, and my country, as well as my station; permit me now, by my respect and submission, to acquit the debt I owe a parent. Justice is blind—it is the power of God on earth—it has no regard to father or son—God and our neighbours’ rights, are above the ties of nature—you had offended against the laws of justice, you deserved this punishment—you would, in the end, have received it from some other. I am sorry it was your fate to have received it from me. My conscience would not suffer me to act otherwise; behave better for the future, and instead

stead of blaming, pity my being reduced to so cruel a necessity.

This done, he mounted his horse again, and then continued his journey, amidst the acclamations and praises of the whole city for so extraordinary a piece of justice; report of which being made to the Sublime Porte, the Sultan advanced him to the post of *cadi*; from whence, by degrees, he rose to the dignity of *mufti*, who is the head of both religion and law among the Turks.

ANECDOTE OF NELL GWYN.

AFTER the death of Charles II. Lord W—, struck with the charms of Mrs. E. Gwyn, made proposals of marriage to her; at first she rallied him about it, but finding him not only very serious, but very pressing in the business, she replied, ‘ No, my lord, it is not fit the *dog* should lie where the *lion* slept.’

ANEC-

ANECDOTE
OF
ADDISON, STEELE, AND SIR ROGER
DE COVERLEY.

THE character of Sir Roger de Coverley, in the *Spectator*, is universally known to have been drawn by the pen of Mr. Addison. When in one of the papers, he had brought Sir Roger to town, he left him for a day in the hands of Sir Richard Steele, and he, not quite so scrupulous as his friend Addison, made the good-humoured knight perambulate Covent-garden with a nymph of the compliant kind. This angered Addison exceedingly; he called upon Steele, and told him, ‘that he had destroyed that consistency of character which he had been so anxious to preserve.’

Steele smiled at this, alledging, that he had not made the knight do more than the most rigid moralist might have done. This did not satisfy Addison, who told Steele, ‘he would put it out of his power to injure Sir Roger in future, by killing him immediately.’

He

He kept his word; for, making the knight take his leave of London, the next paper contained an account from Coverley-hall of his death.

DIVINE JUDGMENTS.

I.

NOT from the dust my sorrows spring,
Nor drop my comforts from the lower skies;
Let all the baneful planets shed
Their mingled curses on my head.
How vain their curses, if th' Eternal King
Look through the clouds, and blefs me with his
eyes.
Creatures with all their boasted sway
Are but his slaves, and must obey;
They wait their orders from above,
And execute his word, the vengeance, or the love.

II.

'Tis by a warrant from his hand
The gentler gales are bound to sleep;
The north wind blusters, and assumes command
Over the desert and the deep;

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Old

Old Boreas with his freezing pow'rs
 Turns the earth iron, make the ocean glaſs,
 Arrests the dancing riv'lets as they paſs,
 And chains them moveleſs to their ſhores:
 The grazing ox lows to the gelid ſkies,
 Walks o'er the marble meads with withering eyes,
 Walks o'er the ſolid lakes, ſnuffs up the wind,
 and dies.

III.

Fly to the polar world, my ſong,
 And mourn the pilgrims there, (a wretched
 throng!)
 Seiz'd and bound in rigid chains,
 A troop of ſtatues on the Ruſſian plains,
 And life ſtands frozen in the purple veins.
 Atheiſt, forbear; no more blaſpheme:
 God has a thouſand terrors in his name,
 A thouſand armies at command,
 Waiting the ſignal of his hand,
 And magazines of froſt, and magazines of flame:
 Drefs thee in ſteel to meet his wrath;
 His ſharp artillery from the north
 Shall pierce thee to the ſoul, and ſhake thy mor-
 tal frame.
 Sublime on winter's rugged wings;
 He rides in arms along the ſky,
 And ſcatters fate on ſwains and kings;
 And flocks, and herds, and nations die;

While impious lips profanely bold,
Grow pale ; and quivering at his dreadful cold,
Give their own blasphemies the lie,

IV.

The mischiefs that infect the earth,
When the hot dog-star fires the realms on high,
Drought and disease, and cruel dearth,
Are but the flashes of a wrathful eye
From the incens'd divinity.
In vain our parching palates thirst,
For vital food in vain we cry,
And pant for vital breath ;
The verdant fields are burnt to dust,
The sun has drunk the channel dry,
And all the air is death.
Ye scourges of our Maker's rod,
'Tis at his dread command, at his imperial nod,
You deal your various plagues abroad.

V.

Hail, whirlwinds, hurricanes, and floods,
That all the leafy standards strip,
And bear down with a mighty sweep
The riches of the field, and honours of the woods ;
Storms that ravage o'er the deep,
And bury millions in the waves ;

Earthquakes, that in midnight sleep
 Turn cities into heaps, and make our beds our
 graves;
 While you dispense your mortal harms,
 'Tis the Creator's voice that sounds your loud
 alarms,
 When guilt with louder cries provokes a God to
 arms.

VI.

O for a message from above
 To bear my spirits up!
 Some pledge of my Creator's love,
 To calm my terrors and support my hope!
 Let waves and thunders mix and roar,
 Be thou my God, and the whole world is mine;
 While thou art sovereign, I'm secure;
 I shall be rich till thou art poor;
 For all I fear, and all I wish, heav'n, earth, and
 hell, are thine.

 THE CITIZEN OF ABBEVILLE.

A Rich trader of Abbeville, having got en-
 tangled in disputes and law-suits with a very
 powerful family, formed the resolution, in order
 to

to prevent his utter ruin, of emigrating from his native place, and settled with his wife and family at Paris. There he rendered homage to the king, and became his subject. The knowledge that he had acquired of business, of which he took the advantage to carry on a little traffic, afforded him the means of adding something to his property.— He was much beloved in the neighbourhood for his civility and plain dealing. How easy it is, when one wishes it, to gain the good opinion of the world! all that is requisite is a sincere intention: in general it does not cost a farthing.

Thus did our honest citizen pass seven years in his new residence; at the expiration of which, God was pleased to take away his wife. For thirty years they had been united, without ever having the least difference. The son for several years was so greatly afflicted at the loss, that his father was obliged to try all in his power to console the youth. ‘Your mother is gone,’ said he, ‘it is a misfortune that cannot be remedied. Let us only pray to God to have mercy on her; our tears will not restore her to us. For my own part, all I can expect, is very soon to go and join her. At my age we must not look far forward. It is in you, my son, that all my hopes centre. All my relations and friends are left behind me in Ponthieu;

thieu; and I shall never expect to see any of them more. Strive to improve yourself, and to become an accomplished youth. If I can find a young lady of good birth and character, whose family may furnish us with an agreeable society, I will give her whatever portion may be demanded, and will end my old days with her and you.'

Now in the same street with our citizen, and almost directly opposite, lived three brothers, knights and gentlemen, both by the father and mother's side, and all three esteemed for their valour. The eldest was a widower, and had a daughter. The whole family was poor; not that they were originally without fortune, but in a moment of difficulty, having been obliged to have recourse to usurers, their debt, by rapid accumulation of interest, had amounted to three thousand livres, for which their property was either pledged or taken in execution; very little remaining with the father besides the house in which he resided. This was so good, that he might easily have let it for twenty livres. He would rather have sold it, had it been in his power; but it had been his wife's property, and reverted to the daughter.

The citizen went to demand the girl in marriage of the three brothers. They, before they
gave

gave him their answer, demanded to know what was his fortune. 'In money and effects,' said he, 'I am worth fifteen hundred livres; all which I have honestly acquired. Half of it I will give immediately to my son; and the other half will go to him after my death.' "Honest friend," replied the brothers, "that will not do. You now promise, that you will leave half your property to your son after your decease, and you promise it in so ingenuous a manner, that we have no doubt of your sincerity. But before that may happen, you may take it into your head to be made a monk or a templar; and then all must go to the convent. Your grandchildren will not have any thing."

The three brothers then required that, before the contract was concluded, the citizen should make a grant of all his property; otherwise they would not agree to the marriage. The good man did not at first fully approve these conditions; but paternal affection getting the better at length of his scruples, he consented; and in the presence of some witnesses, who were convoked on the occasion, he relinquished and renounced solemnly all his effects, not leaving himself wherewithal to purchase a dinner. Thus did he pave the way to his own misery, by throwing himself into an en-
tire

tire dependance on his children. Alas! if he had been aware of what awaited him, he would have been careful how he devoted himself to such wretchedness.

The young couple soon after had a son; who, as he grew up, gave the most flattering testimonies of a great fund of good-sense, and many amiable qualities. In the mean while, the old man lived, sometimes better and sometimes worse, at his son's house. He was just tolerated, because he gained something by his industry. But with years, his infirmities increased; and when he was no longer able to work, they found him an incumbrance. The wife, especially, being of a proud, haughty disposition, could not bear him. Every day she threatened to leave the house, unless he was removed; and she became so importunate with her husband upon this head, that he, like an ungrateful monster, forgetting the debt of gratitude and of nature, went to intimate to his unhappy father, that it was necessary for him to seek an asylum in some other place.

“What is it you tell me, son?” cried the old man. “What! have I given you the produce of sixty years labour, and established you in affluence, to be turned out of my house! Will you punish

"punish me then for the excess of my parental love? In the name of God, my dear son, I conjure you not to let me die of want. You know that I am unable to walk; grant me, at least, some useless corner in the house. I ask neither for a bed, nor for the provisions of the table. A little straw thrown under a shed, with some bread and water, will satisfy me. At my age life requires so little! and besides, with all my infirmities and cares, I cannot possibly be long a burden to you. If you are disposed to give alms in expiation of your sins, let it be to your father; can any charity be more praise-worthy? Recollect, my dear son, what bringing you up in the course of thirty years cost me: think of the blessings that God has promised to those that have regard to their parents here on earth; and dread his eternal anger, if you should venture to be yourself the murderer of your father."

This pathetic speech caused an emotion in the son; he nevertheless alledged the aversion and discontent of his wife; and for the sake of family quiet, required the old man's departure. "Where would you have me go?" replied the father.—"Will strangers receive me, when my own son turns me out of doors? Without money, without resource, I must then beg the bread necessary for subsistence."

subsistence." As he spoke, the old man's face was bathed in tears. He took, however, the stick that helped to keep himself erect, and, rising, prayed to God to forgive his son. But before he went out, he asked a last favour. "The winter," said he, "is approaching, and if I am condemned to exist till then. I shall have nothing to defend me from the cold. My coat is in rags. In return for the many that I have been obliged to provide you with during your life, grant me one of yours. I require only one of the worst,—one that you have entirely cast off." This slender boon was also denied him. The wife answered, that there was no coat in the house that would suit him. He then intreated that they would at least give him one of the horses' body-cloths; when the son, finding that he could object no longer, made the young boy a signal to bring one.

This youth could not see, without being deeply affected, the distress of his grandfather. He was now ten years old, and was endowed, as was said before, with many amiable qualities. He went and took out of the stable the best of the housings, which he cut into two parts, and brought one of them to the old man. "All then are conspired to seek my death," said the old man, fobbing; "I had obtained the promise of that poor solace, and yet

yet I am envied the whole of it!" The son could not avoid reproving his boy for going beyond the directions he had received.—' Pardon me, Sir,' said the youth, ' but I thought you wanted to kill your father as soon as possible. and I wished to second your design. As for the other half of the horse-cloth, it shall not be lost: I intend keeping it to give to you, when you are old.'

So well-contrived a rebuke had its effect on the ungrateful son; he perceived his fault, and asked pardon of his father;—led him once more into the house, put him in possession of his former property, and thenceforward behaved towards him with the respect and regard due to his age and condition.

Remember this story, ye fathers, who have children to marry. Be wiser than this old man; and do not, like him, precipitate yourselves into a gulph from which you may find it impossible to be extricated. Your children, no doubt, will have a regard for you; and you ought to be persuaded of it; but the surest method is not to trust to it. Whoever reduces himself to a dependance on others, exposes himself to a great deal of sorrow.

CONTEMPT OF THE TRIFLES OF THIS WORLD.

IF we look upward to heaven, we shall behold there all the inhabitants looking down with a sacred contempt upon the trifles, amusements, businesses and cares of this present life, that engross our affections, awaken our desires. fill our hearts with pleasure or pain, and our flesh with constant labour. With what holy scorn, do you think, those souls, who are dismissed from flesh, look down upon the hurries and bustles of the present state in which we are engaged? They dwell in the full sight of those glories which they hope for here on earth; and their intimate acquaintance with the pleasures of that upper world, and the divine sensations that are raised in them there, make them condemn all the pleasures of this state, and every thing below heaven. This is a part of eternal life; this belongs in some degree to every believer: for he is not a believer, that is not got above this world in a good measure; he is not a Christian, who is not weaned, in some degree, from this world: "For this is our victory, whereby we overcome the world, even our faith." 1 John v. 4. "He that is born of God overcometh the world;

world; he that believes in Jesus, is born of God." Whence the argument is plain, he that believes in Jesus the Son of God, overcomes this present world. And where Christianity is raised to a good degree of life and power in the soul; where we see the Christian got near to heaven, he is, as it were, a fellow for angels, a fit companion for the 'spirits of the just made perfect.' The affairs of this life are beneath his best desires and his hopes; he engages his hand in them so far as God his Father appoints his duty; but he longs for the upper world, where his hopes are gone before. When shall I be entirely dismissed from this labour and toil? The gaudy pleasures this world entertains me with, are no entertainments to me; I am weaned from them, I am born for above.

This is the language of that faith that overcometh the world; and faith, where it is wrought in the soul, hath, in some measure, this effect; and where it shines in its brightness, it hath, in a great degree, this sublime grace accompanying it; or rather (shall I say) this piece of heavenly glory. Pain and sickness, poverty and reproach, sorrow and death itself, have been contemned by those that have believed in Jesus Christ, with much more honour to Christianity than ever was brought to other religions.

THE

THE UNION
OF
PIETY AND MORALITY.

THIS forms the consistent, the graceful, the respectable character of the real christian, the man of true worth. Either of them left out, one side of the character is only fair; the other side will always be open to much reproach. Hence we dishonour ourselves, and do great injustice to religion; as by division it is exposed to the censure of the world.

The unbeliever will scoff at such piety, where he sees neglect of moral duties. The bigot will decry all morality, where he sees a pretence of virtue, though a contempt of God. Whereas he who fears God, and is at the same time just and beneficent to men, exhibits religion to the world with full propriety. His character is above reproach. It is at once amiable and venerable.—Malice itself is afraid to attack him; and even the worst men respect and honour him in their hearts. He who fails materially either in piety or virtue, is always obnoxious to the anguish of remorse.

THE MAN OF PLEASURE.

TO a man of pleasure every moment appears to be lost, which partakes not of the vivacity of amusement. To connect one plan of gaiety with another is his sole study, till in a very short time nothing remains but to beat the same round, to enjoy what they have already enjoyed, and to see what they have often seen.

Pleasures thus drawn to the dregs become vapid and tasteless. What might have pleased long, if enjoyed with temperance and mingled with retirement, being devoured with such eager haste, speedily surfeits and disgusts. Hence having run through a rapid course of pleasure, after having glittered for a few years in the foremost line of public amusements, such men are the most apt to fly at last to a melancholy retreat; not led by religion or reason, but driven by disappointed hopes and exhausted spirits to the pensive conclusion, that all is vanity.

A PAR-

A PARTICULAR ACCOUNT

OF THE LATE

LORD SACKVILLE'S DEATH.

WHEN Lord Sackville was at the point of death, Sir John Elliot was called in and consulted. His Lordship asked him if every thing proper had been done? The Doctor answering in the affirmative, his Lordship with firmness replied, "I am aware of my fate, and am perfectly resigned." He then wished to know if there might be time to send for his attorney from London, for the purpose of making a codicil to his will, and expressed much satisfaction, on being told there would. After which he called his family about him, and desired to send for the Clergyman of his parish, that they might together receive the sacrament. He could have wished, he said, to have seen his son at age, but acquiesced in his present lot, believing it to be for the best. The last act of his life manifested a magnanimity rather uncommon, and afforded a circumstance, that will be considered by some as curious. He called to the bedside Mr. Cumberland. "You see," said his Lordship, "the state I am in, and I charge you to mind what I now say to you. I have seen much of life, and have experienced its vicif-

vicissitudes; but in no one situation throughout my life, did I ever feel a failure in my fortitude, any more than I do at this present moment." Convulsions soon apprized him of the approach of death, when he calmly ordered his family to withdraw, and with unshaken composure closed the awful scene.

ANECDOTE
OF
DOCTOR JOHNSON.

WHEN Dr. Johnson was in Scotland, amongst other curiosities shewn him, he was taken to a very ancient and high castle, which was reckoned to command the most extensive view of any in the country: "Well, Sir, says the guide, what do you think of this prospect?"—"By much the finest in all Scotland, says the Doctor, for I can here see the road to England."

ANECDOTE
OF AN
IRISH GENTLEMAN.

AT a race in the North, some time ago, among other horses, one called Botheram started for the plate. The Irishman taking a fancy to the name, betted large odds in his favour. Towards the conclusion of the race, his favourite was un-luckily in the rear, on which he exclaimed—"Ah! by Jafus, there he is. Botheram for ever! See how he drives them all before him."

ANECDOTE
OF
DOCTOR JOHNSON.

DR. Johnson being at dinner at Mrs: Macaulay's, the conversation turned on the equality of mankind, which the lady of the house contended for with all the energy of a republican. Johnson made a few short answers, in hopes to change the subject, but finding she would go on, he finished his dinner with as much haste as possible, and then giving the plate to the footman, begged he'd take his

his place: "Good God! what are you about, Doctor?" said the lady.—"Oh! nothing, Madam, but to preserve the equality of mankind."

ANECDOTE


OF

FREDERIC THE SECOND.

WHEN Frederic built the palace of Sans Souci, there happened to be a mill which greatly straitened him in the execution of his plan, and he desired to know how much the miller would take for it. The miller replied, that, for a long series of years, his family possessed the mill from father to son, and that he would not sell it. The king employed solicitations, offered to build him a mill in a better place, besides paying any sum which he might demand. The obstinate miller persisted in his determinations to preserve the inheritance of his ancestors. The king, irritated at this resistance, sent for him, and said to him angrily, "Why do you refuse to sell your mill, notwithstanding all the advantages which I have offered to you?" The miller repeated all his reasons. "Do you know," continued the king, "that I could take it without giving you a farthing?"—

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"Yes,"



“ Yes,” replied the miller, “ if it was not for the chamber of justice at Berlin.” The king was extremely flattered with this answer, which shewed that he was incapable of an act of injustice. He acquiesced in the miller’s refusal, and changed the plan of his gardens.

AN ANECDOTE.

A Very young man, of good natural understanding, and heir to an affluent fortune, would needs be a traveller. In the course of his adventures, he fell into company, in Naples, with some well-travelled, well-informed foreigners.—They were conversing of what they had seen in England; and some little difference in opinion arising about the architecture of Windsor-Castle, they naturally referred themselves to the young Englishman for decision. With much confusion and hesitation he was compelled to confess, he had never seen the building in question. The company, with true foreign politeness, only testified their admiration with a silent smile,—but the reflection instantly struck, and pained the young gentleman. The result was, that he returned for England within two days, rationally determined to instruct himself in the knowledge of his own country,

country, before he pried into those afar off. His reflection and determination did equal credit to his understanding.

THE VIRTUOUS VILLAGER.

A MORAL TALE.

THERE are but too many of the Fellows of Fire in this gay metropolis who, in consequence of a licentious education, loose principles, and fortunes sufficient to render them extremely insolent, are led to imagine that they may take the most unwarrantable liberties with the fair sex, and seduce as many women as they possibly can. The success which they meet with in the female world, gives them, it must be owned, too much encouragement to believe that their powers of seduction are irresistible; yet they often find themselves unable, with all their rhetoric and treachery into the bargain, to carry their iniquitous designs into execution; and to their additional mortification, sometimes receive noble repulses from those women whom they consider, from the lowness of their stations, as created entirely for their pleasure, and of course attack them with far less ceremony than they would others in a higher sphere;

not

not thinking any delicacy of address necessary with such poor creatures, they proceed at once to the application of their golden arguments, without having the least doubt concerning the efficacy of them. Such arguments have too much force over the best educated and most accomplished fair ones, as well as over the inferior part of the female sex: when we therefore see them rendered unavailing by a virtuous opposition among the latter, we are doubly charmed with the spirit by which they are defeated.


Sir Charles Spearman, as fine a young fellow as nature ever formed, and as seducing as art could make him, presumed so much upon his purse, his person, and his address, that he fancied every woman he met with was in love with him; his vanity was excessive, but it would have been a venial failing if it had not prompted him to actions not to be defended in a court of honour, though they might be laughed at in a court of justice.

Being of an amorous complexion, and agreeable in the most extensive sense of the word, Sir Charles naturally employed his talents of pleasing in order to triumph over female frailty, and his gallantries, indeed his victories, though not brilliant

liant in the eye of reason, gave him no small importance in the eye of the world; and every new conquest of the same kind increased it.

In an excursion one day thro' a village in the West of England, his attention was suddenly engaged by the appearance of a very pretty girl at work with several sun-burnt women, who were admirable foils to her, though she had evident marks in her face of the power of the solar rays over it. Her complexion was certainly brown, but her features were so elegantly arranged, and she had a pair of such bright eyes in her head, that Sir Charles could not for some moments take his eyes from her: he sat upon his horse as if he was glued to his saddle, and stared at the handsome villager before him as if he had never seen a female figure till then. In short, her face, form, and *tout ensemble* had such an effect upon him—(though he had been *un homme de bonne fortune* among some of the first-rate females of the age) that he determined to be very intimately acquainted with her. Charmed with her person, he was sufficiently encouraged by the humility of her dress and employment to believe that he possessed, what would not only facilitate the completion of his wishes, but exclude disappointment.

Animated



Animated with these considerations, and spurred on by presumption, he ordered his servant to make all the enquiries in his power, about the girl who had occasioned such a violent commotion in his bosom, and rode towards a public house, which was, he knew, at no great distance from the new object of his wishes.

Tom having been long accustomed to any employment of his master, as well as to the other duties of a domestic, very readily undertook to procure all the information he could, and accordingly, upon his master's trotting away, had recourse to a stratagem, in order to force the attention of the females labouring in the adjacent field. Throwing himself from his horse with a great deal of dexterity, and roaring out while he lay upon the ground, as if much hurt, he soon brought the very person to his assistance whose notice he had chiefly wished to attract, the rustic herself, whose beauty had so powerfully operated upon his master, and raised such a disturbance in his breast.

This girl being much nearer the road than any of her companions, in a few moments appeared upon the spot where the pretended accident had happened; and as she was naturally of a benevolent disposition, she, with an eagerness which evidently

dently proceeded at once from her fears and her good nature, asked the loudly complaining stranger, where he had hurt himself.

Tom told her the truth when he said that none of his bones were broken, but he stepped over the line of veracity, when he added, that he was bruised from head to foot, and never had received so confounded a fall in his life. Upon some occasion, a lie of this sort might have been honoured with the fashionable appellation of a *white one*; but as Tom uttered it with a wicked design, it was perhaps rather a *black one*. However, it answered his purpose better than he expected, for, in consequence of his dismal groans and wry faces, Patty Fielding (that was the villager's name) pressed him to follow her, if he was able, to her uncle's cottage, assuring him, at the same time, with a heartiness which he little merited, that both her uncle and aunt would do the best they could to set him upon his horse again.

With this invitation Tom complied, as it may be easily imagined, without the slightest demurring; and to the care of his innocent conductress we shall leave him for awhile, and give some account of the Baronet's proceedings.

Sir Charles, upon his arrival at the house at which he intended to put up, made the minutest enquiries after the poor people in the neighbouring cottages, and by asking mine host of the Red Lion, if there were any pretty girls near him, received an answer very much to his satisfaction. By that answer he discovered that the girl who had flung him into a fever of love, was the niece of an industrious old couple, who made a shift to gain a bare subsistence, and who were then particularly to be pitied, as their landlord, a sour, severe man, had threatened to turn them out of their dwelling, and to seize their goods, as some late losses had prevented them from paying their rent.

As a man not destitute of good nature, Sir Charles felt for the distresses of the worthy pair, struggling with the pressures of poverty and age; but as a libertine, he rejoiced at the tyrannic menace of their ruthless landlord, concluding that his purse, properly employed, would be of singular service to him. He waited therefore with the utmost impatience for Tom's intelligence to confirm the information he had himself received.

In a few hours Tom made his appearance. In consequence of his communications, Sir Charles hurried to Farmer Fielding's, supplied him with
money

money more than sufficient to answer his landlord's demands, and only desired, in return, to occupy, for a few days, the room in his house which was then vacant, he had been informed, by the absence of the lady who hired it for the summer, as he had some private reasons for living in a very obscure manner in that part of the country.

Fielding was struck dumb by his generosity: and his dame was not able, though a loquacious woman—to articulate a syllable. When they had recovered the use of their tongues, they expressed the most grateful acknowledgments in language which wanted no tricks of oratory to set it off; it was the language of the heart; and on that account more valuable than the richest flowers of elocution,

Sir Charles's gratitude was by no means equal to that of the honest people under whose roof he was entertained in an homely, indeed, but truly hospitable manner. He was, it is true, entertained, in a great measure, at his own expence; but he plainly perceived that the Fieldings, if fortune and education had placed them in an exalted sphere of life, would have exhibited princely dispositions.—In return for all the civilities which he received from this humble, happy

pair—civilities which no money could buy, he attempted to seduce their Patty, whom they loved as well as if she had been their own daughter, from the paths of innocence. His every attempt was fruitless; for she was neither to be deceived by his promises, nor dazzled with his gold; but nobly rejected all his dishonourable offers, and told him, when he made his last efforts to stagger her virtue, “that she had rather work from morning to night for her bread, for an honest livelihood, than be the mistress of a king: while I am virtuous,” added she, “if I am ever so poor, I shall not envy the finest lady in the land who has lost her honour.”

Struck with the conclusion of this speech, Sir Charles, libertine as he was, found himself so much shaken by it, that he resolved (looking upon her as a jewel of considerable value, and thinking that she only wanted to be well set to appear with a lustre equal, if not superior, to the sparklers of a court) to talk to her in a different style. To drop the metaphor, he made honourable addresses to her, provided the most eminent masters of all kinds for her; and as she had an excellent natural understanding, as well as a beautiful person, she in a few months afterwards was, in the character
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of Lady Spearman, distinguished even in the Circle.

A CHINESE ANECDOTE.

A MANDARINE, who took much pride in appearing with a number of jewels on every part of his robe, was once accosted by an old fly-Bonze, who following him through several streets, and bowing often to the ground, thanked him for his jewels. What does the man mean? cried the Mandarin. Friend, I never gave thee any of my jewels. No, replied the other, but you have let me look at them, and that is all the use you can make of them yourself; so there is no difference between us, except that you have the trouble of watching them, and that is an employment I don't like.

A CHINESE TALE.

A PAINTER of eminence was once resolved to finish a piece which should please the whole world. When, therefore, he had drawn a picture, in which his utmost skill was exhausted, it was exposed in the public market-place, with
direc-

directions at the bottom for every spectator to mark with a brush, which lay by, every limb and every feature which seemed erroneous. The spectators came, and in general applauded; but each willing to shew his talent at criticism, marked whatever he thought proper. At evening, when the painter came, he was mortified to find the whole picture one universal blot; not a single part that was not stigmatized with marks of disapprobation. Not satisfied with this trial, the next day he was resolved to try them in a different manner; and exposing his picture as before, desired that every spectator would mark those beauties he approved or admired. They complied, and the artist returning, found his picture replete with the marks of beauty; every stroke that had been yesterday condemned, now received the character of approbation. Well, cries the painter, I now find that the best way to please one half of the world, is not to mind what the other half says; since what are faults in the eyes of these, shall be by those regarded as beauties,

THE VANITY OF WEALTH,

AN ODE.

NO more thus brooding o'er yon heap,
 With Avarice painful vigils keep;
 Still unenjoy'd the present store,
 Still endless sighs are breath'd for more.
 O! quit the shadow, catch the prize,
 Which not all India's treasure buys!
 To purchase heaven has gold the power?
 Can gold remove the mortal hour?
 In life can love be bought with gold?
 Are friendship's pleasures to be sold?
 No—all that's worth a wish—a thought,
 Fair virtue gives unbrib'd, unbought.
 Cease then on trash thy hopes to blind,
 Let nobler views engage thy mind.

With science tread the wond'rous way,
 Or learn the muses' moral lay;
 In social hours indulge thy soul,
 Where mirth and temperance mix the bowl;
 To virtuous love resign thy breast,
 And be by blessing beauty—blest.

Thus taste the feast by nature spread,
 Ere youth and all its joys are fled;

Come

Come taste with me the balm of life,
Secure from pomp, and wealth, and strife.
I boast whate'er for man was meant,
In health, and Stella, and content;
And scorn! Oh! let that scorn be thine!
Mere things of clay, that dig the mine.

OF
CÆSAR'S SUCCESS, HIS TRIUMPHS,
AND HIS DEATH.

CÆSAR pursued his prosperous fortune with great rapidity. Besides his conquests in Alexandria, and over Pompey's party in Africa, he went into Spain, and marched in person against the two sons of Pompey, who, under Labienus, had raised a powerful army. The armies came to an engagement in the plains of Munda. Cæsar, after great hazard of being entirely routed, animated his soldiers with the greatest resolution, and gained a complete victory over the enemy. Thirty thousand were killed on the spot, the generals were dispersed, and all Spain submitted to the conqueror.

When



When Cæsar returned to Rome, he triumphed four times in one month. He rewarded his soldiers with great liberality, and exhibited public shows with great magnificence, for the diversion of the people; and to remove every cause of jealousy, he bestowed the honours of the state on Pompey's friends equally with his own adherents.

Many of the senators, however, who had received these favours at the hands of Cæsar, secretly upbraided themselves for accepting of his kindness, at the expence of public liberty. Many were also dissatisfied with the change of government, and the ambitious conduct of Cæsar, who now attempted to assume the regal title. These sought to accomplish his ruin, and in private cabals it was agreed, that the liberty of the common-wealth could not be longer maintained without the death of the dictator.

Brutus and Cassius were, by Cæsar's appointment, prætors for that year. Those men were at the head of that party. The conspirators carried on their plot, with all imaginable caution and secrecy; and the better to justify their designs, deferred it till the Ides of March, on which day Cæsar was to be declared king. A famous augur told Cæsar, that great dangers threatened him on

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the Ides of March; and those writers, who would add horror to the description of this day, tell us that the world wore a gloomy and heavy presage of Cæsar's fate; that wild beasts came into the most frequented parts of the city; that there were apparitions in the streets, and illuminations in the skies; and that inauspicious sacrifices damped the hearts of all men, except the assassins, who, with an incredible serenity of mind, waited the approaching opportunity of sacrificing the usurper.

Cæsar's wife having had frightful and ominous dreams the preceding night, persuaded him not to go abroad that day; but Decimus Brutus, one of the conspirators, calling on him in the morning, and laughing at those silly omens, took him by the hand, and led him out of his house.

As Cæsar was going into the senate-house, he met the augur who had forewarned him of the dangers of that day. The Ides of March are come, said Cæsar. "True," replied the augur, "but they are not yet past."

Scarce had Cæsar taken his seat, but all the assassins pressed about him, and sued for favours, which they knew would not be granted. The sign was given. Immediately one, oppressed with the
great-

greatness of the attempt, made an irresolute pass at him. Cæsar then rushed upon Casca, and beat him to the ground. But while they were struggling, another of the conspirators came behind him, and plunged his dagger into his bosom. At the same time Cassius wounded him in the face, and Brutus in the thigh. Till this time he had made a very vigorous resistance, but now made no more, and submitting to the strokes of a person who owed to him his life, he only uttered these words: "And thou too, my son Brutus!" Cæsar used to call him by this tender name, supposing him to be his illegitimate son by an intrigue with Servilia. Growing now faint with the loss of blood, he reeled to Pompey's statue, where, covering his face with his robe, and drawing his skirts to his knees, that he might fall decently, he sunk down and expired, having received twenty-three wounds.

Cæsar had long before been advised by his friends to be more cautious of the security of his person, and not to walk, as was his common practice, among the people, without arms or any one to defend him. But to these admonitions he always replied, "He that lives in fear of death, every moment feels its tortures: I will die but once." At last, thus fell in the fifty-sixth year of

his age, the conqueror of the Gauls, of Pompey, and of the Senate, the master of the Roman Republic and the world, who died without uttering the least complaint, or shewing any mark of grief or weakness, in the year before Christ forty-three.

It is not to be omitted here, that among many other noble schemes and ordinances, which tended to the grandeur of the city of Rome, and the enlargement of the Roman empire, Cæsar reformed the Calendar: and with the assistance of the most able astronomers, regulated the year according to the course of the sun. Two months were added to the Calendar, and the whole year was divided into three hundred and sixty-five days.—He also added one day to every fourth year in the month of February, and that year was named Bissextile or Leap Year.

This reckoning of time from this regulation, was called the Julian account of time; and some ages after the Old Style, in opposition to the New, or Gregorian Style. This last is now generally followed in most parts of Europe, and reckons eleven days forwarder.

With

With the death of Cæsar ended the first Triumvirate, or government of the Roman empire by three persons, Pompey, Cæsar, and Crassus.

HAPPINESS NOT INDEPENDENT.

NO individual can be happy unless the circumstances of those around him be so adjusted as to conspire with his interest. For in human society, no happiness or misery stands unconnected and independent. Our fortunes are interwoven by threads innumerable: one man's success or misfortune, his wisdom or folly, often, by its consequences, reaches through multitudes.

Such a system is too far complicated for our arrangement.—It requires adjustments beyond our skill and power.—It is a chaos of events into which our eye cannot pierce, and is capable of regulation only by Him who perceives at one glance the relation of each to all. We are ignorant of the influence which the present transactions of our life may have upon those which are future.

The important question is not, what will yield to a man a few scattered pleasures, but what will
render

render his life happy on the whole amount.— There is not any present moment that is unconnected with some future one. The life of every man is a continued chain of incidents, each link of which hangs upon the former. The transition from cause to effect, from event to event, is often carried on by secret steps, which our foresight cannot divine, and our sagacity is unable to trace. Evil may at some future period bring forth good; and good may bring forth evil, both equally unexpected.

FILIAL DUTY.

DARIUS, the Emperor of Persia, having invaded Scythia, with the whole force of his empire, the Scythians retreated by degrees, 'till they came to the utmost deserts of Asia, when Darius sent to know by what end they proposed flying from him, and where it was they would begin to fight. They returned him for answer, that they had no cities or cultivated lands for which they had occasion to give him battle, but when once he was come to the place of their fathers' monuments, he should then understand after what manner the Scythians could fight.— Thus we see what public testimony even the most barbarous

barbarous nations have given of their affection for their parents.

THE VALUE OF TIME.

WHEN we consider what we were created for, whither we are hastening to, and what we must 'ere long be, surely we cannot but acknowledge the work that lies before us, to be truly great, interesting, and important. No less than the advancement of our Maker's glory, the pursuit of those objects which belong to our eternal peace, and the preparation for death, judgment, and a world to come; these are matters of the highest moment, and equally concern every son and daughter of Adam, as candidates for a blissful immortality. If so, then we may well lament the shortness of our time for such an arduous work, and impressed with a sense of the necessity of completing it before we go the way of all flesh, exclaiming with Dr. Young,

How much is to be done!

Life, like a winter's day, is short. Time, like the shadow upon a dial, is fleeting and hastening

to be gone, and an awful eternity approaching; which must be either a state of happiness or misery, according to the waste or redemption of the precious NOW.

From these considerations we may learn the inestimable value of our passing moments, and the danger of delaying suitably to improve them. while we feel, if I may so express myself, the propriety of the Poet's observation and excellent advice, in the following lines:

Time wasted is existence, us'd is life;
Part with it as with money, sparingly:

Should the reader wish for directions in the improvement of his time, I would earnestly recommend the ensuing couplet from Mr. Pope's Essay on Man, as a daily rule for practice:

Make every day a critic on the past,
And live each hour as though it was your last.

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ANECDOTE
OF
JOHN ELWES, Esq.

WHEN Mr. Elwes was at Marcham, two very ancient maiden ladies, in his neighbourhood, had, for some neglect, incurred the displeasure of the spiritual court, and were threatened with immediate "*excommunication*."—The whole import of the word they did not perfectly understand, but they had heard something about standing in a church, and a penance; and their ideas immediately ran upon a *white sheet*. They concluded, if they once got into that, it was all over with them; and as the excommunication was to take place the next day, away they hurried to Mr. Elwes, to know how they could make submission, and how the sentence might be prevented. No time was to be lost.—Mr. Elwes did that which, fairly speaking, not one man in five thousand would have done; he had his horse saddled, and putting, according to usual custom, a couple of hard eggs in his pocket, he set out for London that evening, and reached it early enough the next morning to notify the submission of the culprit damsels.

Riding sixty miles in the night, to confer a favour on two antiquated virgins, to whom he had no particular obligation, was really what not one man in five thousand would have done; but where personal fatigue could serve, Mr. Elwes never spared it.

The ladies were so overjoyed—so thankful:—So much trouble and expence!—What returns could they make? To ease their consciences on this head, an old Irish gentleman, their neighbour, who knew Mr. Elwes's mode of travelling, wrote these words—" My dears, is it *expence* you are talking of?—send him *six-pence*, and he gains *two-pence* by the journey!"

AN ANECDOTE.

A Young Italian gentleman being led by curiosity into Holland, where having lived some time conversing with the most ingenious, was one day set upon by a protestant minister, who would needs engage him in a controversy about religion. The young gentleman knowing himself too weak for the encounter, begged his pardon, and endeavoured to wave the discourse, but the more he avoided it, the more hotly he was pressed by

by the minister, whereupon the young Italian, in a very great passion, conjured him by all that was good, to let him alone in peace with his religion. "For," said he, "I cannot embrace yours; and if you make me lose my own, I will never make choice of any other."

OF
BENEFITS TO OTHERS.

CATO. in Tully, boasts of this as the great comfort and joy of his old age, that nothing was more pleasant to him than the consciousness of a well-spent life, and the remembrance of many benefits and kindnesses done to others.

Seneca observes, that he who preaches gratitude pleads the cause both of God and man; for without it we can be neither sociable nor religious.

BON MOT.

WHEN the Duchess of Bedford was last at Buxton, and then in her eighty-fifth year,

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it was the medical farce of the day for the faculty to resolve every complaint of whim and caprice into "a shock of the nervous system."—Her Grace, after enquiring of many of her friends in the rooms, what brought them there, and being generally answered, for a nervous complaint, was asked in her turn, "What brought her to Buxton?" "I came only for pleasure," answered the hale Duchefs—"for, thank God, I was born before Nerves came into fashion."

ANECDOTE

OF

DOCTOR SMOLLETT.

A BEGGAR asking the Doctor for alms, he gave him, through absence, or mistake for a less valuable piece, a guinea. The poor fellow, on perceiving it, hobbled after him and told him of it. Upon which Smollett returned it to him with another guinea, as a reward for his honesty, exclaiming at the same time, "My God, what a lodging Honesty has taken up with!"

ANEC-

ANECDOTE
OF
DOCTOR JOHNSON.

AN eminent carcase butcher, as meagre in his person as he was in his understanding. being one day in a bookfeller's shop, took up a volume of Churchill's Poems. and by way of shewing his taste, repeated with great affectation the following line:

“ Who rules o'er freemen should himself be free.”

Then turning to the Doctor,—“ What think you of that, Sir, said he?” “ Rank nonsense, replied the other! it is an assertion without a proof, and you might with as much propriety say,

“ Who slays fat oxen, should himself be fat.”

THE INHUMAN MURDER
OF
MISS LLOYD.

THE murderer was a labourer by profession, had formerly been in the service of Miss Lloyd, and lived at no great distance from her. It is a happiness to reflect, that that divine intervention, which seldom allows the mind of man to sleep long in security, after the commission of a deed which so forcibly stamps its depravity, did in this case interpose, and prompted the murderer to a candid confession of the foul crime.

On the evening of the day on which the murder was committed, he went to Tregaron fair, where some of his neighbours perceiving that he was possessed of money, entertained suspicions, which, however, were only momentary, as the circumstances of the robbery were not then known; but on the Sunday following, the subject was generally talked of, and in going to an adjoining meeting-house, an acquaintance, who had given him change for half-a-crown, asked him if he knew of the robbery or murder, when he bluntly acknowledged his guilt, and was immediately taken

taken into prison. On his confession he said, that upon going to Kilrhyg, he found all the servants were from home, and immediately proceeded to the parlour, where Miss Lloyd was sitting alone; here he made a pretended demand of money which was owing to him for hay-making. Alarmed at his coming to her in that part of the house, she ran into the kitchen, where the villain followed her, and making a spring, caught her by the throat, and instantly choaked her! He then dragged the body into the parlour, and rifled her pockets, wherein he found two crown pieces, two crooked shillings, and a bunch of keys. In one of the pockets was a bag of money, which he mistook for a pincushion, and left it behind.

He afterwards proceeded up stairs, where seeing the people (from a front window) driving the cattle into the yard, he effected his escape through the back part of the house, and fled into an adjoining wood, where he secreted two bottles of liquor, which he had brought out with him.

From thence he set out to the fair as above related, and had change for one of the crowns, which led to a discovery of the whole.

SPRING.

SPRING.

THE Spring leads on the pleasant hours,
For shame, ye sleepers, rise!
See, how the ground is drest with flow'rs,
How bright the smiling skies!

The pretty birds their voices raise,
What sounds can be more sweet?
In yonder fields the lambkin plays;
There, see the milk-maid neat.

The glorious sun now melts the dews,
That glitter'd on the thorn:
Then, tell me, who would now refuse
To rise at early morn?

I knew, indeed, how *Thoughtless* slept,
When he from school was freed;
He slept, 'till sloth upon him crept,
And sloth produc'd his need.

Poor and despis'd, by all forsook,
Who made him here their care;
To foreign lands his way he took,
And sadly perish'd there.

So

So happy let our moments be,
Nor such engagements cease,
But pass from faults and troubles free,
In innocence and peace.

ON THE
NATIVITY OF CHRIST.

AWAKE from silence every voice,
Each chearful pipe, and sounding string;
Let every grateful heart rejoice,
And every tongue in rapture sing.

On this distinguish'd day of grace,
Th' Eternal Prince of Glory came,
To purge the guilt of human race,
And save them by his pow'ful name.

Bow down your heads, ye lofty pines,
Ye mountains crown'd with cedars tall;
Be still, ye rude imperious winds,
Throughout the wide terrestrial ball.

Let nought but harmony and love
O'er all th' expanded surface reign,

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And

And let the sacred choir above
Approve, and join the heav'nly strain.

When we in bondage were exil'd,
And rebels to th' eternal God,
Our souls, with blackest guilt defil'd,
Obnoxious to th' impending rod.

That from his seat of perfect bliss
The son of Glory shou'd descend,
To offer man the terms of peace,
And his unbounded grace extend.

Such goodness, such stupendous grace!
Nor men, nor angels can explore;
Then let us, what we cannot trace,
With awful reverence adore.

Ye wing'd inhabitants of air,
All ye that graze the verdant plain;
Ye herds, that to the wilds repair,
And ye that skim the surging main.

Some signs of exultation show,
While grateful minds your voices raise,
'Tis all that mortals can below,
To hail the day in songs of praise.

While

While skilful hands the chorus join,
And tune the rapture-raising lyre,
While grateful strains of love divine,
Serene, extatic joys inspire.

Thus sacred be the happy day,
While sun, and moon, and stars endure;
'Till nature feels her last decay,
And time itself shall be no more.

ANECDOTES

OF THE LATE

SIR HERVEY ELWES.

AS he had no acquaintance, no books, and no turn for reading, the hoarding up and counting his money was his greatest joy. The next to that was partridge setting; at which he was so great an adept, and game was so plentiful, that he has been known to take five hundred brace of birds in one season. But he lived entirely upon partridges, he and his whole household, consisting of one man and two maids. What they could not eat he turned out again, as he never gave away any thing. During the partridge season. Sir Hervey and his man never missed a day, if the

weather was tolerable. and his breed of dogs being remarkably good, he seldom failed in taking great quantities of game. At all times he wore a black velvet cap much over his face, a worn-out full dressed suit of cloaths, and an old great coat, with worsted stockings drawn up over his knees. He rode a thin thorough-bred horse, and the horse and the rider both looked as if a gust of wind would have blown them away together.

When the day was not so fine as to tempt him abroad, he would walk backwards and forwards in his own hall, to save the expence of fire. If a farmer in his neighbourhood came in, he would strike a light in a tinder-box that he kept by him, and putting a single stick in the grate, would not add another till the first was nearly burnt out.— As he had but little connection with London, he always had three or four thousand pounds at a time in his house. A set of fellows, who were afterwards known by the appellation of the Thackstead gang, and who were all hanged, formed a plan to rob him. They were totally unsuspected at the time, as each had some apparent occupation during the day, and went out only at night, and when they had got intelligence of any great booty.

It

It was the custom of Sir Hervey to go up into his bed-chamber about eight o'clock, when, after taking a basin of water gruel, by the light of a small fire, he went to bed to save the unnecessary extravagance of a candle. The gang, who knew the hour when his servant went to the stables, leaving their horses on the Essex side of the river, walked across and hid themselves in the church-porch till they saw the man come up to his horses. They then immediately fell upon him, and after some little struggle, bound and gagged him; they then ran up to the house, tied the two maids together, and going up to Sir Hervey, presented their pistols, and demanded his money.

At no part of his life did Sir Hervey behave so well as in this transaction. When they asked for his money, he would give them no answer till they had assured him that his servant, who was a great favourite, was safe; he then delivered them the key of a drawer, in which were fifty guineas; but they knew too well he had much more in the house, and again threatened his life if he would not discover where it was deposited. At length he shewed them the place, and they turned out a large drawer, in which there were two thousand seven hundred guineas; this they packed up in two large baskets, and actually carried off.

ANEC-

ANECDOTE.

TWO gentlemen disputing about religion in Burton's coffee-house, said one of them, I wonder, Sir, you should talk of religion, when I'll hold you five guineas you can't say the Lord's Prayer: Done, said the other, and Sir Richard Steele here shall hold stakes. The money being deposited, the gentleman began with, I believe in God, and so went cleverly through the Creed:— Well, said the other, I own I have lost; I did not think he could have done it.

THE MARQUIS DE LA SCALLAS,

AN ITALIAN NOBLEMAN,

HAVING invited the neighbouring gentry to a grand entertainment, where all the delicacies of the season were provided, some of the company arrived very early, for the purpose of paying their respects to his Excellency. Soon after which the Major-Domo entering the dining-room in a great hurry, told the marquis that there was a most wonderful fisherman below, who had brought one of the finest fish in all Italy, for which, however, he demanded a most extravagant price.

Regard

Regard not his price, cried the marquis; pay him the money directly. So I would, please your highness, but he refuses to take any money.—What then would the fellow have?—An hundred strokes of the strappado on his bare shoulders, my lord; he says he will not bate a single blow.

On this the whole company ran down stairs, to see so singular a man. A fine fish! cried the marquis: What is your demand, my friend?—Not a quatrini, my lord, answered the fisherman. I will not take money. If your lordship wishes to have the fish, you must order me an hundred lashes of the strappado on my naked back; otherwise I shall apply elsewhere.

Rather than lose the fish, said the marquis, we must e'en let this fellow have his humour.—Here, cried he to one of his grooms, discharge this honest man's demands: but don't lay on too hard; don't hurt the poor devil very much!

The fisherman then stripped, and the groom prepared to execute his lordship's orders. Now, my friend, said the fisherman, keep an exact account, I beseech you; for I don't desire a single stroke more than my due.

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The whole company were astonished at the amazing fortitude with which the man submitted to the operation, till he had received the fiftieth lash; when addressing the servant—Hold, my friend, cried the fisherman: I have now had a full share of the price. Your share! exclaimed the marquis; what is the meaning of all this? My lord, returned the fisherman, I have a partner, to whom my honour is engaged that he shall have his full half of whatever I receive for the fish; and your lordship, I dare venture to say, will by and by own that it would be a thousand pities to defraud him of a single stroke. And pray, honest friend, said the marquis, who is this partner?—Your porter, my lord, answered the fisherman, who keeps the outer gate, and refused to admit me, unless I would promise him half of what I should obtain for the fish.—Ho! ho! exclaimed the marquis, laughing very heartily, by the blessing of heaven, he shall have double his demand in full tale.

The porter was accordingly sent for: and being stripped to the skin, two grooms were directed to lay on with all their might, till he had fairly received what he was so well entitled to. The marquis then ordered his steward to pay the fisherman twenty sequins; desiring him to call annually for the
the

the like sum, as a recompence for the friendly service he had done him.

THE BROTHER AND SISTER.

A GENTLEMAN had two children, the one a daughter, that was very plain in her person; the other a boy that was a great beauty.—As they were at play together one day, they saw their faces in a looking-glass that stood in their mother's chair; upon which the boy seeing his beauty, was so charmed with it, that he extolled it mightily to his sister, who took these praises of his beauty; as so many reflections on her disagreeableness. She went to her father, acquainted him with the affair, and made very great complaints of her brother's rudeness to her. Upon this, the old prudent gentleman, instead of being angry, took them upon his knees, and embracing both with the greatest tenderness, gave them this excellent advice. I would have you both look at yourselves in the glass every day; you my son, that you may be reminded never to dishonour the beauty of your face by the deformity of your actions; and you, my daughter, that you may take care to hide the defect of beauty in your

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person, by the superior lustre of a virtuous and amiable conduct.

ANECDOTE OF DOCTOR FRANKLIN.

THE late Doctor Franklin, in the early part of his life, followed the business of a printer, and had occasion to travel from Philadelphia to Boston. In his journey he stopped at one of their inns, the landlord of which possessed the true disposition of his countrymen, which is, to be inquisitive even to impertinence into the business of every stranger.—The Doctor, after the fatigue of the day's travel, had sat himself down to supper, when his landlord began to torment him with questions. The doctor well knew the dispositions of these people; he apprehended, that, after having answered his questions, others would come in and go over the same ground, so he was determined to stop him. Have you a wife, landlord? Yes, Sir.—Pray let me see her. Madam was introduced with much form. How many children have you? Four, Sir. I should be happy to see them.—The children were sought, and introduced.
How

How many servants have you? Two, Sir, a man and a woman.—Pray fetch them. When they came, the doctor asked if there were any one else in the house; and being answered in the negative, addressed himself to them with much solemnity: My good friends, I sent for you here to give you an account of myself; my name is Benjamin Franklin; I am a printer, of ——— years of age; reside at Philadelphia, and am now going on business from thence to Boston. I sent for you all, that, if you wish for any further particulars, you may ask, and I will inform you; which done, I flatter myself you will permit me to eat my supper in peace.

PLUTARCH.

PLUTARCH relates a story of one Belfus, who having murdered his father, was so haunted by a guilty conscience, that he thought the swallows, when they chattered, were saying, “Belfus has killed his father;” whereupon being unable to bear the horror of mind occasioned by his guilt, he confessed the fact, and received condign punishment.

HENRY OF MONMOUTH.

HENRY of Monmouth, afterwards Henry V. was seduced by a set of minions, who endeavoured to endear themselves to him, by administering to his pleasures; they succeeded so far as to lead him into some excesses, and to be the occasion of his failing in the duty and reverence he owed his father; but his good sense, and natural sweetness of disposition, brought him back into the paths of virtue and honour. He was heartily ashamed and concerned that he had ever given the least cause of uneasiness to his father, who had so true and tender an affection for him; and never rested, till he had prostrated himself before him, and obtained pardon and forgiveness. The King was at last reconciled to him, and immediately restored him to his favour. This prince afterwards became the darling of the people, and the terror of his enemies.

ŒCONOMY AND BENEVOLENCE.

WHEN a collection was made to build the hospital of Bedlam, those who were employed to gather the money, came to a small house,

house, the door of which was half open; and from the entry they overheard an old man scolding the servant maid, who, having made use of a match in kindling the fire, had afterwards indiscreetly thrown it away, without reflecting, that the match having still the other extremity dipped in sulphur, might have been of further service. After diverting themselves awhile with the dispute, they knocked, and presented themselves before the old gentleman. As soon as they had told him the cause of their coming, he went into a closet, from whence he brought four hundred guineas, and reckoning the money in their presence, he put it into their bag. The collectors being astonished at this generosity, and testifying their surprize, told the old fellow what they had heard. Gentlemen, said he, your surprize is occasioned by a thing of little consequence.—I keep house, and save and spend money my own way; the one furnishes me with the means of doing the other, and both equally gratify my inclination. With regard to donations, always expect most from prudent people, who keep their own accounts.

When he had thus spoken, he turned them out of the house without further ceremony, and shut the door.

ANECDOTE
OF
A PHYSICIAN.

A PHYSICIAN, who lived in London, visited a lady who lived in Chelsea. After continuing his visits for some time, the lady expressed an apprehension, that it might be inconvenient for him to come so far on her account. Oh! madam, replied the Doctor, I have another patient in this neighbourhood, and by that means, you know, *I kill two birds with one stone.*

HYMN
TO
HUMANITY.

PARENT of virtue, if thine ear
Attend not now to sorrow's cry;
If now the pity-streaming tear
Should haply on thy cheek be dry;
Indulge my votive strain, O sweet Humanity!

Come, ever welcome to my breast!
A tender, but a chearful guest.

Nor



Nor always in the gloomy cell
 Of life-consuming sorrow dwell;
 For sorrow, long indulg'd and slow,
 Is to Humanity a foe;
 And grief, that makes the heart a prey,
 Wears sensibility away.
 Then comes, sweet nymph! instead of thee,
 The gloomy fiend, Stupidity.

O may that fiend be banish'd far,
 Though passions hold eternal war!
 Nor ever let me cease to know
 The pulse that throbs at joy or woe:
 Not let my vacant cheeks be dry,
 When sorrow fills a brother's eye;
 Nor may that tear that frequent flows
 From private or from social woes,
 E'er make this pleasing sense depart.—
 Ye cares, O harden not my heart!

If the fair star of Fortune smile,
 Let not its flattering power beguile,
 Nor, borne along the fav'ring tide,
 My full sails swell with bloating pride.
 Let me from wealth but hope content,
 Remembering still it was but lent;
 To modest merit spread my store,
 Unbar my hospitable door;

Nor

Nor feed, for pomp, an idle train,
While want unpitied pines in vain,

If Heaven, in every purpose wise,
The envied lot of wealth denies;
If doom'd to drag life's painful load
Thro' Poverty's uneven road,
And, for the due bread of the day,
Destin'd to toil as well as pray;
To thee, Humanity, still true,
I'll wish the good I cannot do;
And give the wretch that passes by,
A soothing word—a tear—a sigh.

Howe'er exalted, or deprest,
Be ever mine the seeking breast,
From me remove the stagnant mind
Of languid indolence, reclin'd;
The soul that one long sabbath keeps,
And through the sun's whole circle sleeps;
Dull peace, that dwells in Folly's eye,
And self-attending Vanity,
Alike, the foolish, and the vain,
Are strangers to the sense humane.

O for that sympathetic glow
Which taught the holy tear to flow,

When

When the prophetic eye survey'd
 Sion in future ashes laid!
 Or, rais'd to heaven, implor'd the bread
 That thousands in the desert fed!
 Or, when the heart o'er friendship's grave,
 Sigh'd, and forgot its power to save!
 O for that sympathetic glow
 Which taught the holy tear to flow!

It comes; it fills my labouring breast;
 I feel my beating heart oppress.
 Oh! hear that lonely widow's wail!
 See her dim eye! her aspect pale!
 To heaven she turns in deep despair;
 Her infants wonder at her prayer,
 And mingling tears they know not why,
 Lift up their little hands and cry.
 O God! their moving sorrow see!
 Support them, sweet Humanity!

Life, fill'd with Grief's distressful train,
 For ever asks the tear humane.
 Behold in yon unconscious grove,
 The victims of ill-fated love!
 Heard you that agonizing throe?
 Sure this is not romantic woe!
 The golden day of joy is o'er;
 And now they part—to meet no more.

Affist them, hearts from anguish free!
Affist them, sweet Humanity!

Parent of virtue, if thine ear
Attend not now to sorrow's cry;
If now the pity-streaming tear
Should haply on thy cheek be dry;
Indulge my votive strain, O sweet Humanity!

THE HEROIC PRINCE.

AN HISTORICAL TALE.

THE glorious achievements of that renowned Prince and warrior Edward III. will be recorded with wonder and admiration to the latest posterity. The subject of the present history relates to the battle of Poitiers, in which John, King of France, was totally defeated, and taken prisoner.

At the instant King John was going to begin the battle, Cardinal Perigot, the Pope's Nuncio, who was appointed mediator, entreated him to spare the lives of such a number of his nobility and gentry as would unavoidably fall in the attack, and permit him to wait upon the Black Prince, and advise him to surrender. This permission
being

being granted, he waited upon the Prince of Wales, who, conscious of his critical situation, agreed to accept of such terms as were honourable for himself and his country.

Upon the Cardinal's return with this answer, John sent his troops back into quarters, and the Nuncio was employed the whole day in endeavouring to adjust the preliminaries.

Edward agreed to restore all the places and prisoners he had taken during that campaign, and to a cessation of arms for seven years, on being permitted to retire, without molestation, to Bourdeaux. This condition was refused on the part of John, who insisted upon Edward's surrendering himself prisoner, with an hundred knights; and the remainder of the English army should, on that condition, be permitted to retire unmolested. The Prince nobly rejected the proposal, saying, "that he and his knights should never be taken but in battle; and that he would rather lose his life than agree to such a proposal."

Here the negotiation terminated, and both armies now prepared for battle. The Prince had, indeed, gained some advantage from this procrastination, having considerably defended his

camp by means of additional intrenchments, which he had thrown up during this interval.

On Monday morning, (Sept. 19, 1356) the French army appeared in order of battle, and Edward drew up his small force in three divisions, disposed in a close, compact manner, his front being defended with hedges and ditches, and his flanks, on one side by a morass, on the other by a mountain. The van, under the command of the Earl of Warwick, was posted on the declivity of a hill. The Earls of Salisbury and Suffolk headed the rear; and Edward's station was at the end of the lane, commanding the main body.— Three hundred men at arms, and as many archers, were detached under John de Greille Captal de Buche, to lie in ambush at the bottom of the mountain, in order to attack the enemy in rear, during the heat of the action.

The enemy began the action with great bravery, but met with so warm a reception from the English archers, who lined the hedges, that about one half of them were cut to pieces by Lord Audley, before they reached the front of the main body of the English army: the bodies slain, and the horses, greatly embarrassed the French Marshals, Clermont and Andrehan. Clermont, in advancing

vancing towards the van of the English army, was killed on the spot, and Andrehan taken prisoner by the Lord Audley.

The ill success of these Marshals, and the carnage that ensued, so greatly discouraged their followers, that they fell into great confusion, and precipitately fled.

The first corps of the French army being now routed, the Dauphin advanced to the charge, notwithstanding his troops were greatly dejected; but, at the first onset, John de Greille, rushing from the ambush, attacked their rear so furiously, that they were seized with a panic, and fled in great confusion. The Dauphin escaped under a guard of eight hundred lances; and the Duke of Orleans followed his example, with the greatest part of the troops under his command, which had not yet engaged.

Edward, now perceiving these two bodies routed and dispersed, mounted his horse, and advanced, being followed by his men at arms, in order to attack the third division of the French army, commanded by the King in person. The Prince began the charge with great impetuosity: nevertheless, the event was for a considerable time doubtful,

doubtful, until Gauchet de Briene, Duke of Athenes, and Constable of France, fell; upon which his brigade gave way, and victory ensued on the English side.

Edward meeting with the German cavalry, routed them at the first attack; in which action the Count of Sarbruck was slain, and the Count of Nassau wounded.

John, accompanied by his son Philip, strenuously endeavoured to rally his scattered forces, and, by his own example, animate their spirits to return to their charge. He dismounted, and personally fought with great bravery, till he found himself entirely deserted; when Dennis de Mothec, a knight of Artois, who had formerly served under him, persuading him to surrender, without further risking his personal safety, he requested to see his cousin Edward; but the Prince being at that time in a distant part of the field, he threw down his gauntlet, to signify his surrender to Mothec. In the interim, a party of English, and one of Gascons, arriving, deprived Mothec of his royal prisoner.

To terminate a dispute which ensued, the Earl of Warwick, and Reginald Lord Cobham, interposed,

posed, and conducted John to the Prince of Wales, who had retired to his pavilion.

Edward, upon this occasion, displayed great heroism and virtue; he received John in a most tender and respectful manner; he consoled him upon his misfortunes, claiming little merit to himself from the victory, and ascribing it more to chance than great generalship. He told the king, that his conduct on that day, though unfortunate, would hand him down to posterity as a great general, and an intrepid hero, and that his conquerors knew how to estimate his virtues, and pity his misfortunes. He added, that his esteem and affection for the Royal Family of France, was unbounded: and the more so, perhaps, as he had the honour of being related to them; at the same time pledging himself to exert all his influence with his royal father to procure an honourable and advantageous peace for both kingdoms.

Edward carried his politeness so far as to wait upon John to supper, and could not be prevailed upon to be seated, notwithstanding the pressing importunities of King John, who supported his misfortunes with true heroism and magnanimity of soul, declaring, that as it was his fate to be a captive,

captive, it was his good fortune, at least, to be the prisoner of the most generous and amiable prince in the world.

Edward's noble prisoners were fascinated at this god-like behaviour of the victor, and seemed to consider him as a superior class of beings to themselves, and even to their prince.

A SINGULAR
INSTANCE OF GENEROSITY.

THE late Duke of Montague was remarkable for those achievements of wit and humour, which he conducted with a dexterity and address peculiar to himself. The following well authenticated story, will serve to shew the manner in which this great man exercised his benevolent disposition, and at the same time will, I hope, afford entertainment to every reader.

Soon after the conclusion of the peace before last, the Duke had observed that a middle-aged man, in something like a military dress, of which the lace was much tarnished, and the cloth worn thread-bare, appeared at a certain hour in the Park, walking to and fro the Mall with a kind of
mournful

mournful solemnity, and ruminating by himself on one of the benches, without taking any more notice of the gay crowd that was moving before him, than of so many emmets on an ant-hill, or atoms dancing in the sun. This man the Duke singled out for a frolic. He began, therefore, by making some enquiry concerning him, and soon learnt that he was an unfortunate creature, who, having laid out his whole stock in the purchase of a commission, had behaved with great bravery in the war, in hopes of preferment; but at the conclusion of the peace had been reduced to starve upon half-pay.

This the Duke thought a favourable circumstance for his purpose; but he learnt upon further enquiry, that the Captain having a wife and three children, had been obliged to send them down into Yorkshire, whither he regularly transmitted them one moiety of his half-pay, which could not subsist them nearer the metropolis, and reserved the other moiety to keep himself upon the spot, where alone he could hope for an opportunity of obtaining a more advantageous situation.

These particulars afforded a new scope for the Duke's genius, and he immediately began his operations. After some time, when every thing

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had been prepared. he watched an opportunity, as the Captain was sitting alone. to send his gentleman to him with his compliments, and an invitation to dinner the next day.

The Duke having placed himself at a convenient distance. saw his messenger approach without being perceived. and begin to speak without being heard; he beheld his intended guest start from his reverie, like a man frightened out of a dream, and gaze, with a look of wonder and perplexity, at the person that accosted him. without seeming to comprehend what he said, or to believe his senses, when the message was repeated to him, till he did: In short. the Duke saw. with infinite satisfaction, all that could be expected in the looks, behaviour. and attitude, of a man addressed in so abrupt and sudden a manner; and as the sport depended upon the Captain's sensibility, he discovered so much of that quality on striking the first stroke. that he promised himself success beyond his former hopes; he was told, however, that the Captain returned thanks for the honour intended him, and would wait upon his Grace at the time appointed.

When he came, the Duke received him with particular marks of civility, and taking him aside,
with

generous kind of anger, a proper and necessary part of our nature, which has nothing in it sinful or degrading.—We are not to be dead to this,—for the person who feels not an injury, must be incapable of being properly affected by benefits. With those who treat us ill without provocation, we ought to maintain our own dignity—but whilst we shew a sense of their improper behaviour, we must preserve calmness, and even good breeding, and thereby convince them of the impotence, as well as injustice of their malice.

Generous anger does not preclude esteem for whatever is really estimable, nor does it destroy good-will to the person of its object, or authorize any impeachment to rest on the goodness of our dispositions: It even inspires the desire of overcoming our enemy by benefits, and wishes to inflict no other punishment than the regret of having injured one who deserved his kindness: It is always placable, and ready to be reconciled, as soon as the offender is convinced of his error; nor can any subsequent injury provoke it to recur to past disobligations, which had been once forgiven.

The consciousness of injured innocence naturally produces dignity, and usually prevents anger; but

but if tempered with the calmness of a quiet spirit, it ever rises superior to the oppressive hand of insolence and cruelty.

ANECDOTE
OF
THE DUKE OF OSSUNA.

THE Duke of Ossuna, Viceroy of Naples, passing by Barcelona, and having got leave to release some slaves, he went aboard the Cape galley. and, passing through the crew of slaves, he asked divers of them what their offences were? Every one excused himself upon several pretences; one saying that he was put in out of malice, another by bribery of the judge; but all of them unjustly. Among the rest, there was one sturdy little black man; and the Duke asking him what he was in for, "My Lord," said he, "I cannot deny but I am justly put in here; for I wanted money, and so took a purse hard by Taragona, to keep me from starving."

The Duke, with a little staff he had in his hand, gave him two or three blows on the shoulder, saying, "You rogue, what do you do amongst so many

many honest, innocent men? Get you out of their company." So he was freed, and the rest remained still to tug at the oar.

ESSAY ON PRIDE.

PRIDE is an inordinate self-esteem, which expresses itself in an insolent and supercilious treatment of others: and wherever it is found, whether in creatures of a higher or lower rank in the scale of beings, deserves, and always meets with, neglect and contempt. In man, who is a dependent, a frail, and an ignorant being, it is superlatively ridiculous; and yet, perhaps, there is scarcely a man in the world who is wholly free from it. It steals insensibly upon us, and grows stronger and stronger continually in many minds, without being perceived. Its disguises are innumerable, and infinitely various, and wonderful are the ways in which it discovers itself.

Modesty and humility are nearly allied to merit, and pride and insolence indubitable signs of ignorance and folly. The knowledge of ourselves is the best preservative against this most contemptible passion; for when we consider our entire and absolute dependence upon our Maker,

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and our littleness and insignificancy, when compared with celestial and angelic beings, we must acknowledge that we have abundant cause for humility, but none for pride.

Newton, Locke, and Boyle, who were, perhaps, the sublimest geniuses the world ever saw, were remarkable for an uncommon diffidence and humility. The great Mr. Addison also, it is well known, was remarkable for humility, and an excessive bashfulness. And if such men as these, who raised the human nature to the highest dignity and perfection to which it was ever raised by any, except the Messiah, were not proud; what can people in general, who pass through life unnoticed, except by a few of their relations and neighbours, and without doing or writing any thing worthy of being handed down to posterity; who are frequently not useless, but pernicious members of society, have to be proud of.

It is very common to see persons in the lowest circumstances indulging pride to a very extravagant degree; and in a thousand little circumstances, discovering a consciousness of an imagined superiority to their neighbours, in similar situations. The inordinate desire which many in those inferior stations have to make what they call a
figure

figure in the world, which in such situations is the very height of absurdity, and which can proceed from nothing but pride, is too remarkable a characteristic of the present age to be overlooked.

It is easy to perceive, that an almost universal emulation has taken place among tradesmen and mechanics, of imitating their superiors in rank and fortune, in dress, in their manner of living, and in behaviour; in the room of that plainness and simplicity for which they were formerly remarkable. How many do we see actuated by so imprudent a pride, as to put themselves to the greatest inconveniences, for the sake of making an appearance which their circumstances will not support? Instead of taking pleasure in bringing up their families in a decent and creditable manner, their children are educated in idleness and luxury, and are scarcely taught any thing but how to shine at a ball, and to appear with eclat at places of public entertainment. They are frequently incapable of doing any thing towards their own maintenance, though their fortunes are inconsiderable: and if adverse fortune brings their parents to poverty, they are rendered miserable and indigent for the rest of their lives, in consequence of the ill-directed pride of their parents.

How absurd and irrational is such a conduct! How imprudent and wicked! and yet this is not unfrequently the case with those who are above being thought nothing better than humble tradesmen, or honest mechanics.

Of all the different species of pride, this seems big with the most enormous mischief; and its evil effects have been abundantly seen in the distress and misery to which it often brings those who are actuated by it. It is certain, that by far the greatest part of our numerous bankruptcies have been occasioned by such a conduct.

Beauty, as it is an accidental, so it is also a very transient advantage. For a few years it may engage the attention and regard of the youthful and inconsiderate part of mankind; but its flutter will be short, and its reign soon over. The woman who is admired chiefly for her personal loveliness, cannot possibly be long the subject of admiration. Age will come quickly upon her; and she having been only a beautiful woman, will be miserable in consequence of being unnoticed and disregarded.

To be proud of beauty, is to discover a consciousness of the want of more durable accomplishments; and the woman who is so, tacitly owns that

that she is only like a fine picture, all fair and pleasing to the eye, but possessed of no qualities calculated to please those who look farther than the outside.

A proud woman is an odious sight: even beauty will not make up for the want of humility and politeness. Many instances there have been of women, whose pride has prevented their beauty from being admired; whose insolence has deprived them of their most obsequious servants; while other women, who, though not handsome, were more agreeable, and less haughty, have, in consequence of these valuable qualities, become the general objects of admiration.

We are so much inferior to many of the brute creation in strength and agility of body, that, to be proud of these advantages, is a proof of a narrow and mean soul. And, indeed, most of those who have been remarkable for these qualities, especially the former, have been also distinguished for low and grovelling souls. As they are merely animal qualifications, it is beneath a rational and immortal creature to value himself upon them.—A single fit of sickness may deprive us of both, and render us more infirm and weak than any of those who at present are not equal to us in respect
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to them; and the wise Solomon has long ago told us, that wisdom is better than strength.

The uncertain and transient nature of all that we possess, is an unanswerable reason for humility. Ought he to be proud, who may be deprived of all the little advantages in which he prides himself, in a moment, by ten thousand accidents, to which he is continually liable?

The utmost extent of man's knowledge, is to know that he knows nothing. Can he be proud, who knows that the highest degrees of fortune, of ancestry, of personal accomplishments, and of knowledge of the sciences, of which he can be either possessed, or to which he can attain, are as nothing, and vanity in the sight of the Supreme Being? Even knowledge, which, of all the others, we can with the greatest propriety call our own, is a qualification which we ought not to be proud of; because the highest perfection in it, to which we can reach, is contemptible, when compared with the knowledge of Angels and Seraphs; and appears still more so, when we reflect on the amazing and infinite knowledge of the parent of the world. When we reflect also, that none of these accomplishments can secure us from being laid in the silent grave, and there slumbering,

ing, unnoticed, and undistinguished; nor from becoming food for the worms.

View then, O man! the narrow boundaries of thy faculties and powers, and be humble! Remember that thou art as much inferior to the angels, as thou art better than the brutes. Remember that God, and not thee, made the difference.

It appears very plainly, then, to be equally the duty and interest of all to put away all pride and haughtiness; and to remember, that all pride, whether in man or woman, is absurd, disgusting, and contemptible.

It is to be wished, that such considerations as these might effectually engage us to extirpate every secret spark of pride, which any inconsiderable advantages which nature or accident may have given us, are apt to excite in us; and to persuade us to make pride subservient to the noblest of all purposes, the raising in us a fervent desire of being wiser and better than our neighbours: of attaining to higher degrees of moral rectitude, of piety and devotion, than the generality of our fellow-creatures. Always to be too proud to do either a mean, a foolish, or a wicked action; and constantly to endeavour to acquire
true

true dignity. by being as useful members of society as possibly we can, and ever to act with propriety and virtue in every relation and circumstance of life.

By these honourable methods we may be sure of gaining the friendship and esteem of all the worthy and the virtuous of our own species; and also of being approved and rewarded by the greatest and best of all Beings, whose favour is better than life, and in whose presence there are everlasting and unspeakable pleasures.

GELALEDIN OF BASSORA.

IN the time when Bassora was considered as the School of Asia, and flourished by the reputation of its professors and the confluence of its students, among the pupils that listened round the chair of Albumazor, was Gelaledin, a native of Tauris in Persia, a young man amiable in his manners and beautiful in his form, of boundless curiosity, incessant diligence, and irresistible genius, of quick apprehension and tenacious memory, accurate without narrowness, and eager for novelty without inconstancy.

No

No sooner did Gelaleddin appear at Bassora, than his virtues and abilities raised him to distinction. He passed from class to class, rather admired than envied by those whom the rapidity of his progress left behind; he was consulted by his fellow students as an oraculous guide, and admitted as a competent auditor to the conferences of the Sages.

After a few years, having passed through all the exercises of probation, Gelaleddin was invited to a Professor's seat, and entreated to increase the splendour of Bassora. Gelaleddin affected to deliberate on the proposal, with which, before he considered it, he resolved to comply; and next morning retired to a garden planted for the recreation of the students, and, entering a solitary walk, began to meditate on his future life.

If I am thus eminent, said he, in the regions of literature, I shall be yet more conspicuous in any other place: If I should now devote myself to study and retirement, I must pass my life in silence, unacquainted with the delights of wealth, the influence of power, the pomp of greatness, and the charms of elegance, with all that man envies and desires, with all that keeps the world in motion, by the hope of gaining or the fear of losing

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it.—I will therefore depart to Tauris, where the Persian Monarch resides in all the splendour of absolute dominion; my reputation will fly before me, my arrival will be congratulated by my kinsmen and my friends: I shall see the eyes of those who predicted my greatness sparkling with exultation, and the faces of those that once despised me clouded with envy, or counterfeiting kindness by artificial smiles. I will shew my wisdom by my discourse, and my moderation by my silence; I will instruct the modest with easy gentleness, and repress the ostentatious by seasonable superciliousness. My apartments will be crowded by the inquisitive and the vain, by those that honour, and those that rival me; my name will soon reach the Court; I shall stand before the throne of the Emperor; the Judges of the Law will confess my wisdom; and the Nobles will contend to heap gifts upon me. If I shall find that my merit, like that of others, excites malignity, or feel myself tottering on the seat of elevation, I may at last retire to academical obscurity, and become, in my lowest state, a Professor of Bassora.

Having thus settled his determination, he declared to his friends his design of visiting Tauris, and saw, with more pleasure than he ventured to express, the regret with which he was dismissed.

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He could not bear to delay the honours to which he was destined; and therefore hastened away, and in a short time entered the capital of Persia. He was immediately immersed in the crowd, and passed unobserved to his father's house. He entered, and was received, though not unkindly, yet without any excess of fondness or exclamations of rapture. His father had, in his absence, suffered many losses; and Gelaleddin was considered as an additional burthen to a falling family.

When he recovered from his surprize, he began to display his acquisitions, and practised all the arts of narration and disquisition; but the poor have no leisure to be pleased with eloquence; they heard his arguments without reflection, and his pleasantries without a smile. He then applied himself singly to his brothers and sisters, but found them all chained down by invariable attention to their own fortunes, and insensible of any other excellence than that which could bring some remedy for indigence.

It was now known in the neighbourhood, that Gelaleddin was returned, and he sat for some days in expectation that the learned would visit him for consultation, or the great for entertainment.— But who will be pleased or instructed in the man-

sions of poverty? He then frequented places of public resort, and endeavoured to attract notice by the copiousness of his talk. The sprightly were silenced, and went away to censure in some other place his arrogance and his pedantry; and the dull listened quietly for awhile, and then wondered why any man should take pains to obtain so much knowledge, which would never do him good.

He next solicited the Vissiers for employment, not doubting but his service would be eagerly accepted. He was told by one, that there was no vacancy in his office; by another, that his merit was above any patronage but that of the Emperor; by a third, that he would not forget him; and by the Chief Vissier, that he did not think literature of any great use in public business. He was sometimes admitted to their tables, where he exerted his wit and diffused his knowledge; but he observed, that where, by endeavour or accident, he had remarkably excelled, he was seldom invited a second time.

He now returned to Baffora, wearied and disgusted, but confident of resuming his former rank, and revelling again in satiety of praise. But he who had been neglected at Tauris was not much regarded

with an air of secrecy and importance, told him, that he had desired the favour of his company to dine, chiefly on account of a lady, who had long had a particular regard for him, and had expressed a great desire to be in his company, which her situation made it impossible for her to accomplish without the assistance of a friend; that having learnt these particulars by accident, he had taken the liberty to bring them together. and added, that he thought such an act of civility would be no imputation upon his honour.

During this discourse, the Duke enjoyed the profound astonishment, and various changes of confusion, that were evident in the Captain's face, who, after he had a little recovered himself, began a speech with great solemnity, in which the Duke perceiving he was labouring to insinuate, in the best manner he could, that he doubted whether he was not imposed upon, and whether he ought not to resent it; the Duke laid his hand upon his breast, and swore that he told him no more than what he had good evidence to believe was true.

When word was brought that dinner was served, the Captain entered the dining-room with great curiosity and wonder; but his astonishment was unspeakably increased, when he saw at the table

his own wife and children. The Duke had begun his frolic by sending for them out of Yorkshire, and had as much, if not more, astonished the lady, than he had her husband, to whom he took care she should have no opportunity of sending a letter.

It is much more easy to conceive than describe a meeting so sudden, unexpected, and extraordinary: it is sufficient to say. it gave the Duke a heart-felt satisfaction, that is known only to generous minds. He at length got his guest quietly seated at the table, and persuaded them to partake, without thinking of yesterday or the morrow.

Soon after dinner, a lawyer was ushered into the room, who pulled out a deed for the Duke to sign, which he read aloud, the Duke first apologizing for the interruption.

To complete the adventure and astonishment of the Captain and his wife, the deed turned out to be a settlement, which the Duke had made, of a genteel sufficiency for them, during their lives. The Duke having gravely heard it read, without appearing to take notice of the emotion of his guest, signed and sealed the instrument, and delivered

livered it to the Captain, d firing him to accept it, without compliments; for, says he, " I assure you, it is the last thing I would have done, if I had thought I could have employed my money, or time, more to my satisfaction, any other way."

GOOD TEMPER,

ITS EFFECTS AND UTILITY.

A GOOD-natured man, whatever faults he may have, they will, for the most part, be treated with lenity; he will generally find an advocate in every human heart;—his errors will be lamented, rather than abhorred; and his virtues will be viewed in the fairest point of light;—his good humour, without the help of great talents or acquirements, will make his company preferable to that of the most brilliant genius, in whom this quality is wanting.—but with it, such a brightness will be added to their lustre, that all the world will envy and admire, whilst his associates will almost adore. and labour to imitate him.—In short, it is almost impossible that we can be sincerely beloved by any body, without this engaging property, whatever other excellencies we may possess;—but with it, we shall scarcely fail of finding some friends and favourers, even though we should

should be destitute of almost every other advantage. It is true, we are not at all equally happy in our dispositions; but human virtue consists in cherishing and cultivating every good inclination, and in checking and subduing every propensity to evil.

If a man had been born with a bad temper, it might have been made a good one, at least with regard to its outward effects, by education, reason, and principle; and though he is so happy as to have a good one while young, he must not suppose it will always continue so, if he neglects to maintain a proper command over it. Power, sickness, disappointments, or worldly cares may corrupt, or embitter the finest disposition, if they are not counteracted by reason and religion.—Hence these should be ever exerted in the exigencies of life—they will teach us a becoming submission under all the accidents of our mortal state, with which it is so variously chequered;—divest calamity of its severest sting,—make our enemies ashamed of their persecuting spirit,—and cause us to smile even in the midst of misfortune.

By good temper is not meant an insensible indifference to injuries,—and a total forbearance from manly resentment.—There is a noble and
generous

regarded at Bassora ; he was considered as a fugitive, who returned only because he could live in no other place ; his companions found that they had formerly over-rated his abilities ; and he lived long without notice or esteem.

ORTOGRUL OF BASRA.

AS Ortogrul of Basra was one day wandering along the streets of Bagdat, musing on the varieties of merchandize which the shops offered to his view, and observing the different occupations which busied the multitudes on every side, he was wakened from the tranquillity of meditation by a crowd that obstructed his passage. He raised his eyes, and saw the chief Visier, who, having returned from the Divan, was entering his palace.

Ortogrul mingled with the attendants, and being supposed to have some petition for the Visier, was permitted to enter. He surveyed the spaciousness of his apartments, admired the walls hung with golden tapeltry, and the floors covered with silken carpets, and despised the simple neatness of his little habitation.

Surely,

Surely, said he to himself, this palace is the seat of happiness, where pleasure succeeds to pleasure, and discontent and sorrow can have no admission.—Whatever nature has provided for the delight of sense, is here spread forth to be enjoyed. What can mortals hope or imagine, which the master of this palace has not obtained? The dishes of luxury cover his table; the voice of harmony lulls him in his bowers; he breathes the fragrance of the groves of Java, and sleeps upon the down of the cygnets of Ganges. He speaks, and his mandate is obeyed; he wishes, and his wish is gratified; all whom he sees obey him, and all whom he hears flatter him.—How different, Ortoqrul, is thy condition, who art doomed to the perpetual torments of unsatisfied desire, and who hast no amusement in thy power that can withhold thee from thy own reflections! They tell thee that thou art wise; but what does wisdom avail with poverty? None will flatter the poor; and the wise have very little power of flattering themselves. The man is surely most wretched of the sons of wretchedness, who lives with his own faults and follies always before him, and who has no one to reconcile him to himself by praise and veneration. I have long sought content, and have not found it: I will, from this moment, endeavour to be rich.

Full

Full of this new resolution, he shut himself in his chamber for six months, to deliberate how he should grow rich; he sometimes purposed to offer himself as a Counsellor to one of the Kings of India; and sometimes resolved to dig for diamonds in the mines of Golconda.—One day, after some hours passed in violent fluctuation of opinion, sleep insensibly seized him in his chair; he dreamed that he was ranging a desert country in search of some one that might teach him to grow rich; and as he stood on the top of an hill shaded with cypress, in doubt whither to direct his steps, his father appeared on a sudden standing before him. “Ortogrul,” said the old man, “I know thy perplexity; listen to thy father; turn thine eyes on the opposite mountain.” Ortogrul looked, and saw a torrent tumbling down the rocks, roaring with the noise of thunder, and scattering its foam on the impending woods.—“Now,” said his father, “behold the valley that lies between the hills.” Ortogrul looked, and espied a little well, out of which issued a small rivulet. “Tell me now,” said his father, “dost thou wish for sudden affluence, that may pour upon thee like the mountain torrent, or for a slow and gradual increase, resembling the rill gliding from the well?” “Let me be quickly rich,” said Ortogrul; “let the golden stream be quick and violent.”

violent." "Look round," said his father, "once again." Ortogrul looked, and perceived the channel of the torrent dry and dusty; but following the rivulet from the well, he traced it to a wide lake, which the supply, slow and constant, kept always full. He waked, and determined to grow rich by silent profit, and persevering industry.

Having sold his patrimony, he engaged in merchandize, and in twenty years purchased lands on which he raised a house, equal in sumptuousness to that of the Visier, to which he invited all the ministers of pleasure, expecting to enjoy all the felicity which he had imagined riches able to afford. Leisure soon made him weary of himself, and he longed to be persuaded that he was great and happy.—He was courteous and liberal; he gave all that approached him hopes of pleasing him, and all who should please him, hopes of being rewarded.—Every art of praise was tried, and every source of adulatory fiction was exhausted. Ortogrul heard his flatterers without delight, because he found himself unable to believe them.—His own heart told him its frailties; his own understanding reproached him with his faults.—"How long," said he, with a deep sigh, "have I been labouring in vain to amass wealth, which,
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at last, is useless! Let no man hereafter wish to be rich, who is already too wise to be flattered."

MARQUIS OF ANNANDALE.

ONE of his Ancestors being at the English Court, a plot was laid to take his life.—Receiving a pair of spurs from an unknown hand, he immediately understood the meaning of the present, and fled. It was from this incident the family took a spur for their crest, to which they added a wing as a mark of their activity.

FRATERNAL AFFECTION.

THE Emperor Augustus having taken Adiaturiges, a Prince of Cappadocia, together with his wife and children, in war, and led them to Rome in triumph, gave orders that the father and the elder of the brothers should be slain. The designed ministers of this execution were come to the place of confinement to this unhappy family, and there enquiring which of the brethren was the eldest, there arose a vehement and earnest contention betwixt the two young princes, each of them affirming himself to be the elder, that by

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his death he might preserve the life of the other. When they had long continued in this pious emulation, the mother, at last, not without difficulty, prevailed with her son Dytentus, that he would permit his younger brother to die in his stead; as hoping that by him she might most probably be sustained.

Augustus was at length certified of this great example of brotherly love, and not only lamented that act of his severity, but gave an honourable support to the mother and her surviving son, by some called Clitanus.

TRUTH, FALSHOOD, AND FICTION.

AN ALLEGORY.

IT is reported of the Persians, by an ancient writer, that the sum of their education consisted in teaching youth *to ride, to shoot with the bow, and to speak truth.*

The bow and the horse were easily mastered, but it would have been happy if we had been informed by what arts veracity was cultivated, and by what preservatives a Persian mind was secured against the temptations to falshood.

There

There are, indeed, in the present corruption of mankind, many incitements to forsake truth; the need of palliating our own faults, and the convenience of imposing on the ignorance or credulity of others, so frequently occur; so many immediate evils are to be avoided, and so many present gratifications obtained, by craft and delusion, that very few of those who are much entangled in life, have spirit and constancy sufficient to support them in the steady practice of open veracity.

In order that all men may be taught to speak truth, it is necessary that all likewise should learn to hear it; for no species of falshood is more frequent than flattery, to which the coward is betrayed by fear, the dependant by interest, and the friend by tendernefs: Those who are neither servile nor timorous, are yet desirous to bestow pleasure; and while unjust demands of praise continue to be made, there will always be some whom hope, fear, or kindness, will dispose to pay them.

The guilt of falshood is very widely extended, and many whom their conscience can scarcely charge with stooping to a lie, have vitiated the morals of others by their vanity. and patronized the vice which they believe themselves to abhor.

Truth is, indeed, not often welcome for its own sake; it is generally unpleasing, because contrary to our wishes, and opposite to our practice; and as our attention naturally follows our interest, we hear unwillingly that we are afraid to know, and soon forget what we have no inclination to impress upon our memories.

For this reason many arts of instruction have been invented, by which the reluctance against truth may be overcome; and as physic is given to children in confections, precepts have been hidden under a thousand appearances, that mankind may be bribed by pleasure to escape destruction.

While the world was yet in its infancy, Truth came among mortals from above, and Falshood from below. Truth was the daughter of Jupiter and Wisdom; Falshood was the progeny of Folly impregnated by the wind. They advanced with equal confidence to seize the dominion of the new creation, and as their enmity and their force were well known to the celestials, all the eyes of heaven were turned upon the contest.

Truth seemed conscious of superior power and juster claim, and therefore came on towering and majestic,

majestic, unassisted and alone; Reason indeed always attended her, but appeared her follower, rather than companion.—Her march was slow and stately, but her motion was perpetually progressive, and when once she had grounded her foot, neither gods nor men could force her to retire.

Falshood always endeavoured to copy the mien and attitudes of Truth, and was very successful in the arts of mimicry. She was surrounded, animated, and supported by innumerable legions of appetites and passions; but, like other feeble commanders, was obliged often to receive law from her allies.—Her motions were sudden, irregular, and violent; for she had no steadiness nor constancy.—She often gained conquests by hasty incursions, which she never hoped to keep by her own strength, but maintained by the help of the passions, whom she generally found resolute and faithful.

It sometimes happened that the antagonists met in full opposition.—In these encounters, Falshood always invested her head with clouds, and commanded Fraud to place ambushes about her.—In her left hand she bore the shield of Impudence, and the quiver of Sophistry rattled on her shoulder. All the passions attended at her call; Vanity
clapped

clapped her wings before, and Obstinacy supported her behind. Thus guarded and assisted, she sometimes advanced against Truth, and sometimes waited the attack; but always endeavoured to skirmish at a distance, perpetually shifted her ground, and let fly her arrows in different directions; for she certainly found that her strength failed, whenever the eye of Truth darted full upon her.

Truth had the awful aspect, though not the thunder, of her father; and when the long continuance of the contest brought them near to one another, Falshood let the arms of Sophistry fall from her grasp, and holding up the shield of Impudence with both her hands, sheltered herself amongst the passions.

Truth, though she was often wounded, always recovered in a short time; but it was common for the slightest hurt, received of Falshood, to spread its malignity to the neighbouring parts, and to burst open again when it seemed to have been cured.

Falshood, in a short time, found by experience that her superiority consisted only in the celerity of her course, and the changes of her posture.—
She

She therefore ordered Suspicion to beat the ground before her, and avoided with great care to cross the way of Truth, who, as she never varied her point, but moved constantly upon the same line, was easily escaped by the oblique and desultory movements, the quick retreats and active doubles, which Falshood always practised, when the enemy began to raise terror by her approach.

By this procedure Falshood every hour incroached upon the world, and extended her empire through all climes and regions. Wherever she carried her victories, she left the Passions in full authority behind her; who were so well pleased with command, that they held out with great obstinacy when Truth came to seize their posts, and never failed to retard her progress, though they could not always stop it: They yielded at last with great reluctance, frequent rallies, and sullen submission; and always inclined to revolt when Truth ceased to awe them by her immediate presence.

Truth, who, when she first descended from the heavenly palaces, expected to have been received by universal acclamation, cherished with kindness, heard with obedience, and invited to spread her influence from province to province, now found,
that

that wherever she came, she must force her passage.—Every intellect was precluded by Prejudice, and every heart pre-occupied by Passion. She indeed advanced, but she advanced slowly; and often lost the conquests which she left behind her, by sudden insurrections of the Appetites, that shook off their allegiance, and ranged themselves again under the banner of her enemy.

Truth, however, did not grow weaker by the struggle, for her vigour was unconquerable; yet she was provoked to see herself thus baffled and impeded by an enemy, whom she looked on with contempt, and who had no advantage but such as she owed to inconstancy, weakness, and artifice. She therefore, in the anger of disappointment, called upon her father Jupiter to re-establish her in the skies, and leave mankind to the disorder and misery which they deserved, by submitting willingly to the usurpation of Falshood.

Jupiter compassionated the world too much to grant her request, yet was willing to ease her labours, and mitigate her vexation. He commanded her to consult the Muses by what methods she might obtain an easier reception, and reign without the toil of incessant war.—It was then discovered, that she obstructed her own progress

gress by the severity of her aspect, and the solemnity of her dictates; and that men would never willingly admit her, till they ceased to fear her, since by giving themselves up to Falshood they seldom made any sacrifice of their ease or pleasure, because she took the shape that was most engaging, and always suffered herself to be drest and painted by Desire.

The Muses wove, in the loom of Pallas, a loose and changeable robe, like that in which Falshood captivated her admirers; with this they invested Truth, and named her Fiction.—She now went out again to conquer with more success; for when she demanded entrance of the Passions, they often mistook her for Falshood, and delivered up their charge; but when she had once taken possession, she was soon disrobed by Reason, and shone out, in her original form, with native effulgence and resistless dignity.

A SUSPICIOUS MAN JUSTLY SUSPECTED.

SUSPICION, however necessary it may be to our safe passage through ways beset on all sides by fraud and malice, has been always considered,

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sidered,

sidered, where it exceeds the common measures; as a token of depravity and corruption; and a Greek writer of sentences has laid down as a standing maxim, that *he who believes not another on his oath, knows himself to be perjured.*

We can form our opinions of that which we know not, only by placing it in comparison with something that we know: whoever therefore is over-run with suspicion, and detects artifice and stratagem in every proposal, must either have learned by experience or observation the wickedness of mankind, and been taught to avoid fraud by having often suffered or seen treachery, or he must derive his judgment from the consciousness of his own disposition, and impute to others the same inclinations, which he feels predominant in himself.

To learn caution by turning our eyes upon life, and observing the arts by which negligence is surprized, timidity overborne, and credulity amused, requires either great latitude of converse, and long acquaintance with business, or uncommon activity of vigilance, and acuteness of penetration. When therefore a young man, not distinguished by vigour of intellect, comes into the world full of scruples and diffidence; makes a bargain

gain with many provisional limitations; hesitates in his answer to a common question, lest more should be intended than he can immediately discover; has a long reach in detecting the projects of his acquaintance; considers every care as an act of hypocrisy, and feels neither gratitude nor affection from the tenderness of his friends, because he believes no one to have any real tenderness but for himself; whatever expectations this early sagacity may raise of his future eminence or riches, I can seldom forbear to consider him as a wretch incapable of generosity or benevolence, as a villain early completed, beyond the need of common opportunities, and gradual temptations.

Upon men of this class instruction and admonition are generally thrown away, because they consider artifice and deceit as proofs of understanding; they are misled at the same time by the two great seducers of the world, vanity and interest, and not only look upon those who act with openness and confidence, as condemned by their principles to obscurity and want, but as contemptible for narrowness of comprehension, shortness of views, and slowness of contrivance.

The world has been long amused with the mention of policy in public transactions, and of art in

private affairs; they have been considered as the effects of great qualities, and as unattainable by men of the common level; yet I have not found many performances either of art or policy, that required such stupendous efforts of intellect, or might not have been effected by falsehood and impudence, without the assistance of any other powers. To profess what he does not mean, to promise what he cannot perform, to flatter ambition with prospects of promotion, and misery with hopes of relief, to soothe pride with appearances of submission, and appease enmity by blandishments and bribes, can surely imply nothing more or greater than a mind devoted wholly to its own purposes, a face that cannot blush, and a heart that cannot feel.

These practises are so mean and base, that he who finds in himself no tendency to use them, cannot easily believe that they are considered by others with less detestation; he therefore suffers himself to slumber in false security, and becomes a prey to those who applaud their own subtilty, because they know how to steal upon his sleep, and exult in the success which they could never have obtained, had they not attempted a man better than themselves, who was hindered from obviating their stratagems, not by folly, but by innocence.

Suspicion

Suspicion is, indeed, a temper so uneasy and restless, that it is very justly appointed the concomitant of guilt. It is said, that no torture is equal to the inhibition of sleep long continued; a pain, to which the state of that man bears a very exact analogy, who dares never give rest to his vigilance and circumspection, but considers himself as surrounded by secret foes. and fears to entrust his children or his friend with the secret that throbs in his breast, and the anxiety that breaks into his face.—To avoid, at this expence, those evils to which easiness and friendship might have exposed him, is surely to buy safety at too dear a rate, and, in the language of the Roman satirist, to save life by losing all for which a wise man would live.

When in the diet of the German empire, as Camerarius relates, the princes were once displaying their felicity, and each boasting the advantages of his own dominions, one who possessed a country not remarkable for the grandeur of its cities, or the fertility of its soil, rose to speak, and the rest listened between pity and contempt, till he declared, in honour of his territories, that he could travel through them without a guard, and if he was weary, sleep in safety upon the lap of the first man whom he should meet; a commendation
which

which would have been ill exchanged for the boast of palaces, pastures, or streams.

Suspicion is not less an enemy to virtue than to happiness; he that is already corrupt is naturally suspicious, and he that becomes suspicious will quickly be corrupt.—It is too common for us to learn the frauds by which ourselves have suffered; men who are once persuaded that deceit will be employed against them, sometimes think the same arts justified by the necessity of defence. Even they whose virtue is too well established to give way to example, or be shaken by sophistry, must yet feel their love of mankind diminished with their esteem, and grow less zealous for the happiness of those by whom they imagine their own happiness endangered.

Thus we find old age, upon which suspicion has been strongly impressed by long intercourse with the world, inflexible and severe, not easily softened by submission, melted by complaint, or subdued by supplication.—Frequent experience of counterfeited miseries and dissembled virtue, in time overcomes that disposition to tenderness and sympathy, which is so powerful in our younger years, and they that happen to petition the old for compassion or assistance, are doomed to languish

guish without regard, and suffer for the crimes of men who have formerly been found undeserving or ungrateful.

Historians are certainly chargeable with the depravation of mankind, when they relate without censure those stratagems of war by which the virtues of an enemy are engaged to his destruction. A ship comes before a port, weather beaten and shattered, and the crew implore the liberty of repairing their breaches, supplying themselves with necessaries, or burying their dead.—The humanity of the inhabitants inclines them to consent, the strangers enter the town with weapons concealed, fall suddenly upon their benefactors, destroy those that make resistance, and become masters of the place; they return home rich with plunder, and their success is recorded to encourage imitation.

But surely war has its laws, and ought to be conducted with some regard to the universal interest of man. Those may justly be pursued as enemies to the community of nature, who suffer hostility to vacate the unalterable laws of right, and pursue their private advantage by means which, if once established, must destroy kindness, cut off from
every

every man all hopes of assistance from another; and fill the world with perpetual suspicion, and implacable malevolence. Whatever is thus gained ought to be restored, and those who have conquered by such treachery may be justly denied the protection of their native country.

Whoever commits a fraud is guilty not only of the particular injury to him whom he deceives; but of the diminution of that confidence which constitutes not only the ease but the existence of society.—He that suffers by imposture has too often his virtues more impaired than his fortune. But as it is necessary not to invite robbery by supineness, so it is our duty not to suppress tenderness by suspicion; it is better to suffer wrong than to do it, and happier to be sometimes cheated than not to trust.

ANECDOTE

OF

JOHN ELWES, Esq.

A Son of Mr. Elwes having paid his addresses to a niece of Dr. Noel, of Oxford, who, of course, thought it proper to wait upon old Mr. Elwes,

Elwes, to apprise him of the circumstance, and to ask his consent.—Old Mr. Elwes had not the least objection.—Doctor Noel was very happy to hear it, as a marriage betwixt the young people might be productive of happiness to both. Old Mr. Elwes had not the least objection to any body marrying whatever. “ This ready acquiescence is so obliging!” said the Doctor—“ but, doubtless, you feel for the mutual wishes of the parties.”—‘ I dare say I do,’ replied the old gentleman.—“ Then, Sir,” said Doctor Noel, “ you have no objection to an immediate union? you see I talk freely on the subject.” Old Mr. Elwes had no objection to any thing. “ Now then, Sir,” observed Doctor Noel, “ we have only one thing to settle; and you are so kind, there can be no difficulty about the matter; as I shall behave liberally to my niece—What do you mean to give your son?”—“ *Give!*” said old Elwes, “ sure I did not say any thing about *giving*; but if you wish it so much, I will *give my consent*.”

The word *give* having stuck in the throat of the Elwes family for two generations,—the transaction ended altogether.

That the above anecdote is literally a fact, Doctor Noel can testify, who that day discovered

there was more than *one short word* in the English language, to which there is no reply.

ANECDOTE
OF
A COUNTRY CURATE.

A Clergyman being one Friday in Lent to examine his young Catechumens, and the bell tolling for prayers, he was obliged to leave a game of *All-Fours* unfinished, in which he had the advantage; but told his antagonist, he would soon dispatch his audience, and see him out.—Now for fear any tricks should be played with his cards in his absence, he put them in his cassock; and asking one of the children how many commandments there were, which the boy not readily answering, by accident one of the cards dropped out of his sleeve.—He had the presence of mind to bid the boy take it up, and tell him what card it was, which he readily did: When turning to the parents of the child, said, “Are you not ashamed to pay such little regard to the eternal welfare of your children, as not to teach them their commandments? I suspected your neglect, and brought this card with me, to detect your immo-

immorality, in teaching your children to know their cards before their commandments."

TITUS ANTONIUS.

TITUS ANTONIUS, a citizen of Rome, was so well beloved by his fellow-citizens, as well as his relations, on account of his many virtuous actions, that they strove who should give the greatest proof of their affection for him, and numbers of the most wealthy of them left him considerable legacies at their death, by which he received vast wealth.

Riches, which commonly corrupt the heart of man, served, on the contrary, to display to still greater advantage the virtues of Titus Antonius. He flew to the relief of all who were in distress, assisted them with his purse, and comforted them by his friendly advice.

He ever preserved the same regard for his friends, and the same affection for his relations, as before the increase of his fortune.—Not forgetful of the duty he owed to his father, who was advanced to a great age, he served him both as a

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guide



guide and a support whenever he had occasion to go abroad. One day, the Emperor Adrian having convoked the senate, Titus Antonius conducted thither his infirm and aged father, who was one of the members, holding him under the arm, and supporting in a manner the whole weight of his body. The Emperor, struck with the extraordinary tenderness and affection which Titus shewed towards the feeble old man, resolved immediately to adopt him as his heir to the crown, that he might have the pleasure of passing the remainder of his days with a man who shewed such attention to his parent; being certain, from the sweetness of his disposition, that the Romans would enjoy peace and happiness under his reign.

This was a most extraordinary reward indeed, for the filial piety of this deserving young man.—And it appears that Adrian was not disappointed in his expectations; for he assisted that Emperor in his government with great wisdom and assiduity, and comforted him with all the affection of a son during his illness.

After the death of Adrian, Titus ascended the throne, to the great happiness of the people.—He remitted all that was due to the Emperor's treasury,

lury, abolished many taxes that were too burthen, some, examined into the conduct of those who had the administration of justice, rewarded the learned and ingenious, relieved the distressed, kept his soldiers in exact discipline; his virtues were admired by all foreign nations, he was a friend to all the sovereigns of his time, being often besought by them to adjust their disputes, which were submitted to his determination.—In fine, during his reign, the Roman Empire was in a flourishing condition, the world was at peace, and then enjoyed a happiness to which they were strangers before.

ANECDOTE

OF

A NOBLE LORD, AND HIS TUTOR,

A Noble Lord, when he was under the tuition of the Rev. ———, who used to call him his little chancellor, one day replied, that when he was so, he would give him a good living. One happening to fall soon after he was Chancellor, he recollected his promise, and ordered the presentation to be filled up for his old master, who soon after came to his Lordship, to remind him
of

of his promise, and to ask for this living:—
 “Why, really,” said my Lord, “I wish you had come a day sooner, for I have given it away already, and when you see to whom, I dare say you will not think me to blame;” so putting the presentation into his hands, convinced him that he had not forgot his promise.

EMPEROR SOLYMAN.

THAT haughty Sovereign of the Turks, whose talents were so great, and whose ambition was without bounds, in his attack on Hungary, took the city of Belgrade, which was considered as the bulwark of Christendom. After this important conquest, a woman of low rank approached him, and complained bitterly, that some of his soldiers had carried off her cattle, in which consisted the whole of her wealth.—You must then have been in a very deep sleep, said the Sultan, smiling, if you did not hear the robbers.—Yes, my sovereign, replied the woman, I did sleep soundly, but it was in the fullest confidence, that your highness watched for the public safety.

The

The Prince, who had an elevated mind, far
from resenting this freedom, made her ample
amends for the loss which she had sustained.

CONSOLATORY VERSES

To Mrs. H—,

On the DEATH of her INFANT GIRL.

AT length, sweet babe, thy tortur'd frame's at
rest ;

Life's bands are loos'd, and thou art with the blest :

No more shall pain thy prattler's limbs annoy,

Mounted on seraph's wings to realms of joy.

Fain would I soothe thy woe, relieve thy pain,

And urge, thy loss is her transcendent gain ;

Yet the fond mother cries, with actions wild,

Deaf to all comfort—"Oh, my child!—my child!"

Busy Reflection yet, with pointed dart,

Recals each look to wound a mother's heart,

Smiles as her infant smil'd—her voice, the same,

Thrills through her ears, and lisps a mother's name ;

Clings round her neck,—too poignantly displays

Her dear, lost child, with all its winning ways.

" Ah! where's the bounding step, the laughing
eye?

Pale thy dear lips which wore the coral dye!

Mute

Mute is that voice o'er which with joy I've hung,
 And stopp'd the honey'd prattle of thy tongue;
 Nipp'd are thy budding graces, in their prime,
 Like flowers in spring, cut off before their time.
 Oh! I must ever mourn my hopes beguil'd;
 Pride of my life—my child! my child! my child!"

Ye soothing friends, ah! let her breathe her
 woes—
 From griefs imparted, consolation flows.

Turn, gentle Mourner, think to thee 'tis given
 To see thy first-born wear the crown of Heaven.
 See through thy tears—tears will awhile remain;
 For sighs and tears by nature spring from pain.
 See through the eye of faith, disrob'd of clay,
 Thy Babe a cherub, join'd eternal day:
 A smiling seraph gain'd the heavenly road,
 Chaunting sweet hallelujahs to her God.

Would'st thou—if yet thou could'st, allure her
 down,
 And rob th' exulting Angel of her crown?
 Ah, no!—'tis anxious, trembling nature yearns—
 The Christian yields her—but the mother mourns.
 Could'st thou but see her, rob'd in spotless white,
 How would her wond'rous glories charm thy sight!
 Then

Then would she say—"Ah! weep for me no more;

"I am not lost—but gone awhile before:

"Absent, indeed, but we shall meet again

"In realms of bliss, 'midst yon celestial train!

"O! turn thy eyes from that distressing night,

"When death and anguish wrung thee from my
fight:

"Soon as the soul was from this body driven,

"I did but close my eyes, and wak'd in heaven!

"Think what a blaze of glory round me smil'd;

"Myr'ads of angels met thy happy child;

"Ten thousand gracious forms appear'd to view,

"Smil'd in my face, as thou wert wont to do:

"Deck'd me in heavenly robes, each bliss display'd,

"Whilst round my flaxen locks a rainbow play'd;

"Around my neck a golden harp they hung,

"And with sweet hallelujah's tun'd my tongue:

"A branch of palm my little fingers grasp'd,

"And oft, uplift with joy and wonder, clasp'd,

"With cherubs wing, upon a sun-beam's ray,

"O'er silver clouds I wing'd my glorious way!

"Ah! 'tis in vain, cloath'd as thou art with sense,

"To paint the wonders of OMNIPOTENCE;

M m

"But

“ But thou wilt know, wilt unincumber’d see,
“ When thou hast shot the gulph ’twixt me and thee;

“ Then will I tune my harp, and meet thy love,
“ Though form’d my infant mind for joys above;
“ I’ll join thy mounting spirit, as it flies,
“ And both together seek our native skies!”

“ Yes, we shall meet, sweet love, and never part;
“ I yet shall see thee, darling of my heart:
“ Prostrate before thy throne, O! Power divine,
“ I’ll kiss the rod, and patiently resign;
“ Fully convinc’d, in trembling nature’s spite,
“ Whate’er thou dost, is just—is good—is right!”

THE UNIVERSAL HALLELUJAH.

PSALM CXLVIII PARAPHRASED.

I.

PRAISE ye the Lord with joyful tongue,
Ye pow’rs that guard his throne;
Jesus the man shall lead the song,
The God inspire the tune.

II.

II.

Gabriel, and all th' immortal choir
That fill the realms above,
Sing; for he form'd you of his fire,
And feeds you with his love.

III.

Shine to his praise, ye crystal skies,
The floor of his abode,
Or veil your little twinkling eyes,
Before a brighter God.

IV.

Thou restless globe of golden light,
Whose beams create our days,
Join with the silver queen of night,
To own your borrow'd rays.

V.

Blush and refund the honours paid
To your inferior names:
Tell the blind world your orbs are fed
By his o'erflowing flames.

VI.

Winds, ye shall bear his name aloud
Thro' the ethereal blue,

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For

For when his chariot is a cloud,
He makes his wheels of you.

VII.

Thunder and hail, and fires and storms,
The troops of his command,
Appear in all your dreadful forms
And speak his awful hand.

VIII.

Shout to the Lord, ye furling seas,
In your eternal roar ;
Let wave to wave rebound his praise,
And shore reply to shore.

IX.

While monsters sporting on the flood,
In scaly silver shine,
Speak terribly their maker God,
And lash the foaming brine.

X.

But gentler things shall tune his name
To softer notes than these,
Young zephyrs breathing o'er the stream,
Or whisp'ring thro' the trees.

XI.

XI.

Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,
To him that bid ye grow ;
Sweet clusters bend the fruitful vines,
On every thankful bough.

XII.

Let the shrill birds his honour raise,
And climb the morning sky ;
While groveling beasts attempt his praise
In hoarser harmony.

XIII.

Thus while the meaner creatures sing,
Ye mortals take the sound,
Echo the glories of your king
Thro' all the nations round.

XIV.

Th' Eternal name must fly abroad
From Britain to Japan ;
And the whole race shall bow to God,
That owns the name of man.

ANECDOTE
OF
THE LATE KING OF FRANCE.

NOTHING can more endear a Monarch to his subjects, or render him more illustrious in the estimation of the thinking and the good in all countries, than when he dispenses his bounties with a single eye to the claims of humanity, uninfluenced by the ignoble views of party, or the interstted solicitations of the great and affluent.—Of this his most Christian Majesty has given an instance, which, while it bespeaks the goodness of his heart, cannot fail to give him the noblest right to the appellations of the GREAT and the WELL-BELOVED, with which adulation had dignified his two immediate predecessors.

The Prince de Mont barey lately presented a list to his Majesty, of the young gentlemen who were candidates for the vacant places in the military school.—In this list were a great number who were very strongly recommended by persons of the highest rank.—“ Since these,” said the King, “ have no protectors, I will be their friend;” and he instantly gave the preference to them.

VERSES

VERSES
ON THE
DEATH OF A FRIEND.

Inscribed to a YOUNG LADY.

WHENEVER HE, who since the world began,
Has felt for all the miseries of man;
Who, Folly's mean suspicions to remove,
Requests us to remember HE IS LOVE;
Who guides all Nature to a noble end,
By ways our weakness cannot comprehend;
When, from the tiresome scene of trifling here,
He takes his favourites to a higher sphere,
While the freed spirit leaves her load of clay,
And wonders we behind submit to stay,
The feelings of false pity are obey'd,
And mortals mourn for those they call the dead.

How many lectures have we heard in vain?
But truths, neglected, must be told again:
Stupidity herself can scarce forget
That Death is an inevitable debt.
That too much pleasure must itself destroy,
That something still is wanting in our joy;
That modest Merit rarely meets her due,
That Happiness recedes as we pursue;

That

That Pride's poor play-things are not worth a sigh,
That 'tis our highest privilege to die,
And all our grief must fairly be confest
But selfishness, or ignorance, at best.

You, Madam, answer,—“ That our friend was
young,

“ That scandal never stain'd his faultless tongue ;
“ That all his words were free from fordid art ;
“ That virtue never fir'd a purer heart—
“ How cruelly cut off before his time—
“ His every joy just rising in the prime!”

Let me, from sad experience of the past,
With my first minute might have been my last ;
And think, with fondness, of that happy shore,
Where HE, who shar'd our sorrows, sighs no more ;
Where Envy shall not interrupt our peace,
And human anguish finds a full release.

The young, when rushing on their quicksand
stage,

Avoid, and pity, and despise old age ;
With sullen hatred hear its frigid rules,
And fancy that their fathers have been fools ;
That they the manners of the world will mend,
That every gay companion is a friend ;
That native merit their success ensures,
That she they doat on, has a heart like yours.

But

But soon, by life's calamities oppress'd,
 Conviction, bursting on the tortur'd breast,
 Their blasted hopes the bitter truth reveal,
 That men may talk of what they do not feel;
 Nay, that the best ne'er practise as they know—
 That words are all a wise man can bestow:
 Then venerable Misery fails to move,
 Suspicion freezes every source of Love;
 They feel no pleasure, they forbear to please,
 And who would ransom life on terms like these?

Come, let each thought in grateful rapture swell,
 Since HE who lov'd us, hath escap'd so well;
 Without one pang, from tenderness forgot,
 With scarce one cause to murmur at his lot:
 To all which goodness infinite can give—
 'Twas in *expiring* HE began to *live*.

From this low scene, when such a soul retires,
 What heart could censure, what the heart inspires;
 A parting tear to Nature must be paid—
 Nature, in spite of pride, must be obey'd;
 And, kindling, like his friend, at beauty's charms,
 While every honour'd passion's up in arms,
 The coldest of all songsters must avow,
 Life worth ambition, if enjoy'd with you.

ANECDOTE.

A PRUSSIAN Clergyman applied to the late King of Prussia, for his permission to preach in his chapel, and to honour him with his presence.

His Majesty thought it rather presumptuous for a country clergyman to ask such a favour, but nevertheless granted his request, and told him he would give him a text to preach on, that he should preach the Sunday following, when he would be there to hear him.

The clergyman waited with anxiety from day to day, for the text, as he wished to have it in time, that he might make a fine sermon on it—but Sunday morning came, and no text.

He, however, went into the pulpit with an intent to preach one of his old sermons, thinking the King had forgot to send him a text.

The King came to the chapel soon after, and sent the clergyman a letter, which he opened and read; the contents were—"The inclosed is your text, and you will preach immediately."

He

He opened the bit of paper that was inclosed; when, to his great astonishment, he found it quite blank; he looked at the other side—it was blank there too.

He held it out for the audience to look at, and said, “ *Here* is nothing;”—and then turning it, “ and *there* is nothing, and of *nothing* God created Heaven and Earth.”

Then quoting a verse in the first chapter of Genesis, he preached a sermon on it extempore.

The King was so delighted at the great presence of mind the clergyman had shewn, that he made him his almoner.

BERANGER.

IN Lombardy, a country that has not been remarkable for the valour of its inhabitants, there lived a knight, a widower with an only daughter. He had contracted debts, and was obliged to have recourse to an usurer; but this temporary shift, as it generally happens, only served to plunge him the deeper into difficulties; so that in a short time, being unable to satisfy his

creditors in any other manner, he was obliged to compound matters by offering his daughter in marriage to the son.—The offer was accepted, and the damsel espoused the son of the usurer. It is thus that the noblest race is destroyed, that chivalry degenerates, and that brave men are succeeded by a generation of reptiles who have no passion but for silver and gold.

The old gentleman himself was ashamed of this alliance, and mortified in his soul that he had cast a blot upon the birth of his grandchildren. He created, however, his son-in-law a knight, and armed him with his own hand.

Puffed up with this new title, our young plebeian thought himself elevated into a hero. His nobility was the constant theme of his conversation.—All he would listen to, especially at table, was tournaments, arms, and combats.—He hoped by that to give his wife a great opinion of him; but he found that it subjected him the more to her contempt. To impose on her then in a manner somewhat more specious, he declared that, ashamed to have suffered love to chain down his valour, he was resolved, at length, to shew her what a husband she had got, and engaged that if he could shortly fall in with an adversary, he would give
proofs

proofs of such prowess, as all her ancestors combined together would have been unable to exhibit.

The next day he rose early; sent for arms quite new and shining with extraordinary lustre; then mounted a shewy charger, and sallied forth courageously.—The only difficulty was to determine whither he should bend his course thus equipped; and by what means he should continue to acquire with his rib the reputation of a gallant knight.—Not far distant there fortunately was a wood.—Thither he repairs with full speed; ties up his horse, and looking round to see that he was observed by nobody, he hangs his shield on the trunk of a tree, and with all his force begins to exercise his sword upon it.—He likewise shivers his lance to pieces against a tree; after which he returns home with his shield, all hacked and cut, suspended from his neck.

His wife, as he dismounted from his horse, came to hold the stirrups. He commanded her to retire, and, displaying his shattered arms, the pretended evidence of his combat, observed, with an air of contempt, that the whole family from which she was so vain of deducing her origin, could not, together united, have borne the dreadful assault
which

which he had just sustained.—She made no answer, but went in again, not a little surprized, however, to see his shield battered as if he had been at a tournament, whilst neither knight nor horse had received a scratch.

The following week our hero sallied out again, and with the same success.—He had even the insolence, on this last occasion, when the wife came on his return to assist him in getting off his horse, to put her from him rudely with his foot, as if she were not fit to touch a man of his extraordinary merit. The horse, notwithstanding, had come back as fresh as when he went out; the sword, which was hacked like a saw, did not shew the least trace of blood, and neither the helmet nor the coat of mail appeared to have received a single blow.—All these circumstances excited a degree of mistrust in the wife.—She strongly suspected the truth of these terrible combats, and to know with certainty what to think of it, she in secret provided herself with the arms of a knight, and resolved to follow her husband the next time he went out, and, if possible, to retaliate by some kind of artifice.

He soon returned to the wood, to dispatch, as he gave out, three knights, who had dared him to combat.

combat. The wife pressed him to take some attendants along with him, armed, if it were only to guard against treachery.—But this was what he would by no means agree to; and declared that he had confidence enough in his own arm to meet three men without apprehension, or even more, if they had the audacity to present themselves against him.—As soon as he was gone, the wife made haste to arm herself.—She laced on a coat of mail, hung a sword by her side, tied a helmet on her head, and galloped after the braggadocia.

Already had he reached the wood, where, with a dreadful noise, he was paying away upon his new shield.—The wife, at the first sight, was seized with a violent fit of laughter, but composing herself, came up, and addressed him in the following abrupt manner :—“ Slave, by what authority dost thou come here to cut down my trees, and interrupt my progress with this disagreeable uproar? Is it to put it out of thy power to give me satisfaction that thou destroyest thy shield? Coward as thou art, cursed be he that does not despise thee as much as I do! I here arrest thee as my prisoner; follow me instantly to rot in one of my dungeons.”

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The poor knight was, at this address, ready to drop down with fear.—He found himself caught without the least chance of escaping, and did not feel courageous enough to fight.—If a child that moment had advanced towards him, he durst not have put himself on the defensive. His sword soon dropped from his hands, he intreated forgiveness, and promised never to enter the wood more during life; and further offered, if he had done any damage, to make it good an hundred times over.—“Base-minded wretch, to imagine that gold can repress the indignation, and avert the vengeance of a brave man. I shall shortly teach thee another language.—Before we leave this place, our quarrel must be decided by arms. Quickly mount thy horse, and think of defending thyself, for I never grant quarter; and I give thee notice beforehand, that if thou art vanquished, thy head instantly flies off thy shoulders.” At the same time she lets fall a smart blow on his helmet. The terrified wretch answered, trembling, that he had made a vow to God never to fight, and asked, if it were not possible by any other means to make reparation.—He was informed that there was one method, and one only, and that was to go down on his knees and ask pardon, which he instantly complied with. When he had risen up, he took the liberty of asking the name of his conqueror.

queror.—“ Of what consequence is that to you? However, I will not conceal it from you, whimsical as it is, and though I am the only one of my family that has borne it, my name is BERANGER, and my business is to shame cowards.”

This said, the Lady mounted her horse again, and rode off.—On her way was the residence of a knight, who had long been in love with her, and whose suit till then she had always rejected. But now she went into his house, told him that at last she accepted his vows, and even took him home behind her.—Soon after, the husband entered, affecting to put on his usual confidence: When his people asked him the issue of his recent combat: “ I am now at length,” said he, “ going to enjoy quiet—my lands are entirely cleared of the freebooters that infested them.”

After he had disarmed, he went in to give his wife an account of his last exploit, and was greatly surprized to see a man sitting by her side upon the couch, and to observe her embracing the stranger, instead of getting up to receive him.—He began to assume that imperious and threatening tone that had become familiar to him, and even pretended to go and bring his sword.—“ Hold your peace,” said she, “ you poltroon! or if you

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dare

dare so much as to breathe, I shall send for BERANGER;—you know how he treats cowards.”

That word closed his mouth.—He withdrew in confusion; and whatever liberties his wife indulged in afterwards, he durst not throw out the least reproach, lest she should publish his adventures in the forest.

COLUMBUS.

WHEN Columbus, after having discovered the Western hemisphere, was, by order of the King of Spain. brought home from America in chains, the captain of the ship, who was intimately acquainted with his character, his knowledge and abilities, offered to free him from his chains, and make his passage as agreeable as possible.—But Columbus rejected his friendly offer, saying, “ Sir, I thank you; but these chains are the rewards and honour for my services, from my King, whom I have served as faithfully as my God; and as such I will carry them with me to my grave.”

OLD

OLD AGE.

OLD Age is a stage of the human course which every one hopes to reach; it is a period justly entitled to general respect.—Even its failings ought to be touched with a gentle hand. For though in every part of life vexations occur; yet, in former years, either business or pleasure served to obliterate their impressions to the mind.

Old age begins its advances by disqualifying men either from relishing the one, or for taking an active part in the other; while it withdraws their accustomed supports, it imposes, at the same time, the additional burden of growing infirmities.

In the former stages of their journey, hope continued to flatter them with many a fair and enticing prospect; but as old age increases, these illusions vanish.—Life is contracted within a narrow and barren circle.—Year after year steals somewhat away from their store of comfort,—deprives them of some of their ancient friends,—blunts some of their powers of sensation,—and incapacitates them for some functions of life.

The querulous temper, to them imputed, is to be considered as a natural infirmity, rather than a vice; the same apology cannot be made for that peevish disgust at the manners, and that malignant censure of the enjoyments of the young, which is sometimes found to accompany declining years.

It is too common to find the aged at declared enmity with the whole system of present custom and manners; perpetually complaining of the growing depravity of the world, and of the astonishing vices and follies of the rising generation. All things, according to them, are rushing fast into ruin.—Decency and good order have become extinct, ever since that happy discipline, under which they spent their youth, has passed away.

Former follies vanish, and are forgotten.—Those which are present, strike observation and sharpen censure.—Had the depravation of the world continued to increase in proportion to those gloomy calculations, which, so many centuries past, have estimated each race as worse than the preceding; by this time, not one spark of piety and virtue must have remained unextinguished among mankind.

ANECDOTE
OF
BISHOP ATTERBURY.

IN the debates on the occasional conformity and schism bills, in the House of Lords, December 1718, Lord Coningsby fell foul of the Bishop of Rochester, (Dr. Atterbury) for calling himself a *prophet* the day before, and added—"As I am sure I have read as much scripture as he, or any Bishop of them all, so I have found there a prophet very like him, namely, BALAAM, who, like that Right Reverend, drove so very furiously, that he constrained the very as he rode on to open his mouth, and reprove the madness of the prophet."

The Bishop, when his Lordship had finished his fiery transports, rose up, in a very demure and humble way, and thanked his Lordship for the notice he took of him, which he received as an honour, it coming from so polite and noble a Lord, tho' accompanied with so acute a reflection; that he confessed the ingenious Peer had wittingly and happily applied Balaam to him a prophet, priest, and preacher, being often promiscuously used; but there still wanted the application of the

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fer capital punishments from the parent to the magistrate.

There are indeed many houses which it is impossible to enter familiarly, without discovering that parents are by no means exempt from the intoxications of dominion; and that he who is in no danger of hearing remonstrances but from his own conscience, will seldom be long without the art of controlling his convictions, and modifying justice, by his own will.

If in any situation the heart were inaccessible to malignity, it might be supposed to be sufficiently secured by parental relation. To have voluntarily become to any being the occasion of its existence, produces an obligation to make that existence happy. To see helpless infancy stretching out her hands, and pouring out her cries, in testimony of dependence, without any powers to alarm jealousy, or any guilt to alienate affection, must surely awaken tenderness in every human mind; and tenderness once excited will be hourly increased by the natural contagion of felicity, by the repercussion of communicated pleasure, by the consciousness of the dignity of benefaction.

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I believe no generous or benevolent man can see the vilest animal courting his regard, and shrinking at his anger, playing his gambols of delight before him, calling on him in distress, and flying to him in danger, without more kindness than he can persuade himself to feel for the wild and unsocial inhabitants of the air and water.

We naturally endear to ourselves those to whom we impart any kind of pleasure, because we imagine their affection and esteem secured to us by the benefits which they receive.

There is, indeed, another method by which the pride of superiority may be likewise gratified.—He that has extinguished all the sensations of humanity, and has no longer any satisfaction in the reflection that he is loved as the distributor of happiness, may please himself with exciting terror as the inflictor of pain; he may delight his solitude with contemplating the extent of his power, and the force of his commands, in imagining the desires that flutter on the tongue which is forbidden to utter them, or the discontent which preys on the heart in which fear confines it; he may amuse himself with new contrivances of detection, multiplications of prohibition, and varieties of punishments, and swell with exultation when he considers

how little of the homage that he receives he owes to choice.

That princes of this character have been known; the history of all absolute kingdoms will inform us; and since, as Aristotle observes, " the government of a family is naturally monarchical, it is, like other monarchies, too often arbitrarily administered.— The regal and parental tyrant differ only in the extent of their dominions, and the number of their slaves. The same passions cause the same miseries; except that seldom any prince, however despotic, has so far shaken off all awe of the public eye, as to venture upon those freaks of injustice which are sometimes indulged under the secrecy of a private dwelling. Capricious injunctions, partial decisions, unequal allotment, distributions of reward not by merit, but by fancy, and punishments regulated not by the degree of the offence, but by the humour of the judge, are too frequent where no power is known but that of a father.

That he delights in the misery of others no man will confess, and yet what other motive can make a father cruel? The King may be instigated by one man to the destruction of another; he may sometimes think himself endangered by the
virtues

virtues of a subject; he may dread the successful general or the popular orator; his avarice may point out golden confiscations; and his guilt may whisper that he can only be secure by cutting off all power of revenge.

But what can a parent hope from the oppression of those who were born to his protection, of those who can disturb him with no competition, who can enrich him with no spoils? Why cowards are cruel may be easily discovered; but for what reason, not more infamous than cowardice, can that man delight in oppression who has nothing to fear?

The unjustifiable severity of a parent is loaded with this aggravation, that those whom he injures are always in his sight. The injustice of a prince is often exercised upon those of whom he never had any personal or particular knowledge; and the sentence which he pronounces, whether of banishment, imprisonment, or death, removes from his view the man whom he condemns.—But the domestic oppressor dooms himself to gaze upon those faces which he clouds with terror, and with sorrow; and beholds every moment the effect of his own barbarities. He that can bear to give continual pain to those who surround him, and can walk with satisfaction in the gloom of his own

presence; he that can see submissive misery without relenting, and meet without emotion the eye that implores mercy, or demands justice, will scarcely be amended by remonstrance or admonition; he has found means of stopping the avenues of tenderness, and arming his heart against the force of reason.

Even though no consideration should be paid to the great law of social beings, by which every individual is commanded to consult the happiness of others, yet the harsh parent is less to be vindicated than any other criminal, because he less provides for the happiness of himself. Every man, however little he loves others, would willingly be loved; every man hopes to live long, and therefore hopes for that time at which he shall sink back to imbecility, and must depend for ease and cheerfulness upon the officiousness of others. But how has he obviated the inconveniences of old age, who alienates from him the assistance of his children, and whose bed must be surrounded in his last hours, in the hours of languor and dejection, of impatience and of pain, by strangers to whom his life is indifferent, or by enemies, to whom his death is desirable.

Piety

Piety will, indeed, in good minds overcome provocations, and those who have been harrassed by brutality will forget the injuries which they have suffered, so far as to perform the last duties with alacrity and zeal. But surely no resentment can be equally painful with kindness thus undeserved, nor can severer punishment be imprecated upon a man not wholly lost in meanness and stupidity, than through the tediousness of decrepitude, to be reproached by the kindness of his own children, to receive not the tribute, but the alms of attendance, and to owe every relief of his miseries, not to gratitude, but to mercy.

A MORNING HYMN.

GOD of my life, this early dawn
 I dedicate to thee:
 As thou hast been, so may'st thou still
 My kind protector be.

When cover'd by the midnight gloom,
 And veil'd in shades of night;
 Thou, Lord, my watchful guardian was,
 And kept me in thy sight.

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The curtains of Almighty love
Were drawn around my bed;
And while I slept, thy providence
Its blessings on me shed.

Thy love deserves my best returns
Of gratitude and praise;
And while I live, I shall delight
To thee my voice to raise.

Bless God, my soul, whose pow'r divine
Has thy protection been;
Who has thy life secur'd from ills,
Which were by thee unseen.

As each return of day declares
The greatness of thy love;
So may each day my thanks renew,
And gratitude improve.

This day safe guard me, O my God,
From every outward ill;
Preserve my health, relieve my wants,
My soul with comfort fill.

Against temptation I would guard,
And flee the paths of sin;

May

May Satan's pow'r be broke without,
And ev'ry lust within.

With thankful praise for mercies past,
I leave myself with Thee:
O! may I of thy grace partake,
And thy great goodness see.

And may I carefully pursue
Whate'er is just and right,
That I may always be approv'd
In my Creator's fight.

PARENTAL AFFECTION.

CORNELIA, a Roman Lady of exemplary virtue, was left a widow with twelve children, but only three of the twelve arrived at years of maturity: one daughter, whom she married to the second Scipio Africanus; and two sons, whom she so carefully instructed, that though born with the most happy geniuses and dispositions, it was judged that they were still more indebted to education than nature

A Campanian Lady, who was very rich, and still fonder of pomp and shew, in a visit to Cornelia,

nelia, having displayed her diamonds, pearls, and richest jewels, earnestly desired Cornelia to let her see her jewels also. This amiable Lady diverted the conversation to another subject, till the return of her sons from the public schools.—When they entered their mother's apartments, she said to her visitor, pointing to them, "These are my jewels, and the only ornaments I admire; and such ornaments, which are the strength and support of society, add a brighter lustre to the fair than all the jewels of the east."

THE HAPPY STATE.

I.

IN search of happiness in vain,
 How oft poor mortals rove;
 Attend, be taught, let reason reign!
 You'll find it fix'd in love!
 Let each unruly thought subside,
 That late oppress'd the mind;
 Seek one dear object; there confide,
 If happiness you'd find.

II. Un-

II.

Unnumber'd ills (a ghastly train!)
On dissipation wait,
Unthinking youth oft feels the pang,
But feels it when too late:
Dispel those false destructive fires,
Their transient charms disperse;
A slave no more to base desires,
Observe the blest reverse.

III.

The bright Eliza Heaven ordain'd,
The young Palemon's share;
In him, the nymph despotic reign'd,
As he within the fair:
With him each joy, each care she knows,
And bears an equal part;
From her dear breast sweet comfort flows,
Flows truly from the heart.

IV.

In mutual love, supremely blest,
No anxious fears intrude;
For aught that cou'd alarm their rest,
By virtue is subdu'd:

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To



To Hymen then your tribute pay,
Embrace their envy'd fate;
Connubial love shall truth repay,
And crown the HAPPY STATE.

ANECDOTE

ON

A DIVINE'S PROCURING A LIVING.

A NOBLEMAN, before a numerous assembly, told a worthy Divine, who was soliciting him for a Living then vacant, and in his Lordship's disposal, "No, no, Doctor, talk no more of it; but prithee, man, learn to dance." The Doctor, not at all abashed, smilingly replied, "he should be incorrigible not to improve with his Lordship for an instructor, who had long taught him to dance attendance." "Have I so, Doctor?" says the Earl, "then even take the Living, and my daughter Sophy shall teach you to turn out your toes." The company laughed, but the Doctor had most reason.

ANEC-

ANECDOTE
OF
THE PRINCE OF CONTI.

THE Prince of Conti being highly pleased with the intrepid behaviour of a grenadier, at the siege of Philippsburgh, in 1734, threw him his purse, excusing the smallness of the sum it contained, as being too poor a reward for his courage.

Next morning the grenadier went to the Prince with a couple of diamond rings, and other jewels of considerable value. "Sir," said he, "the gold I found in your purse, I suppose you intended for me; but these I bring back to you, having no claim to them." "You have doubly deserved them by your bravery, (said the Prince) and by your honesty, therefore they are yours."

ANECDOTE
OF
SWIFT AND ADDISON.

ONE evening, during a *tele a tele* conversation between Addison and Swift, the various characters in scripture were canvassed, and their

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merits

merits and demerits were fully discussed. Swift's favourite, however, was Joseph, while Addison contended strongly for the amiable Jonathan.—The dispute lasted some time, when the Author of Cato observed, that it was very fortunate they were alone, as the character which he had been praising so warmly was the name-fake of Swift, while the other, of which Swift had been so lavish in his commendations, was the name-fake of Addison.

ANECDOTE OF AN HIGHWAYMAN.

HAWKE, the noted Highwayman, being one evening on the look out, stopped a gentleman, and bade him deliver. The gentleman protested he had no money, and was flying from his creditors, in order to avoid a gaol. Hawke, pitying his unhappy situation, asked him how much would relieve his wants? He was answered thirty guineas. He then directed the gentleman to go to a house not far off, and wait till nine o'clock in the morning, and he would bring him something that would relieve him; accordingly, before the
time

time expired, Hawke made his appearance; and, to the no small joy of the gentleman, made him a present of fifty guineas; adding, " Sir. I present this to you with all my heart, wishing you well:— You are welcome to it." Upon which Hawke took his leave, and went away immediately.

ANECDOTE

OF

THE CHEVALIER BAYARD.

IN the war carried on by Louis XII. of France, against the Venetians, the town of Brescia being taken by storm, and abandoned by the soldiers, suffered, for seven days, all the distresses of cruelty and avarice. No house escaped but that where the Chevalier Bayard was lodged. At his entrance, the mistress, a woman of figure, fell at his feet, and deeply sobbing, cried, " Oh! my Lord, save my life; save the honour of my daughters." " Take courage, Madam," said the Chevalier, " your life and their honour shall be secure while I have life."

The two young ladies, brought from their hiding-place, were presented to him; and the family

family, thus re-united, bestowed their whole attention on their deliverer. A dangerous wound he had received, gave them an opportunity to express their zeal. They employed a notable surgeon; they attended him by turn, day and night; and when he could bear to be amused, they entertained him with concerts of music.

Upon the day fixed for his departure, the mother said to him, "To your goodness, my Lord, we owe our lives, and to you, all we have, belongs by right of war; but we hope, from your signal benevolence, that this slight tribute will content you," placing upon the table an iron coffer full of money. "What is the sum?" said the Chevalier. "My Lord," answered she, trembling, "no more than two thousand five hundred ducats,—all that we have; but if more be necessary, we will try our friends." "Madam," said he, "I shall never forget your kindness, more precious in my eyes than one hundred thousand ducats. Take back your money, and depend always on me." "My good Lord, you kill me, to refuse this small sum; take it only as a mark of your friendship to my family." "Well," said he, "since it will oblige you, I take the money; but give me the satisfaction of bidding adieu to your amiable daughters." They came to him with looks of regard and affection.

tion. "Ladies," said he, "the impression you have made on my heart will never wear out.—What return to make I know not, for men of my profession are seldom opulent; but here are two thousand five hundred ducats, of which the generosity of your mother has given me the disposal: accept them as a marriage present; and may your happiness in marriage equal your merit."

"Flower of chivalry," cried the mother, "May the God who suffered death for us, reward you here and hereafter."

AN ANECDOTE
OF
SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

THE following is as striking an instance of profound policy, as perhaps stands upon record in the annals of any nation.

Sir Robert Walpole having some point to carry in which the Bishops were interested, expected powerful opposition from that quarter. The Archbishop of Canterbury was indebted to him entirely for his exaltation; and as he had often made
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the warmest protestations of gratitude, Sir Robert now resolved to put him to the test. Accordingly he sent for him a few days before he intended bringing his bill into the House, and told him he had a favour to request. The Prelate replied, " He need only ask to obtain any thing in his power to grant." Sir Robert then desired that he would closely confine himself to his palace on such a day, and give him leave to assign what reason he thought proper for such proceeding.

The Archbishop promised to observe his patron's injunction faithfully: and this profound politician, on the day of his confinement, caused a report to be spread that his Grace of Canterbury was suddenly taken ill, and even lay at the point of death. He then introduced his bill; and as every one of the lawn sleeve gentry, from their expectation of preferment, wished to please him, the bill passed without difficulty.

F I N I S.

INTERESTING
ANECDOTES, MEMOIRS,
ALLEGORIES, ESSAYS,
AND
POETICAL FRAGMENTS;
TENDING TO
AMUSE THE FANCY, AND INCULCATE MORALITY.

BY MR. ADDISON.

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A
COLLECTION

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INTERESTING

Anecdotes, Memoirs, &c.

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY,

EXEMPLIFIED IN AN

Anecdote of a Country Curate.

SOME years since resided in a country village, a poor, but worthy Clergyman; who, with a small stipend of forty pounds a year, supported himself, a wife, and seven children. It's true, that he had a garden, which he cultivated with his own hands, and, by his industry, it afforded them vegetables for their table. He likewise had a cow, which, by the assistance of his wife, supplied them all with a plentiful morning's repast; for tea was wholly banished from their frugal board.

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This good Curate not only preached twice every Sunday, but frequently visited all his parishioners, and taught them, not only by his precepts, but by his examples, true piety and benevolence. It so happened, that at a time he was in some distress from the narrowness of his circumstances, as he was walking and meditating in the fields, he stumbled, and, looking down to see the cause, he espied a purse with some what in it. On taking it up, he found it to be full of gold: but this truly conscientious man, notwithstanding the narrowness of his circumstances, had not one wish (by secreting it) to rob its owner of it; but looked round, and went backward and forward, in hopes to see him: but to no purpose, as no object presented itself to his view. He went home, and communicated to his wife what had happened: but she, not judging so rightly as her husband, looked upon it as a gift Providence had sent them, and therefore wished him to employ part of it to extricate them out of their present difficulty: but he, in answer to her repeated solicitations, told her, that as he did not look upon it as his own property, whatever might be their wants, he would do his best to find out its owner, adding, that **HONESTY WAS THE BEST POLICY.**

After

After some short time, he was sent for to a gentleman who lived at some little distance, who claimed the purse; and to whom (after his giving an account of the pieces it contained) he restored it. But the gentleman gave him no other reward than thanks, his name and place of abode.

On the good man's return, his wife could not help reproaching the gentleman with ingratitude, and insinuating that it would have been better to have kept the purse, to supply their wants, than to return it to so ungrateful a person, who probably did not want the money it contained. To all her remarks and observations the Curate made no other reply, than that (notwithstanding all she urged, and all that had happened) still HONESTY WAS THE BEST POLICY.

Some months ran on after this, when the Curate received an invitation to dine with the aforesaid gentleman; who, after he had entertained him with a friendly hospitality, presented him with the Presentation to a Living of three hundred a year, to which he added a bill of fifty pounds for his present necessities.

The Curate, after making suitable and most grateful acknowledgments to his kind benefactor, returned with joy to his wife and family, acquaint-

ing them with the happy change in his circumstances; adding that he hoped now she would be convinced that HONESTY WAS THE BEST POLICY. To which she fully acquiesced.

THE LOTTERY TICKET, *A MORAL TALE.*

BY a train of disappointments, as unmerited as they were unforeseen, Mr. Clinton, an eminent merchant, found himself reduced from an affluent situation to very moderate circumstances. He was married, and had *one* child, a daughter. Mrs Clinton had a good understanding, and a good heart; and as she and her husband were neither young, nor madly attached to the pleasures of the world, they left the Metropolis to spend the remainder of their days in retirement, without murmuring at the dispensations of Providence. Not a little cheared, indeed, were they in their retreat, by the consciousness of having done nothing to deserve the considerable change in their affairs. Retrospection, it is true, sometimes drew sighs from Mrs. Clinton's gentle bosom; but the philosophic consolations of *him*, who had from his wedding

wedding-day made *her* happiness the principal object of his attention, brightened her features with the smiles of contentment as often as they were clouded.

The place which they fixed upon for their retreat, was a spot extremely pleasant, within a few miles of London: their house was privately, but most agreeably situated: they had charming landscapes round them, whenever they threw up their windows; and the few friends, out of the herd of acquaintance, who crowded their routs in B—— Square, declared, whenever they came to see them, that their little villa was delightful.

Mrs. Clinton, having a passion for plants and flowers, found great amusement in the garden, which, with the education of a very tractable daughter, and the superintendence of her small family affairs, sufficiently excluded any complaints against the tediousness of time.

Fanny Clinton, when she was removed from London, was about twelve years of age; extremely pleasing in her person, sensible and good-natured. She merited all the indulgence with which she was treated by her affectionate parents; but they certainly were too fond of her—too fond of her for their own felicity; for while they loved her to excess, their fears, their anxieties about her, were beyond expression.

Mr.

drive out of Mrs. Clinton's mind, the magnificent ideas which had intruded themselves into it. But how little do we know ourselves!

By the death of a distant relation a few weeks afterwards, Mr. Clinton, very unexpectedly, as they had not for many years been upon good terms, came into the possession of a fortune more than double his prize.

This acquisition coming so quick after the other, spoilt him entirely for a philosopher, and he began to feel the flame which he had so strenuously endeavoured to extinguish in the bosom of his *ambitious* wife, burning in his own breast: the rage for *appearance*, tho' each of them was on the wrong side of forty, animated them both to such a degree, that they, from that moment, thought of nothing but pomp, parade, equipage, and state. When a passion for gaiety and splendor, predominates in the hearts of those who are hastening to the autumnal part of their lives, it generally drives them into ridiculous situations; in which situations they certainly deserve all the merriment they excite.

The village of D—— was no longer to be endured.—Enquiries were made immediately after a handsome house in the Square from which they had

had prudentially removed; and luckily for them, as they thought, intoxicated with the flattering revolution of their affairs, a house was just at that time evacuated by the lady whose husband a few months before died in it. Mr. Clinton, as soon as he heard of it, hurried to the landlord, and closed an agreement with him as precipitately as if the felicity of his future life depended upon his *second* residence in B—— Square.

While the preparations for their departure from D—— were going forward with the utmost expedition, Mr. Hadley returned from an excursion which he had made into H——pshire, in order to settle every thing for the reception of his bride; and imagined he should give Mr. and Mrs. Clinton no small satisfaction, by informing them that he was quite ready to wait on their daughter to church. Of Fanny's satisfaction he was pretty well assured.

To his extreme surprize he was received by Mr. Clinton with coldness; and when he acquainted him with the arrangements he had made in his house in H——pshire, in consequence of having obtained his consent to marry Miss Clinton, he received the following reply.—“ I have altered my mind, Sir, since you were here last, with regard to the disposal of my Fanny.”

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“ Altered

Mr. Clinton's house was in a populous village; but it stood at a distance from the gay and fashionable part of it. Far from being displeased, however, with the privacy of his situation, it was on that very account, the more agreeable to him; for he wanted not to keep a great deal of company, as he lived not in the style to which he had been accustomed: with a few sober, regular people, like themselves, he and Mrs. Clinton chiefly associated in a neighbouring way, without any ceremony or ostentation, and were determined to have no connections with the quality of D——. They might have been visited by half the place, had they given cards. They were much respected, indeed, by those who *had*, and those who had *not* routs; by the *former* they could not be *loved*; but they were satisfied by the respect and esteem of the *latter*.

After having lived very happily at D—— for five years, the addresses of a young gentleman to their Fanny gave them a great deal of pleasure.

Mr. Hadley was a man of unexceptionable character; but he had not a large fortune: yet, as he was desperately enamoured with Fanny, and genteely offered to marry her without a shilling *dowry*, both Mr. and Mrs. Clinton thought him an object

object not to be disregarded. They would not, however, have consented to a marriage between him and their daughter had not she been as much prejudiced in his favour, as he, evidently, was in *hers*: they had too sincere an affection for her to desire to have her separated from them with a man to whom she was averse; but as she really felt a strong prepossession for Mr. Hadley, they rationally believed that they would be mutually happy in the marriage state.

While the necessary preparations were making for the wedding-day, a ticket Mr. Clinton had in the lottery, came up a *ten thousand*.

This event had such an effect upon Mrs. Clinton, that it absolutely transformed her into a new woman. She was suddenly seized with a violent desire to return to her old neighbourhood in London, that those who had with a malicious compassion triumphed over her on being obliged to *retire*, might be mortified by the sight of her in a *situation* equal to the showy one in which she once figured amongst them.

Mr. Clinton, however, having a stronger understanding, was not so elated with his success as to wish to launch out into his former style of living; on the contrary, he took no small pains to drive

were laughed at: their dresses were rich; their carriages were elegant, and their entertainments were superb; but their extravagance was excessive: so that while they were running from one end of the town to the other, in order to make an ostentatious display of their riches, they were, literally, running to ruin. When a man and his wife are both seized with a furious propensity to make a *flash* in the world, when their youthful days are over, and with that propensity, likewise, have a lofty disregard for æconomy, they are certainly not in their perfect senses: they are downright lunatics, and deserve *strait-waistcoats* as much as the insane inhabitants of Chelsea and Moorfields.

Mr. Clinton, soon after his return to B—— Square, found that his daughter had many admirers, among men of the first fashion in town. To a man of quality, therefore, he determined, if possible, to marry her.—Mrs. Clinton was equally desirous of having her daughter ennobled. An old debauched Lord paid his addresses to her, married her, and in a short time afterwards gave her a blow upon the breast, in a fit of jealousy, which brought on a cancer; and that cancer, in less than a twelvemonth, during which her sufferings in body and mind, are not to be described, brought her to the grave.

Not

Not long after the decease of their daughter, which made very little impression upon them while they were carried along the stream of *high life*, with an irresistible rapidity, they started as from a frightful dream, when they were informed by their steward, that a single thousand only remained out of the five and thirty with which they came from their retirement at D——.

With the interest arising from that solitary thousand, after having sold off all their superfluities to pay their debts, they retired a second time.

They merely existed during the remainder of their days: they were completely miserable, now conscious of having merited their misfortunes, perpetually upbraiding and reproaching each other in the severest terms.

AN ANECDOTE.

DURING the Emperor's voyage in Italy, one of the wheels of his coach broke down on the road. With much difficulty he reached a poor village. On his arrival there, his Majesty got out at the door of a blacksmith, and desired him to repair the damaged wheel without delay. "That I would

I would very willingly, (replied the smith) but it being holiday, all my men are at church: my very apprentice who blows the bellows, is not at home." —" An excellent method then presents of warming one's self," replied the Emperor, still preserving the incognito; and the great Joseph set about blowing the bellows while the blacksmith forged the iron. The wheel being repaired, six sols were demanded for the job; but the Emperor, instead of them, put into his hand six ducats. The blacksmith, on seeing them, returned them to the traveller, saying, " Sir, you have undoubtedly made a mistake, owing to the darkness; instead of six sols, you have given me six pieces of gold, which nobody in this village can change." " Change them where you can (replied the Emperor) the overplus is for the pleasure of blowing the bellows." His Majesty then continued his journey without waiting for an answer.

ANECDOTE OF LADY G———.

LORD G——— had by his irregularity brought his health into a very critical state, and his physicians recommended matrimony to him, as the most certain method of living regularly: he accordingly

accordingly formed a resolution of offering his hand to the first woman he could fancy; when being one day in the spring, in Kensington-Gardens, and a heavy shower falling, he was obliged to take shelter in the same covered seat as two ladies, one of whom was Miss V——n. A conversation ensued, in which he asked the ladies if they had a carriage, to which they replied in the negative,—he intreated them to take part of his, to convey them to town, which, with little intreaty, they accepted. On their way to town, Miss V—— said, she thought it was the easiest carriage she ever had been in, to which his Lordship politely replied, “she might be the mistress of it, whenever she pleased” Miss V—— blushed and thanked him, and they were married within a month from that day.

ANECDOTE OF EPAMINONDAS.

EPAMINONDAS, the Theban General, was at first but in low circumstances, yet the greatness of his soul never suffered him to stoop to gain:—An agent from Xerxes, mentioning to him a vast sum of money, he calmly answered, “Money, Sir, is a thing which must have nothing to do betwixt you and I.—If the King, your master,

ter, is inclined to do good, as an ally to Thebes, my friendship shall cost him nothing; but if his design has any other views, all the gold and silver he possesses will never purchase one who suffers not the whole riches of the world so much as to enter into competition with the love of his country." So Thebes, by his merit only, was raised to the highest pitch of glory, as Athens was kept from destruction solely by Demosthenes.

I N D O L E N C E

C H A R A C T E R I Z E D.

INDOLENCE deprives men of all that activity which could call forth their virtues, and make them illustrious. An indolent man is scarcely a man; he wills and unwills at a breath: he may have good intentions of discharging a duty, while that duty is at a distance; let it but approach, let him but view the time of action near, and down drops his hands in languor. What can be done with such a man? He is absolutely good for nothing: business tires him, reading fatigues him.— If he is employed, moments are as hours to him: if he is amused, hours are as moments. In general, his whole time eludes him: he lets it glide
away

away as water under a bridge. Ask him what he has done with his morning, he knows nothing about it; for he has lived without one reflection upon his existence. He sleeps as long as it is possible to sleep, dresses slowly, amuses himself in chat with the first person who calls upon him, and takes several turns in his room 'till dinner; dinner is served up; and the evening will be spent as unprofitable as the morning, and his whole life as this day.—Such a wretch is good for nothing: it is only pride that can support him in a life so worthless, and so much beneath the character of a man.

O R I G I N

O F T H E

Grey Mare's being the better Horse.

A Gentleman of a certain county in England having married a young lady of considerable fortune, and with many other charms, yet finding, in a very short time, that she was of a high domineering spirit, and always contending to be mistress of him and his family, he was resolved to part with her. Accordingly, he went to her father, and told him, he found his daughter of such

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a temper,

a temper, and so heartily tired of her, that if he would take her home again, he would return every penny of her fortune.

The old gentleman having enquired into the cause of his complaint, asked him, " why he should be more disquieted at it than any other married man, since it was the common case with them all, and consequently no more than he ought to have expected when he entered into the married state?" The young gentleman desired to be excused, if he said he was so far from giving his assent to this assertion, that he thought himself more unhappy than any other man, as his wife had a spirit no way to be quelled; and as most certainly no man, who had a sense of right and wrong, could ever submit to be governed by his wife." " Son, (said the old man) you are but little acquainted with the world, if you do not know that all women govern their husbands, though not all, indeed, by the same method: however, to end all disputes between us, I will put what I have said on this proof, if you are willing to try it: I have five horses in my stable; you shall harness these to a cart, in which I shall put a basket containing one hundred eggs; and if, in passing through the county, and making a strict enquiry into the truth or falshood of my assertion, and leaving a horse at the house of
every

every man who is master of his family himself, and an egg only where the wife governs, you will find your eggs gone before your horses; I hope you will then think your own case not uncommon, but will be contented to go home, and look upon your own wife as no worse than her neighbours. If, on the other hand, your horses are gone first, I will take my daughter home again, and you shall keep her fortune."

This proposal was too advantageous to be rejected; our young married man, therefore, set out with great eagerness to get rid, as he thought, of his horses and his wife.

At the first house he came to, he heard a woman, with a shrill and angry voice, call to her husband to go to the door. Here he left an egg, you may be sure, without making any further enquiry; at the next he met with something of the same kind; and at every house, in short, until his eggs were almost gone, when he arrived at the seat of a gentleman of family and figure in the county: he knocked at the door, and enquiring for the master of the house, was told, by a servant, that his master was not yet stirring, but, if he pleased to walk in, his lady was in the parlour. The lady, with great complaisance, desired him to seat himself, and said,

if his business was very urgent, she would wake her husband to let him know it, but had much rather not disturb him. "Why, really, Madam, (said he) my business is only to ask a question, which you can resolve as well as your husband, if you will be ingenuous with me: you will, doubtless, think it odd, and it may be deemed impolite for any one, much more a stranger, to ask such a question; but as a very considerable wager depends upon it, and it may be some advantage to yourself to declare the truth to me, I hope these considerations will plead my excuse.—It is, Madam, to desire to be informed, whether you govern your husband, or he rules over you?" "Indeed, Sir, (replied the lady) this question is somewhat odd; but, as I think no one ought to be ashamed of doing their duty, I shall make no scruple to say, that I have been always proud to obey my husband in all things; but, if a woman's own word is to be suspected, in such a case, let him answer for me: for here he comes.

The gentleman at that moment entering the room, and, after some apologies, being made acquainted with the business, confirmed every word his obedient wife had reported in her own favour; upon which he was invited to choose which horse in the team he liked best, and to accept of it as a present.

A black gelding struck the fancy of the gentleman most; but the lady desired he would choose the grey mare, which, she thought, would be very fit for her side-saddle; her husband gave substantial reasons why the black horse would be most useful to them; but Madam still persisted in her claim to the grey mare. "What (said she) and will you not take her then? But I say you shall; for I am sure the grey mare is much the better horse." "Well, my dear, (replied the husband) if it must be so"—"You must take an egg (replied the gentleman carter) and I must take all my horses back again, and endeavour to live happy with my wife."

A SINGULAR CATASTROPHE

OF A

Genoese Nobleman and his Lady.

THERE lived not long since, in Genoa, a young Nobleman, named Marini, who had a large estate in the island of Corsica, whither he went every five or six years, to regulate his affairs. At the age of five and twenty he was married to a beautiful lady, the daughter of a Venetian Senator, called Monimia, who had refused the greatest matches in Italy, to prefer the fortunate Marini.

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As their marriage was founded upon a mutual esteem, their passion increased instead of diminishing by enjoyment, till they became an example of conjugal duty to all that knew them. They had lived many years in this uninterrupted state of felicity, when Marini was obliged to make a voyage to Corsica, which was then disturbed by a rebellious insurrection, in order to secure his patrimony, by encouraging his dependants to stand firm in defence of their country. But the greatest affliction, and which absorbed all the rest, was his being necessitated to part, for a while, from Monimia, who being then very big with child, was incapacitated to go with him as usual. When the fatal time of parting was come, they embraced with the utmost grief, and the warmest prayers to Heaven for one another's safety. As soon as this affecting scene was over, Marini embarked, and having a fair wind, arrived safe at Bastia in a few hours.

The success of the rebels being stopped, and the affairs of the island a little settled again, our lover began to prepare for his return to Genoa; but as he was walking one day by the harbour where the ships of burden lay, he heard two sailors, who were just arrived, talking of the death of a Genoese nobleman's wife, then absent from the Republic.

Republic. This casual circumstance greatly alarmed him, and excited his curiosity to listen farther to their conversation; when, after a little pause, he heard one of them mention the name of his dear Monimia. At these words his surprize and affliction was so great, that he had not power to follow the mariners to satisfy his doubt, but instantly swooned away, and when he recovered, found himself surrounded by his own servants, lamenting over him. At the same time that this happened to Marini, something of the same nature equally distressed Monimia; for an imperfect account came to Genoa, by the Captain of a Venetian vessel, that a gentleman named Marini had been surprized, near Bastia, by a remaining party of rebels, and that he and all his attendants were killed by them. These two accounts involved our unfortunate pair in the greatest distress. They immediately took shipping, in order to be convinced of what they so much dreaded to know, the one for Corfica, the other for Genoa.—They were both sailed, when a violent storm arose, which drove their vessels upon a little island in the Mediterranean.—Marini's ship landed first, where, whilst the rest of the crew were refreshing themselves, the inconsolable widower, as he thought himself, wandered, with one servant only, into a little wood that was near the sea shore, to
give

give a loose to his immoderate grief. Soon after, the Genoese ship landed too, and the same motive led Monimia, with one of her maids, into the wood where her husband was, lamenting his unfortunate condition. They had not been there long, before they heard each other's complaint, and drew nearer, mutually, to see if there was any wretch living equally miserable with themselves. But how great was the astonishment of both, when they met in a little path, and saw each other! The immoderate joy was such, and the transition from one extreme to the other so instantaneous, that all the power they had was to fall into each other's arms, where they expired in a few minutes after! Their bodies were conveyed to Italy, and were interred with all the solemnity and magnificence due to their quality and eminent virtues.

V I R T U E

THE SOLE

FOUNDATION OF HAPPINESS.

K NOW then this truth (enough for man to know)

Virtue alone is happiness below.

The only point where human bliss stands still,

And tastes the good without the fall to ill;

Where

Where only Merit constant pay receives,
 Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives;
 The joy unequall'd, if its end it gain,
 And if it lose, attended with no pain:
 Without satiety, tho' e'er so blest'd,
 And but more relish'd as the most distress'd:
 The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
 Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears:
 Good from each object, from each place acquir'd,
 For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
 Never elated, while one man's oppress'd;
 Never dejected, while another's blest'd;
 And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
 Since but to wish more Virtue, is to gain.

See the sole bliss Heav'n could on all bestow!
 Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can
 know:

Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
 The bad must miss, the good, untaught, will find;
 Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
 But looks through Nature up to Nature's God;
 Pursues that chain which links th' immense design;
 Joins Heav'n and Earth, and mortal and divine;
 Sees, that no Being any bliss can know,
 But touches some above, and some below;
 Learns, from this union of the rising whole,
 The first, last purpose of the human soul;

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And

And knows where Faith, Law, Morals, all began;
 All end in love of God, and love of Man.
 For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal;
 And opens still, and opens on the soul;
 'Till lengthen'd on to Faith, and unconfin'd,
 It pours the blifs that fills up all the mind.
 He fees, why Nature plants in Man alone
 Hope of known blifs, and Faith in blifs unknown:
 (Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
 Are giv'n in vain, but what they seek they find)
 Wise is her present; she connects in this
 His greatest Virtue with his greatest blifs;
 At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
 And strongest motive to assist the rest.

Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
 Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessings thine.
 Is this too little for the boundless heart?
 Extend it, let thy enemies have part:
 Grasp the whole worlds of Reason, Life, and Sense,
 In one close system of Benevolence:
 Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
 And height of blifs but height of charity.

God loves from whole to parts: but human
 soul
 Must rise from individual to the whole.
 Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
 As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;

The

The centre mov'd, a circle strait succeeds,
 Another still, and still another spreads;
 Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
 His country next, and next all human race;
 Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
 Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind;
 Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
 And Heav'n beholds its image in his breast.

DISCONTENT.

IN the humble and seemingly quiet shade of private life, as well as among the great and mighty, Discontent broods over its imaginary sorrows; preys upon the citizen no less than the courtier, and often nourishes passions equally malignant in the cottage and in the palace. Having once seized the mind, it spreads its own gloom over every surrounding object; it every where searches out materials for itself, and in no direction more frequently employs its unhappy activity, than in creating divisions among mankind, and in magnifying slight provocations into mortal injuries.

In situations where much comfort might be enjoyed, this man's superiority, and that man's

neglect, our jealousy of a friend, our hatred of a rival, and imagined affront, or a mistaken point of honour, allow us no repose. Hence discord in families, animosities among friends, and wars among nations! Look round us! every where we find a busy multitude. Restless and uneasy in their present situation, they are incessantly employed in accomplishing a change of it; and as soon as their wish is fulfilled, we discern by their behaviour, that they are dissatisfied as they were before. Where they expected to have found a paradise, they find a desert.

The man of business pines for leisure; the leisure for which he had longed, proves an irksome gloom, and through want of employment, he languishes, sickens, and dies.

The man of retirement fancies no state so happy, as that of active life; but he has not long engaged in the tumults and contests of the world, until he finds cause to look back with regret on the calm hours of his privacy and retreat.

Beauty, wit, eloquence, and fame, are eagerly desired by persons of every rank of life. They are the parent's fondest wish for his child; the ambition of the young, and the admiration of the old;

old ; and yet in what numberless instances have they proved, to those who possessed them, no other than shining snares, seductions to vice, instigations to folly, and, in the end, sources of misery.

GRATITUDE.

TH E R E is not a more pleasing exercise of the mind than Gratitude. It is accompanied with such an inward satisfaction, that the duty is sufficiently rewarded by the performance. It is not like the practice of many other virtues, difficult and painful, but attended with so much pleasure, that were there no positive command which enjoined, nor any recompence laid up for it hereafter, a generous mind would indulge it for the natural gratification that accompanies it. If Gratitude is due from man to man, how much more from man to his Maker. The Supreme Being does not only confer upon us those bounties, which proceed more immediately from his hand, but even those benefits which are conveyed to us by others. Every blessing we enjoy, is the gift of him who is the great Author of Good, and Father of Mercies.

THE

THE FOLLY OF
ANTICIPATING MISFORTUNES.

THERE is nothing recommended with greater frequency among the gayer poets of antiquity, than the secure possession of the present hour, and the dismissal of all the cares which intrude upon our quiet, or hinder, by importunate perturbations, the enjoyment of those delights which our condition happens to set before us.

The ancient poets are, indeed, by no means unexceptionable teachers of morality ; their precepts are to be always considered as the fallies of a genius, intent rather upon giving pleasure than instruction, eager to take every advantage of insinuation, and, provided the passions can be engaged on its side, very little solicitous about the suffrage of reason.

The darkness and uncertainty through which the heathens were compelled to wander in the pursuit of happiness, may, indeed, be alledged as an excuse for many of their seducing invitations to immediate enjoyment, which the moderns, by whom they have been imitated, have not to plead. It is no wonder that such as had no promise of another state should eagerly turn their thoughts upon the improvement of that which was before them

them; but surely those who are acquainted with the hopes and fears of eternity, might think it necessary to put some restraint upon their imagination, and reflect, that by echoing the songs of the ancient bacchanals, and transmitting the maxims of past debauchery, they not only prove that they want invention, but virtue, and submit to the servility of imitation only to copy that of which the writer, if he was to live now, would often be ashamed.

Yet as the errors and follies of a great genius are seldom without some radiations of understanding, by which meaner minds may be enlightened, the incitements to pleasure, are, in those authors, generally mingled with such reflections upon life, as well deserve to be considered distinctly from the purposes for which they are produced, and to be treasured up as the settled conclusions of extensive observation, acute sagacity, and mature experience.

It is not without true judgment that on these occasions they often warn their readers against enquiries into futurity, and solicitude about events which lie hid in causes yet unactive, and which time has not brought forward into the view of reason. An idle and thoughtless resignation to chance,
without

without any struggle against calamity, or endeavour after advantage, is indeed below the dignity of a reasonable being, in whose power Providence has put a great part even of his present happiness; but it shews an equal ignorance of our proper sphere, to harass our thoughts with conjectures about things not yet in being. How can we regulate events, of which we yet know not whether they will ever happen? And why should we think, with painful anxiety, about that on which our thoughts can have no influence?

It is a maxim commonly received, that a wise man is never surprized; and, perhaps, this exemption from astonishment may be imagined to proceed from such a prospect into futurity, as gave previous intimation of those evils which often fall unexpected upon others that have less foresight.— But the truth is, that things to come, except when they approach very nearly, are equally hidden from men of all degrees of understanding; and if a wise man is not amazed at sudden occurrences, it is not that he has thought more, but less upon futurity. He never considered things not yet existing as the proper objects of his attention; he never indulged dreams till he was deceived by their phantoms, nor ever realized non-entities to
his

his mind. He is not surprized, because he is not disappointed; and he escapes disappointment, because he never forms any expectations.

The concern about things to come, that is so justly censured, is not the result of those general reflections on the variableness of fortune, the uncertainty of life, and the universal insecurity of all human acquisitions, which must always be suggested by the view of the world; but such a desponding anticipation of misfortunes, as fixes the mind upon scenes of gloom and melancholy, and makes fear predominate in every imagination.

Anxiety of this kind is nearly of the same nature with jealousy in love, and suspicion in the general commerce of life; a temper which keeps the man always in alarms, disposes him to judge of every thing in a manner that least favours his own quiet, fills him with perpetual stratagems of counteraction, wears him out in schemes to obviate evils which never threatened him, and at length, perhaps, contributes to the production of those mischiefs of which it had raised such dreadful apprehensions.

It has been usual, in all ages, for moralists to repress the swellings of vain hope, by representations of the innumerable casualties to which life is
F subject,

subject, and by instances of the unexpected defeat of the wisest schemes of policy, and sudden subversions of the highest eminences of greatness.— It has, perhaps, not been equally observed, that all these examples afford the proper antidote to fear as well as to hope, and may be applied with no less efficacy as consolations to the timorous, than as restraints to the proud.

Evil is uncertain in the same degree as good, and for the reason that we ought not to hope too securely, we ought not to fear with too much dejection. The state of the world is continually changing, and none can tell the result of the next vicissitude. Whatever is afloat in the stream of time, may, when it is very near us, be driven away by an accidental blast, which shall happen to cross the general course of the current. The sudden accidents by which the powerful are depressed, may fall upon those whose malice we fear; and the greatness by which we expect to be overborne, may become another proof of the false flatteries of fortune. Our enemies may become weak, or we grow strong, before our encounter, or we may advance against each other without ever meeting. There are, indeed, natural evils which we can flatter ourselves with no hopes of escaping, and with little of delaying; but of the ills which are apprehended



apprehended from human malignity, or the opposition of rival interests, we may always alleviate the terror by considering that our persecutors are weak and ignorant, and mortal like ourselves.

The misfortunes which arise from the concurrence of unhappy incidents, should never be suffered to disturb us before they happen; because, if the breast be once laid open to the dread of mere possibilities of misery, life must be given a prey to dismal solicitude, and quiet must be lost for ever.

It is remarked by old Cornaro, that it is absurd to be afraid of the natural dissolution of the body, because it must certainly happen, and can, by no caution or artifice, be avoided. Whether this sentiment be entirely just, I shall not examine; but certainly if it be improper to fear events which must happen, it is yet more evidently contrary to right reason to fear those which may never happen, and which, if they should come upon us, we cannot resist.

As we ought not to give way to fear, any more than indulgence to hope, because the objects both of fear and hope are yet uncertain, so we ought not to trust the representation of one more than of the other, because they are both equally fallacious;

[illegible]

and of which, if we neglect the duties, to make provision against visionary attacks, we shall certainly counteract our own purpose; for he, doubtless, mistakes his true interest, who thinks that he can increase his safety when he impairs his virtue.

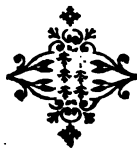
ANECDOTE
OF THE
GREAT FREDERICK.

DURING the life of the late King of Prussia, a wealthy Jew, who was tired of living at Berlin, and had made frequent applications for leave to quit that place, which he dared not otherwise to attempt, at last sent a letter to his Majesty, imploring permission to travel for the benefit of his health. The King sent the following answer immediately to the Israelite, in his own hand :

“ Dear Ephraim,

“ Nothing but Death shall part us.

“ FREDERICK.”



Which sweep o'er Lapland's frozen vales!
 And the red Tropics' whirlwind heat
 Is with the sad assent replete!
 How fierce yon tyrant's plummy crest!
 A blaze of gold illumines his breast;
 In pomp of threat'ning pow'r elate,
 He madly dares to spurn at fate!
 But—when Night with shadowy robe
 Hangs upon the darken'd globe,
 In *his* chamber,—sad,—alone,
 By starts, he pours the fearful groan!
 From flatt'ring crowds retir'd—he bows the knee
 And mutters forth a pray'r—because *he thinks of*
thee!

Gayly smiles the nuptial bow'r,
 Bedeck'd with many an od'rous flow'r;
 While the spousal pair advance,
 Mixing oft the melting gaze,
 In fondest extacy of praise.
 Ah! short delusive trance!
 What tho' the festival be there;—
 The rapt Bard's warblings fill the air;
 And joy and harmony combine!
 Touch but the talisman, and all is thine!
 Th' insensate lovers fix in icy fold,
 And on his throbbing lyre the Minstrel's hand is
 cold!

'Tis

'Tis Thou can'st quench the eagle's sight,
 That stems the cataract of light !
 Forbid the vernal buds to blow—
 Bend th' obedient forest low—
 And tame the monsters of the main,
 Such is thy potent reign !
 O'er earth, and air, and sea !
 Yet, art thou still *disdain'd by me*.
 And I have reason for my scorn;—
 Do I not hate the rising morn;
 The garish noon; the eve serene;
 The fresh'ning breeze; the sportive green;
 The painted pleasures throng'd resort;
 And all the splendors of the court?
 And has not *sorrow* chose to dwell
 Within my hot-heart's central cell ?
 And are not hope's weak visions o'er,
 Can love or rapture reach me more ?
 Then tho' I scorn thy stroke—I call *thee friend*,
 For in thy calm embrace my weary woes shall end.

ON THE COMFORTABLE
DOCTRINE OF FUTURITY.

IT would be a very needless undertaking to
 prove, " That man is born to sorrow, as the
 sparks fly upward." Every day bears its testi-

mony to this melancholy truth; and sooner or later will make every man a convert to it. The nature of this world and all its occurrences, the constitution of the human mind, and the frame of our bodies, subject us to various and innumerable afflictions. Our hopes often terminate in disappointment; or, if they meet with gratification, the objects seldom answer our wishes, and hardly ever fail to lose their relish during a length of possession. Our fears are often vain, and always productive of bitter inquietude. They frequently import distant evils by anticipation—evils which never may arrive. They multiply, likewise, and enlarge future ills beyond their just number and real magnitude. And, indeed, with regard to what are usually stiled pleasures, they are generally purchased with difficulty, or accompanied with some uneasiness, or end in remorse and vexation of spirit.

But let us attend the counsels of the sick, and what mortifying lessons may we learn from those who, in the severity of their sufferings, appropriate to themselves the language of Job! “I am made to possess months of vanity, and wearisome nights are appointed to me. When I lie down, I say, when shall I arise, and the night be gone? and I am full of tossings to and fro unto the dawning
ing

ing of the day." These are very pitiable scenes of distress! which one day or other may become the portion of every one of us. Shall we take a view of the most piercing of all afflictions? then let us enter the houses of mourning, where death hath made irreparable breaches into family connections and comforts; where we shall hear the cries of parents bereaved of their children, or of children bewailing their departed parents. Now, is there any doctrine, or if there be, what is that doctrine, which can sustain the human mind amidst all the manifold difficulties, disappointments, and pressures of human life? What is that doctrine which can inspire fortitude, patience, and resignation, under sickness, pain, and dissolution? Whence are we to fetch those principles that can support us under the agonizing solemnity of parting with our expiring relatives and friends?—Yes; the glorious discovery of a resurrection to everlasting happiness. This blessed doctrine, duly believed, ever uppermost in our thoughts, and actuating all our behaviour, will lead us to regard the funeral removal of all that are near and dear to us, as only a temporary separation, which never, *never* shall prevail any more, because "Death shall then be swallowed up in victory."

But this exquisite happiness is reserved for those only who lead virtuous and holy lives: "for without holiness no man can see the Lord." It is therefore highly necessary that this consideration should sink deep into our breasts, and influence every part of our conduct. If this doctrine be conscientiously observed by us, we may reasonably hope to die comfortably, and after death to rise gloriously.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

TO be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition; the end to which every enterprise and labour tends, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution. It is indeed at home that every man must be known, by those who would make a just estimate either of his virtue or felicity; for smiles and embroidery are alike occasional, and the mind is often dressed for shew in painted honour, and fictitious benevolence.

VOLTAIRE.

M. TRONCHIN, Voltaire's physician, told some friends of his, that on his last attendance

ance upon this celebrated writer, a few hours before his death, he heard him cry out in great agitation, " I die abandoned by God and man." " I wished, from my heart," added M. Tronchin, " that all those persons who had been seduced by reading Voltaire's writings, had been witnesses of his death."

ANECDOTES

OF

BISHOP WARBURTON.

A FANTASTICAL Preacher, in one of our new built London chapels, who belonged to the Bishop's diocese, one day wrote to him for leave of non-residence upon his living. " You had better," replied the Bishop, " do your duty in your parish, than play your monkey tricks at the chapel in ——— street."

On the admission of a certain modest Divine to be the Bishop's chaplain, a lively inmate of the house observed, " what an excellent fallad they should now have, the Chaplain's oil coalescing so well with the Bishop's vinegar."

ALEXANDER

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

ALEXANDER demanded of a pirate, whom he had taken, by what right he infested the seas? " By the same right (replied he boldly) that you enslave the world. But I am called a robber, because I have only one small vessel; and you are stiled a conqueror, because you command great fleets and armies,"

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

SIR ISAAC set out in life as a clamorous infidel, but that on a nice examination of the evidences for Christianity, he had found reason to change his opinion. When the celebrated Dr. Edmund Halley was talking infidelity before him, Sir Isaac said, " Man, you had better hold your tongue, you are talking about what you do not understand." So patient was this admirable man, not only of thinking but of pain, that when in his last illness,—that of the stone,—his agony was so great, that drops of sweat forced themselves through a double night cap, which he wore, he never complained, or cried out.

ANECDOTE

ANECDOTE OF HIS MAJESTY.

HIS MAJESTY, during the two nights of the riots, sat up with several general Officers in the Queen's Riding-House, from whence messengers were constantly dispatched to observe the motions of the mob.—Between three and four thousand troops were in the Queen's Gardens, and surrounded Buckingham-House. During the first night the alarm was so sudden, that no straw could be got for the troops to rest themselves on; which being told his Majesty, he, accompanied with one or two officers, went throughout the ranks, telling them, “ My lads, my crown cannot purchase you straw to night, but depend on it, I have given orders that a sufficiency shall be here to-morrow forenoon; as a substitute for the straw, my servants will instantly serve you with a good allowance of wine and spirits, to make your situation as comfortable as possible; and I shall keep you company myself till morning.” The King did so, walking mostly in the garden, sometimes visiting the Queen and the Children in the palace, and receiving all messages in the Riding-House, it being in a manner head quarters. When he was told that part of the mob was attempting to get into St. James's, and to the Park, he forbade the soldiers

diers to fire, but ordered them to keep off the rioters with their bayonets; the mob, in consequence of that, were so daring as to take hold of the bayonets and shake them, defying the soldiers to fire or hurt them; however, nothing further was attempted on the part of the rioters in that quarter.

ON THE CHARACTER OF A SLANDERER.

OF all the characters in life, none can be more despicable, none more pernicious to society, than that of a Slanderer. He seems to possess a genius only, fit for mischief and dark designs. He seizes every opportunity to heighten his own importance, whilst he takes every advantage of weakness or misfortune to depress that of others. He envies those whom he sees united, and waits for a convenient opportunity to dissolve the union. If adversity is our lot, how alleviating is the solace of a friend; should success smile on our endeavours, still his conversation is one of the most satisfactory pleasures we can enjoy. What ideas, then, can be sufficient, or expressions severe enough, to characterise a being who would destroy
that

that comfort which a friend can afford us in distress! or, when we are prosperous, that delight which arises from his participation! But, how much worse, and more unpardonably cruel, is it, if he slanders us to those who have it in their power to resent, nay, perhaps, to ruin us, by withdrawing their favours, to our disadvantage. It is not in the power of imagination to paint, in its true colours, villainy like this. Mr. Addison asserts, and on his authority I presume, “ that every honest man sets as high a value upon a good name as upon life itself; and I cannot,” says he, “ but think that those who privately assault the one, would destroy the other, might they do it with secrecy and impunity.” If this, then, be so, those who are detected in slander ought to be looked upon as assassins in their hearts, and meet with that contempt and abhorrence which so base a crime excites and deserves.



An O D E

FOR

HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY.

WHAT native Genius taught the Britons bold
 To guard their sea-girt cliffs of old?
 'Twas Liberty: she taught disdain
 Of Death, of Rome's Imperial chain:
 She bade the Druid harp to battle sound,
 In tones prophetic, through the gloom profound
 Of forests hoar, with holy foliage hung;
 From grove to grove the pealing prelude rung;
 Belinus call'd his painted tribes around,
 And, rough with many a veteran scar,
 Swept the pale legions with scythed car:
 While baffled Cæsars fled, to gain
 An easier triumph on Pharfalia's plain;
 And left the stubborn isle to stand elate
 Amidst a conquer'd world, in lone majestic state.

II.

A kindred spirit soon to Britain's shore
 The sons of Saxon Elva bore;
 Fraught with th' unconquerable soul,
 Who died, to drain the warrior-bowl,
 In that bright Hall, where Odin's Gothic throne
 With the broad blaze of brandish'd falchion shone;
Where

Where the long roofs rebounded to the din
Of spectre chiefs, who feasted far within :

Yet, not intent on deathful deeds alone,
They felt the fires of social zeal,
The peaceful wisdom of the public weal ;
Though nurs'd in arms and hardy strife,
They knew to frame the plans of temper'd life ;
The King's the people's balanc'd claims to found
On one eternal base, indissolubly bound.

III.

Sudden, to shake the Saxon's mild domain,
Rush'd in rude swarms the robber Dane,
From frozen wastes, and caverns wild,
To genial England's scenes beguil'd ;
And in his clamorous van exulting came
The Dæmons foul of famine and of flame :
Witness the sheep-clod summits, roughly crown'd
With many a frowning foss, and airy mound,

Which yet his desultory march proclaim !
Nor ceas'd the tide of gore to flow,
'Till Alfred's laws allur'd th' intestine foe ;
And Harold calm'd his headlong rage
To brave achievement, and to counsel sage ;
For oft in savage breasts the buried seeds
Of brooding Virtue live, and Freedom's fairest
deeds !

IV.

IV.

But see, triumphant o'er the Southern wave
 The Norman sweeps!—Though first he gave
 New grace to Britain's naked plain,
 With arts and manners in his train;
 And many a fane he rear'd, that still sublime
 In massy pomp, has mock'd the stealth of time;
 And castle fair, that stript of half its towers,
 From some broad steep in shatter'd glory lows;
 Yet brought he slavery from a softer clime:
 Each eve, the curfew's note severe,
 (That now but soothes the musing poet's ear)
 At the new tyrant's stern command,
 Warn'd to unwelcome rest a wakeful land;
 While proud oppression o'er the ravish'd field
 High rais'd his armed hand, and shook the feudal
 shield.

V.

Stoop'd then that freedom to despotic sway,
 For which, in many a fierce affray,
 The Briton's bold, the Saxon's bled,
 His Danish javelins Lefwin led,
 O'er Hastings' plain, to stay the Norman yoke?
 She felt, but to refit, the sudden stroke:
 The Tyrant-Baron grasp'd the Patriot's steel,
 And taught the Tyrant-King its force to feel;
 And quick revenge the regal bondage broke,
 And

And still, unchang'd and uncontroul'd,
 Its rescued rights shall the dread empire hold;
 For lo, revering Britain's cause,
 A King new lustre lends to native laws!
 The sacred Sovereign of this festal day
 On Albion's old renown reflects a kindred ray!

A DARING ROBBERY.

THREE men, appearing as graziers, called at a respectable farmer's, and enquired if he was at home. The girl told them her master was only in the field, and that she would call him.—When the farmer came, he enquired their business. One of them immediately answered, he was the person that wanted him, and that he would wish to ask him a question in private. The farmer desired him to walk into the parlour; and the other two seated themselves in the kitchen. As soon as the door was shut, the sharper told him, his question was a very simple one, and he hoped he would not take a long time to answer it; it was either to choose to give him fifty pounds, or to have a brace of bullets in his body, he was determined to be satisfied, and if he did not comply, he should first have the bullets, and his men were ready to plunder the house. The farmer told him
 he

he had no such money in the house, but would give him all he had, ~~which~~ was twenty pounds; but this would not satisfy the villain, who told him he saw him receive 110*l.* at Cliffe fair, on Saturday, and intended to have paid him a visit that night, but was prevented. The farmer was at length obliged to comply; and though the villain saw more than what he demanded in the desk, when the farmer was giving him the money, he did not require it; but, when he received his booty, he said, I am much obliged to you.—I shall not trouble you again these three years; but if fortunate till that time, may again pay you a visit.—He opened the door, and told one of the men to fetch their horses; and when mounted, rode off full speed.

THE HISTORY
OF A
YOUNG WOMAN

That came to LONDON for a SERVICE.

I AM the daughter of a country gentleman, whose family is numerous, and whose estate, not at first sufficient to supply us with affluence, has been lately so much impaired by an unsuccessful law-

law-suit, that all the younger children are obliged to try such means as **their** education affords them, for procuring the necessaries of life. Distress and curiosity concurred to bring me to London, where I was received by a relation with the coldness which misfortune generally finds. A week, a long week, I lived with my cousin, before the most vigilant enquiry could procure us the least hopes of a place, in which time I was much better qualified to bear all the vexations of servitude. The first two days she was content to pity me; and only wished I had not been quite so well bred; but people must comply with their circumstances.— This lenity, however, was soon at an end; and, for the remaining part of the week, I heard every hour of the pride of my family, the obstinacy of my father, and of people better born than myself that were common servants.

At last, on Saturday noon, she told me, with very visible satisfaction, that Mrs. Bombazine, the great silk mercer's lady, wanted a maid, and a fine place it would be; for there would be nothing to do but to clean my mistress's room, get up her linen, dress the young ladies, wait at tea in the morning, take care of a little Miss just come from nurse, and then sit down to my needle. But Madam was a woman of great spirit, and would not
be

be contradicted, and therefore I should take care, for good places were not easily to be got.

With these cautions I waited on Madame Bombazine, of whom the first sight gave me no ravishing ideas. She was two yards round the waist, her voice was at once loud and squeaking, and her face brought to my mind the picture of the full moon. Are you the young woman, says she, that are come to offer yourself? It is strange when people of substance want a servant, how soon it is the town-talk. But they know they shall have a belly-full that live with me. Not like people at the other end of the town, we dine at one o'clock. But I never take any body without a character; what friends do you come of? I then told her my father was a gentleman, and that we had been unfortunate.—A great misfortune, indeed, to come to me, and have three meals a day!—So your father was a gentleman, and you are a gentlewoman I suppose—such gentlewomen! Madam, I did not mean to claim any exemptions, I only answered your enquiry.—Such gentlewomen! people should set their children to good trades, and keep them off the parish. Pray go to the other end of the town, there are gentlewomen, if they would pay their debts: I am sure we have lost enough by gentlewomen. Upon this, her broad
face

face grew broader with triumph, and I was afraid she would have taken me for the pleasure of continuing her insult; but, happily the next word was, pray, Mrs. Gentlewoman, troop down stairs. You may believe I obeyed her.

I returned, and met with a better reception from my cousin than I expected; for while I was out, she had heard that Mrs. Standish, whose husband had lately been raised from a clerk in an office, to be Commissioner of the Excise, had taken a fine house, and wanted a maid.

To Mrs. Standish I went, and, after having waited six hours, was at last admitted to the top of the stairs, when she came out of her room, with two of her company. There was a smell of punch. So, young woman, you want a place, whence do you come? From the country, Madam.—Yes, they are all come out of the country. And what brought you to town, a bastard? Where do you lodge? At the Seven Dials. What, you never heard of the Foundling-House! Upon this they all laughed so obstreperously, that I took the opportunity of sneaking off in the tumult.

I then heard of a place at an elderly lady's.—She was at cards; but, in two hours, I was told, she would speak to me. She asked me if I could

I

keep

keep an account, and ordered me to write. I wrote two lines out of some book that lay by her. She wondered what poor people meant, to breed up poor girls to write at that rate. I suppose, Mrs. Flirt, if I was to see your work, it would be fine stuff!—You may walk. I will not have love-letters written from my house to every young fellow in the street.

Two days after, I went on the same pursuit to Lady Lofly, dressed, as I was directed, in what little ornaments I had, because she had lately got a place at Court. Upon the first sight of me, she turns to the woman that showed me in—Is this the lady that wants a place? Pray what place would you have, Miss? a maid of honour's place? Servants now-a-days!—Madam, I heard you wanted—Wanted what? Somebody finer than myself! A pretty servant indeed—I should be afraid to speak to her.—I suppose, Mrs. Minx, these fine hands cannot bear wetting.—A servant indeed! Pray move off—I am resolved to be the head person in this house—You are ready dress'd, the taverns will be open.

I went to enquire for the next place in a clean linen gown, and heard the servant tell his lady, there was a young woman, but he saw she would not do. I was brought up, however. Are you the trollop

trollop that has the impudence to come for my place? What, you have hired that nasty gown and are come to steal a better.—Madam, I have another, but being obliged to walk—Then these are your manners, with your blushes, and your courtesies, to come to me in your worst gown. Madam, give me leave to wait upon you in my other. Wait on me, you saucy slut! Then you are sure of coming—I could not let such a drab come near me. Here you girl, that came up with her, have you touched her? If you have, wash your hands before you dress me—Such trollops! Get you down—What, whimpering? pray walk.

I went away with tears; for my cousin had lost all patience. However, she told me, that having a respect for my relations, she was willing to keep me out of the street, and would let me have another week.

The first day of this week I saw two places. At one I was asked where I had lived? And upon my answer, was told by the lady, that people should qualify themselves in ordinary places, for she should never have done if she was to follow girls about. At the other house I was a smirking huffy, and that sweet face I might make money of.—For her part, it was a rule with her never to take any creature that thought herself handsome.

The three next days were spent in Lady Bluff's entry, where I waited six hours every day for the pleasure of seeing the servants peep at me, and go away laughing—Madam will stretch her small shanks in the entry; she will know the house again.—At sun-set, the two first days, I was told, that my lady would see me to-morrow, and on the third, that her woman staid.

My week was now near its end, and I had no hopes of a place. My relation, who always laid upon me the blame of every miscarriage, told me that I must learn to humble myself, and that all great ladies had particular ways; that if I went on in that manner, she could not tell who would keep me; she had known many that had refused places, sell their clothes, and beg in the streets.

It was to no purpose that the refusal was declared by me to be never on my side; I was reasoning against interest, and against stupidity; and therefore I comforted myself with the hope of succeeding better in my next attempt, and went to Mrs. Courtly, a very fine lady, who had routes at her house, and saw the best of company in town.

I had not waited two hours before I was called up, and found Mr. Courtly and his lady at piquet,

quet, in the height of good humour. This I looked on as a favourable sign, and stood at the lower end of the room in expectation of the common questions. At last Mr. Courtly called out, after a whisper, stand facing the light, that one may see you. I changed my place, and blushed. They frequently turned their eyes upon me, and seemed to discover many subjects of merriment; for at every look they whispered, and laughed with the most violent agitations of delight. At last Mr. Courtly cried out, is this colour your own, child? Yes, says the lady, if she has not robbed the kitchen hearth. This was so happy a conceit, that it renewed the storm of laughter, and they threw down their cards in hopes of better sport. The lady then called me to her, and began with an affected gravity to enquire what I could do? But first turn about, and let us see your fine shape. Well, what are you fit for, Mrs. Mum? You would find your tongue, I suppose in the kitchen. No, no, says Mr. Courtly, the girl's a good girl yet, but I am afraid a brisk young fellow, with fine tags on his shoulders—Come, child, hold up your head; what! have you stole nothing?—Not yet, says the lady, but she hopes to steal your heart quickly. Here was a laugh of happiness and triumph, prolonged by the confusion which I could no longer repress. At last the lady recollected herself: Stole!

no—

no—but if I had her, I should watch her; for that downcast eye.—Why cannot you look people in the face? Steal! says her husband, she would steal nothing but perhaps a few ribbands before they were left off by her lady. Sir, answered I, why should you, by supposing me a thief, insult one from whom you have received no injury? Insult, says the lady; are you come here to be a servant, you saucy baggage, and talk of insulting? What will this world come to, if a gentleman may not jest with a servant? Well, such servants! pray be gone, and see when you will have the honour to be so insulted again. Servants insulted!—a fine time—Insulted! Get down stairs, you slut, or the footman shall insult you.

The last day of the last week was now coming; and my kind cousin talked of sending me down in the waggon to preserve me from bad courses.—But in the morning she came and told me that she had one more trial for me; Euphemia wanted a maid, and perhaps I might do for her; for, like me, she must fall her crest, being forced to lay down her chariot upon the loss of half her fortune by bad securities, and with her way of giving her money to every body that pretended to want it, she could have little before hand; therefore I might serve her; for, with all her fine sense, she must not pretend to be nice.

I went

I went immediately, and met at the door a young gentlewoman, who told me she had herself been hired that morning, but that she was ordered to bring any that offered up stairs. I was accordingly introduced to Euphemia, who, when I came in, laid down her book, and told me, that she sent for me, not to gratify an idle curiosity, but lest my disappointment might be made still more grating by incivility; that she was in pain to deny any thing, much more what was no favour; that she saw nothing in my appearance which did not make her wish for my company; but that another, whose claims might perhaps be equal, had come before me.—The thought of being so near to such a place, and missing it, brought tears into my eyes, and my sobs hindered me from returning my acknowledgments. She rose up confused, and supposing, by my concern, that I was distressed, placed me by her, and made me tell her my story; which when she heard, she put two guineas in my hand, ordering me to lodge near her, and make use of her table till she could provide for me.



A CURIOUS
METHOD of obtaining JUSTICE
 FROM ONE OF THE
 EASTERN CALIPHS.

IT is recorded of Hakham, the son and successor of Abdoulrahman III. who, wanting to enlarge his palace, proposed to purchase of a poor woman a piece of ground that lay contiguous to it. However, she could not be prevailed upon to part with the inheritance of her ancestors, and Hakham's officers took by force what they could not otherwise obtain. The poor woman applied to Ibn-bechir, the chief magistrate of Corduba, for justice. The case was delicate and dangerous. Bechir concluded that the ordinary methods of proceeding would be ineffectual, if not fatal. He mounted his ass, and taking a large sack with him, rode to the palace of the Caliph. The Prince happened to be sitting in a pavilion that had been erected in the poor woman's garden. Hakham shewed some surprize at his appearance and request, but allowed him to fill his sack. When this was done, the magistrate intreated the Prince to assist him in laying the burden on the ass. This extraordinary request surprized Hakham still more ; but he only told the Judge that it was too heavy ; he could not bear it. Yet this sack, replied Bechir, with a noble

noble assurance, this sack which you think too heavy to bear, contains but a small portion of that ground which you took by violence from the right owner. How then will you be able, at the day of judgment, to support the weight of the whole? The remonstrance was effectual, and Hakham, without delay, restored the ground, with the buildings upon it, to the former proprietor.

BANISHMENT:

CONSOLATION UNDER IT.

ALL places that the eye of Heaven visits,
 Are, to a wise man, ports and happy havens.
 Teach thy necessity to reason thus:
 There is no virtue like necessity,
 And think not, that the King did banish thee;
 But thou the King. Woe doth the heavier sit
 Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
 Go say, I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
 And not the King exil'd thee. Or suppose,
 Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
 And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
 Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
 To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st.
 Suppose the singing birds, musicians;

K

The

The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence
floor;

The flower's, fair ladies; and thy steps, no more
Than a delightful measure, or a dance.

For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.

ENGLAND.

THIS royal throne of Kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of Majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-Paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself,
Against infection, and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or of a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands.

H I N T S

FOR A

YOUNG MARRIED WOMAN.

IT has often been thought, that the first year af-
ter marriage is the happiest of a woman's life.

We

We must first suppose that she marries from motives of affection, or what the world calls love; and even in this case the rule admits of many exceptions, and she encounters many difficulties. She has her husband's temper to study, his family to please, household cares to attend, and, what is worse than all; she must cease to command, and learn to obey. She must learn to submit, without repining, where she has been used to have even her looks studied.

Would the tender lover treat his adored mistress like a rational being, rather than a goddess, a woman's task would be rendered much easier, and her life much happier. Would the flatterer pay his devoirs to her understanding, rather than her person, he would soon find his account in it. — Would he consult her on his affairs, converse with her freely on all subjects, and make her his companion and friend, instead of flattering her beauty, admiring her dress, and exalting her beyond what human nature merits, for what can at best be only called fashionable accomplishments, he would find himself less disappointed, and she would rattle the marriage chains with less impatience and difficulty. Now, can a sensible man expect, that the poor vain trifler, to whom he pays so much court, should make an intelligent, agreeable

ble companion, an assiduous and careful wife, a fond and anxious mother? When a man pays court only to a woman's vanity, he can expect nothing but a fashionable wife, who may shine as a fine lady, but never in the foster intercourse of domestic endearments. How often is it owing to these lords of the creation, that the poor women become in reality, what their ridiculous partiality made them suppose themselves? A pretty method truly is this of improving the temper, informing the mind, engaging the affections, and exciting our esteem for those objects that we entrust with our future happiness.

I will now give my fair friends a few hints with regard to their conduct in the most respectable of all characters, a wife, a mother, and a friend.— But first let me assert, that I do it with confidence, that nothing can be more false than the idea, that *a reformed Rake makes the BEST husband!* This is a common opinion, but, it is not mine, at least. There are too many chances against it.

A libertine, by the time he can bear to think of matrimony, has little left to boast, but a shattered constitution, empty pockets, tradesmen's bills, bad habits, and a taste for dress, public places, and vices of every description. The poor
wife's

wife's fortune will supply the rake with these fashionable follies a little longer. When money, the last resource, fails, he becomes peevish, sour, and discontented. Angry she can indulge him no longer, and ungrateful and regardless of her past favours. Disease, with all her miserable attendants, next steps in! Ill is he prepared, either in mind or body, to cope with pain, sickness, poverty, and wretchedness. The poor wife has spent all in supporting his extravagancies. She may now pine for want, with a helpless infant crying for bread. Shunned and despised by her friends, and neglected by all her acquaintance.

This, my beloved fair, is too often the case with many of our sex.—The task of reforming a rake is much above a woman's capacity. If a young woman marries an amiable and virtuous young man, she has nothing to fear, she may even glory in giving up her own wishes to his! Never marry a man whose understanding will not excite your esteem, and whose virtues will not engage your affections. If a woman once thinks herself superior to her husband, all authority ceases, and she cannot be brought to *obey*, where she thinks she is so well enabled to *command*.

Sweetness

Sweetness and gentleness are all a woman's eloquence; and sometimes they are too powerful to be resisted, especially when accompanied with youth and beauty. They are then incitements to virtue, preventatives from vice, and affection's security.

Never let your brow be clouded with resentment! Never triumph in revenge! Who is it that you afflict? the man upon earth that should be dearest to you! upon whom all your future hopes of happiness must depend.—Poor the conquest, when our dearest friend must suffer,—and ungenerous must be the heart that can rejoice in such a victory.

Let your tears persuade: these speak the most irresistible language with which you can assail the heart of man. But even these sweet fountains of sensibility must not flow too often, lest they degenerate into weakness, and we lose our husband's esteem and affection by the very methods which were given us to insure them.

Study every little attention in your person, manner, and dress, that you find to please. Never be negligent in your appearance, because you expect nobody but your husband.—He is the first person to oblige. Always make your home agreeable to him :

him: receive him with ease, good humour, and cheerfulness. Betray neither suspicion nor jealousy.—Appear always gay and happy in his presence. Be particularly attentive to his favourite friends, even if they intrude upon you. A welcome reception will, at all times, counterbalance indifferent fare. Treat his relations with respect and affection, which will be the most powerful means of securing you a general good name.

Treat your husband with the most unreserved confidence in every thing that regards yourself, but never betray your friends letters or secrets to him. This he cannot, and, indeed, ought not to expect.—If you do not use him to it, he will never desire it. Be careful never to intrude upon his studies or his pleasures: be always glad to see him. Confine your endearments to your own fire side. Do not let the young envy you, nor the old abuse you for a weakness, which, upon reflection, you must yourselves condemn.

These hints will, I hope, be of some service to my fair countrywomen. They will perhaps, have more weight, when they know that the author of them has been married about a year, and has often, with success, practised those rules herself, which she now recommends to others.

OBSERVATION.

OBSERVATION.

IT is owing to Observation that our mind is furnished with the first, simple, and complex ideas. This lays the ground-work and foundation of all knowledge, and makes us capable of using any of the other methods for improving the mind: for if we did not attain a variety of sensible and intellectual ideas, by the sensation of outward objects, by the consciousness of our own appetites and passions, pleasures and pains, and by inward experience of the actions of our own spirits, it would be impossible either for men or books to teach us any thing. It is observation that must give us our first ideas of things, as it includes in its sense and consciousness.

All our knowledge derived from observation, whether it be of single ideas or of propositions, is knowledge gotten at first hand. Hereby we see and know things as they are, or as they appear to us; we take the impressions of them on our minds from the original objects themselves, which give a clearer and stronger conception of things.— These ideas are more lively, and the propositions (at least in many cases) are much more evident. Whereas what knowledge we derive from lectures, reading and conversation, is but the copy of other men's

men's ideas; that is, the picture of a picture; and 'tis one remove farther from the original.

Another advantage of observation is, that we may gain knowledge all the day long, and every moment of our lives, and every moment of our existence, we may be adding to our intellectual treasures thereby, except only while we are asleep; and even then the remembrance of our dreamings will teach us some truths, and lay a foundation for a better acquaintance with human nature, both in the powers and frailties of it.

The FALL of the LEAF.

SEE the leaves around ye falling,
 Dry and wither'd, to the ground,
 Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
 In a sad and solemn sound:

“ Sons of Adam, once in Eden,
 “ When like us, he blighted fell,
 “ Hear the lecture we are reading,
 “ 'Tis, alas! the truth we tell.

“ Virgins, much, too much presuming,
 “ On your boasted white and red,

L

“ View

" View us, late in beauty blooming,
" Number'd now among the dead.

" Griping misers, nightly waking,
" See the end of all your care;
" Fled on wings of our own making,
" We have left our owners bare.

" Sons of honour, fed on praises,
" Flutt'ring high in fancied worth,
" Lol the fickle air that raises,
" Brings us down to parent earth.

" Learned sires, in system jaded,
" Who for new ones daily call,
" Cease at length, by us persuaded;
" Every leaf must have a fall.

" Youth, tho' yet no losses grieve you,
" Gay in health and many a grace,
" Let not cloudless skies deceive you;
" Summer gives to Autumn place."

On the tree of life eternal,
Man let all thy hopes be stay'd;
Which alone, for ever vernal,
Bears the leaves that never fade.

DEGENERACY OF HUMAN NATURE.

LET us farther suppose, what is sufficiently evident to our daily observation and experience, that all mankind are now a degenerate, feeble, and unhappy race of beings; that we are become sinners in the sight of God, and exposed to his anger: it is manifest enough, this whole world is a fallen, sinful, and rebellious province of God's dominion, and under the actual displeasure of its righteous Creator and Governor. The overspreading deluge of folly and error, iniquity and misery, that covers the face of the earth, gives abundant ground for such a supposition. The experience of every man on earth affords a strong and melancholy proof, that our reasoning powers are easily led away into mistake and falshood, wretchedly bribed and biased by prejudices, and daily overpowered by some corrupt appetites or passions, and our wills led astray to choose the evil instead of good. The best of us sometimes break the laws of our Maker, by contradicting the rules of piety and virtue which our own reason and consciences suggest to us. "There is none righteous" perfectly; "no not one." Nor is there one person upon earth free from troubles and dif-

ficulties, and pains and sorrows, such as testify some resentments of our Maker.

Even from our infancy, our diseases, pains, and sorrows begin, and it is very remarkably evident in some families, that these pains and diseases are propagated to the offspring, as they were contracted by the vices of the parents: and particular vicious inclinations, as well as particular distempers, are conveyed from parents to children sometimes through several generations. The best of us are not free from irregular propensities and passions, even in the younger parts of life, and as our years advance, our sins break out, and continue more or less through all our lives. Our whole race then is plainly degenerate, sinful and guilty before God, and are under some tokens of his anger.

ALLEGORY
ON THE
ABUSE OF RICHES.

CHREMYLUS, who was an old and a good man, and withal exceeding poor, being desirous to leave some riches to his son, consults the oracle of Apollo upon the subject. The oracle bids

bids him follow the first man he should see upon his going out of the temple. The person he chanced to see was to appearance an old, sordid, blind man; but upon his following him from place to place, he at last found by his own confession, that he was Plutus, the God of riches, and that he was just come out of the house of a miser. Plutus further told him, that when he was a boy, he used to declare, that as soon as he came to age, he would distribute wealth to none but virtuous and just men; upon which Jupiter, considering the pernicious consequence of such a resolution, took his sight away from him, and left him to stroll about the world in the blind condition wherein Chremylus beheld him. With much ado Chremylus prevailed upon him to go to his house, where he met an old woman in a tattered raiment, who had been his guest for many years, and whose name was Poverty. The old woman refusing to turn out so easily as he would have her, he threatened to banish her not only from his own house, but out of the kingdom, if she made any more words upon the matter. Poverty, on this occasion, pleads her cause very notably, and represents to her old landlord, that should she be driven out of the country, all their trades, arts, and sciences, would be driven out with her; and that if every one was rich, they would never be supplied with those
pomp,

pomps, ornaments, and conveniencies of life, which made riches defirable. She likewise represented to him the several advantages which she bestowed upon her votaries, in regard to their shape, their health, and their activity, by preserving them from gout, dropfies, unwieldiness, and intemperance. But whatever she had to say for herself, she was at last forced to troop off. Chremylus immediately considered how he might restore Plutus to his sight; and, in order to it, conveyed him to the temple of Æsculapius, who was famous for cures and miracles of this nature. By this means the Deity recovered his eyes, and began to make a right use of them, by enriching every one that was distinguished by piety towards the Gods, and justice towards men; and at the same time by taking away his gifts from the impious and undeserving. This produced several merry incidents, till at last Mercury descended with great complaints from the Gods, that since the good men were grown rich, they had received no sacrifices, which is confirmed by the priest of Jupiter, who remonstrates that since the late innovation, he was reduced to a starving condition, and could not live upon his office. Chremylus, who in the beginning was religious in his poverty, at last makes a proposal, which was relished by all the good men, who were now grown rich as well as himself, that they should carry Plutus in a solemn

solemn procession to the temple, and instal him in the place of Jupiter.

This allegory may instruct mankind in two points, first, as it vindicates the conduct of Providence in its ordinary distribution of wealth; and in the next place, as it shews the great tendency of riches to corrupt the morals of those who possess them.

RELAXATION
AFTER THE
FATIGUES OF WAR;
OR, THE
Philosophy of an HERO.
WRITTEN BY THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

BY cherub Hope the bosom fir'd,
 Supports a lover's ardent pains;
 Zeal is by recompence inspir'd,
 And pow'r authority maintains.
 The weak by prudence strength o'erthrows,
 Credit by probity is gain'd,
 While Heaven-born health from temperance
 flows,
 And virtue by contentment is ad-

By

By ease the blessings of content we gain,
And ease by fair œconomy obtain.

An even soul, and gentle mind,
A soft, bewitching, nameless grace,
I value more in woman-kind,
Than all the beauties of the face.

I love the author who declares
The honest truth, in humble style,
Before the man who artful dares,

With specious words our ears beguile.
Wouldst thou be happy, then this truth believe,
Virtue will joys impart when science will deceive.

Health before riches I admire,
And friendship more than weak-eyed pity;
Repose than profit more desire,
And prudence more than to be witty.

A snug estate, from mortgage free,
A little garden to improve,
A table small but neat to see,
A little lass who well can love:

These are the things can real joy impart,
And fill with soft content the human heart.

Give me, when winter snows descend,
And storms confine me to my home,
From colds and illness to defend,
A blazing fire in little room ;

In little glasses good old wine,
Wherewith my chosen friends to treat ;

And

And epicures love well to dine
 Off little plates of richest meat :
 And thus, with all my reason am I taught,
Too much of any thing is good for nought.
 Too much rest our genius dulls,
 Too much love disturbs the brain,
 Too much learning makes us fools,
 Too much bus'ness gives us pain.
 Too much physic makes us worse,
 From too much cunning cheating grows,
 Too much vigour is a curse,
 From too much saving av'rice flows.
 Too much courage makes us rash,
 From too much riches trouble springs,
 Too great honours are but trash,
 Too much pleasure sickness brings.
 By too much confidence we lose ;
 From too much wit what mischiefs rise ;
 Too much freedom's an abuse,
 Too much good-nature is not wise.
 Too much politeness is a thrall ;
 Yet all these things we blessings call.
 But if we rightly will attend,
 On *Nothing* all our acts depend.
 Nothing holds aloft the scales,
 And o'er ev'ry thing prevails ;
 Nothing makes us dangers dare,
 Nothing makes us oft despair ;

On nothing all our efforts turn,
 For nothing oft our bosoms burn;
 War from nothing springs; and love,
 All thy joys a nothing prove.

O N

SYMPATHY AND TENDERNESS.

OBJECTS of distress, and sights of misery, for the most part, affect and melt the mind: there is a natural compassion in almost every heart; and I think, upon a fair survey, we may pronounce our country, in general, not deficient in this amiable virtue. Indeed our many public and private charities are striking proofs of its prevalence. Humanity certainly ought to be much cultivated, as it is the seed of almost every thing excellent and praise-worthy: from humanity springs every prospect of real happiness; in proportion to the esteem which arises from the exertion of it, are our aversion and dislike of those who seem deficient in it. I am a little peculiar, you must know, in my judgment of men and things; and it will, perhaps, be thought a proof of it, that I generally put the compassion of my acquaintance to the test, before I admit them to any degree of confidence and esteem; to which I will never admit any man, whom
 I find

I find deficient in this distinguishing virtue of the human species. I am drawn into these reflections, by an accidental conversation last night with a lady, whose person and manners, at first attracted no unfavourable notice; but the chit-chat had not long gone round, before she began to tell us, that she had that day been at Bedlam, to see the mad people there. As I did not perceive any tender emotions upon this declaration, I could not help saying with some surprize, "And is it possible, Madam, that a lady like you, could visit, with any degree of pleasure, so melancholy and horrid an abode."—"O yes! (replied she with a smile) I assure you I was highly entertained: I met with some very amusing objects, and I heard a great many excellent stories; and was vastly delighted with the humour of the mad folks."—"Impossible, surely, (replied I) can it give delight to a tender female mind, whose first recommendation is winning softness, compassion, and mildness, to see human nature so debased! to see the noble and godlike soul so overthrown! to see fellow-creatures distressed beneath the most grievous of all afflictions! can this give pleasure to a female mind! nay, to any mind! Permit me to repeat, surely this is impossible!"

The

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The lady of the house perceiving that I delivered myself with some earnestness and gravity, and fearing, I suppose, lest the dispute might interfere with the gaiety and good-humour of the company, turned the conversation with a smile, and ordered the card tables. I play'd my rubber, and retired, chagrined, I freely confess, to see so fair a form (for the young lady was strikingly beautiful) so utterly devoid of that best and most lasting beauty, a sympathetic mind. "What hope (said I to myself) is there, that any man should find in such a woman, the tender and affectionate wife,

"The life's *companion*, and the softer *friend*:"
 What hope, that the amiable and endearing mother should speak from those eyes with inexpressible sweetness, when hanging over the little darling of her soul, and presenting the snowy bosom for the loved infant's nourishment: surely if the ladies desire to engage hearts, they should be careful to shew that they have hearts themselves: a heartless sacrifice was a prodigy among the ancients: a heartless woman is fit only to fill the arms of a Cossack."

It should certainly be a prime care in parents, to cultivate this generous virtue of compassion in their children. A cruel and unfeeling temper is much more early and easily fixed than we are aware of.

of. I am often shocked to see children persecuting and wantonly destroying flies and insects, while parents will even stand by and approve with a smile. The Lacedemonians (if I remember right) ordered a boy to be executed, who had cruelly put out the eyes of a quail, which had fallen into his hands. They thought, that so savage a disposition in a child, discovered so early, would make large steps towards the worst ferocity in the man; and therefore wisely determined to free their state from so dangerous an object. A parent ought to take care to imprint every pleasing notion of compassion and tenderness on the minds of their children.

I have only to observe farther, that it surprises me to think, that a permission should so generally be given to see the miserable objects in Bedlam: I know the gentlemen of the faculty assert, that is no difference to the objects themselves: I presume not to oppose the sentiments of such respectable persons. But I am more surprised, that such numbers in their right senses are found, who take a pleasure in visiting these sorrowful abodes! nay, who seemingly take a pleasure in tormenting and insulting those fallen objects. Does it never occur to themselves, " Ah! thou too art a man, and in a moment, perhaps, mayest be deprived of understanding,

derstanding, and shut up in a dark and dismal cell, like these, thy hapless fellow-creatures!" The reply of one of the madmen to a person, in Bedlam, shews, I think, that they are not utterly unaffected, and will remain, I hope, as a memento with some, not to treat them with impropriety and inhumanity: A young man came to the cell, and putting his face to the bars, interrogated the madman, why he was put in there? the madman fixed his eyes upon him, and looking with ineffable contempt, turned away: the young man repeated his question, with some clamorous insult: the madman rose and advanced towards him, upon which the person spit in his face, and laughing, again renewed his interrogatory, " For what was you put into this cell?" The madman, with calm disdain, stooped down, took up some of the straw whereon he lay, wiped the spittle with it from off his face, and smiling said, " You ask, why I was put into this dismal cell; I'll tell you, Sir:—It was for the loss of that, which God Almighty never gave you, or you wou'd not have treated me with such indignity."—To the honour of the Governors of Bedlam, it may be observed, the above custom has been lately discontinued.



ODE to DESPAIR.

THOU spectre of terrific mien,
 Lord of the hopeless heart and hollow eye,
 In whose fierce train each form is seen
 That drives sick reason to insanity!
 I woo thee with unusual prayer,
 "Grim-visag'd, comfortless Despair:"
 Approach; in me a willing victim find,
 Who seeks thine iron sway—and calls thee kind!

Ah! hide for ever from my sight
 The faithless flatterer Hope—whose pencil, gay,
 Portrays some vision of delight,
 Then bids the fairy tablet fade away;
 While in dire contrast, to mine eyes
 Thy phantoms, yet more hideous rise,
 And memory draws, from pleasure's wither'd
 flower,
 Corrosive for the heart—of fatal power!

I bid the traitor Love adieu!
 Who to this fond, believing bosom came,
 A guest insidious, and untrue,
 With pity's soothing voice—in friendship's name.
 The wounds *he* gave, nor time shall cure,
 Nor reason teach me to endure,
 And to that breast mild patience pleads in vain,
 Which feels the curse—of meriting its pain.

Yet

Yet not to me, tremendous power!
 Thy worst of spirit-wounding pangs impart,
 With which, in dark conviction's hour,
 Thou strik'st the guilty unrepentant heart!
 But, of illusion long the sport,
 That dreary, tranquil gloom I court,
 Where my past errors I may still deplore,
 And dream of long-lost happiness no more!

To thee I give this tortur'd breast,
 Where hope arises but to foster pain;
 Ah! lull its agonies to rest!
 Ah! let me never be deceiv'd again!
 But callous, in thy deep repose
 Behold, in long array, the woes
 Of the dread future, calm and undismay'd,
 'Till I may claim the hope—that shall not fade!

ESSAY

On Delicacy of Sentiment.

THE character of delicacy of sentiment, so esteemed at present, seems to have been unknown to the ancients. It is certainly a great refinement on humanity. Refinements were never attended to in the earlier ages, when the occupations

tions of war, and the wants of unimproved life, left little opportunity, and less inclination, for fanciful enjoyments. Dangers and distresses require strength of mind, and necessarily exclude an attention to those delicacies, which, while they please, infallibly enervate.

That tenderness which is amiable in a state of perfect civilization, is despised as a weakness among unpolished nations. Shocked at the smallest circumstances which are disagreeable, it cannot support the idea of danger and alarm. Likewise, from exercising the cruelties which are sometimes politically necessary in a rude state, it starts with horror from the sight, and at the description of them. It delights in the calm occupations of rural life, and would gladly resign the spear and the shield for the shepherd's crook, and the lover's garland. But in an uninformed community, where constant dangers require constant defence, those dispositions which delight in retirement and ease will be treated with general contempt; and no temper of mind which is despised will be long epide-
 demical.

The ancient Greeks and Romans were the most civilized people on the earth. They, however, were unacquainted with that extreme delicacy of sentiment which is become so universally prevalent

in modern times.—Perhaps some reasonable causes may be assigned. The Stoic philosophy endeavoured to introduce a total apathy, and though it was not embraced in all its rigidity by the vulgar, yet it had a sufficient number of votaries to diffuse a general taste for an insensibility. It perhaps originally meant no more than to teach men to govern their affections by the dictates of reason; but as a natural want of feeling produced the same effects as a rational regulation of the passions, it soon passed among the vulgar for what it could lay no claim to,—a philosophical indifference.

That respectful attention to women, which in modern times is called gallantry, was not to be found amongst the ancients. Women were looked upon as inferior beings, whose only duty was to contribute to pleasure, and superintend domestic œconomy. It was not till the days of chivalry that men shewed the desire of pleasing the softer sex, which seems to allow them a superiority. This deference to women refines the manners, and softens the temper; and it is no wonder that the ancients, who admitted no women to their social conversations, should acquire a roughness of manners incompatible with delicacy of sentiment.

Men who acted, thought, and spoke, like the ancients, were unquestionably furnished by nature
with

with every feeling in great perfection. But their mode of education contributed rather to harden than mollify their hearts. Politics and war were the sole general objects. Ambition, it is well known, renders all other passions subservient to itself: and the youth who had been accustomed to military discipline, and had endured the hardships of a campaign, though he might yield to the allurements of pleasure, would not have time to attend to the refinements of delicacy. But the modern soldier, in the present mode of conducting war, is not compelled to undergo many personal hardships, either in the preparation for his profession, or in the exercise of it. Commerce, but little known to many ancient nations, gives the moderns an opportunity of acquiring opulence without much difficulty or danger; and the infinite numbers who inherit this opulence, in order to pass away life with ease, have recourse to the various arts of exciting pleasure. The professions of divinity and law leave sufficient time, opportunity, and inclination to most of their professors, to pursue every amusement and gratification. The general plan of modern education, which, among the liberal, consists of the study of the poets and sentimental writers, contributes, perhaps more than all other causes, to humanize the heart, and refine the sentiments: for at the period when edu-

cation is commenced, the heart is most susceptible of impression.

Whatever disposition tends to soften, without weakening the mind, must be cherished; and it must be allowed, that delicacy of sentiment, on this side the extreme, adds greatly to the happiness of mankind, by diffusing an universal benevolence. It teaches men to feel for others as for themselves; it disposes us to rejoice with the happy, and, by partaking, to increase their pleasure. It frequently excludes the malignant passions, which are the sources of the greatest miseries in life. It excites a pleasing sensation in our own breast, which, if its duration be considered, may be placed among the highest gratifications of sense. The only ill consequence that can be apprehended from it is, an effeminacy of mind, which may disqualify us for vigorous pursuits and manly exertions.

In the most successful course of life, obstacles will impede, and disagreeable circumstances disgust. To bear these without feeling them, is sometimes necessary in the right conduct of life; but he who is tremblingly alive all over, and whose sensibility approaches to soreness, avoids the contest on which he knows he must be hurt. He feels injuries never committed; and resents affronts never

ver intended. Disgusted with men and manners, he either seeks retirement to indulge his melancholy, or, weakened by continual chagrin, he conducts himself with folly and imprudence.

How then shall we avoid the extreme of a disposition, which, in the due medium, is productive of the most salutary consequences? In this excess, as well as all others, reason must be called in to moderate. Sensibility must not be permitted to sink us into that state of indolence which effectually represents those manly sentiments that may very well consist with the most delicate. The greatest mildness is commonly united with the greatest fortitude in the true hero. Tenderness, joined with resolution, form, indeed, a finished character.

The affectation of great sensibility is extremely common. It is, however, as odious as the reality is amiable. It renders a man contemptible, and a woman ridiculous. Instead of relieving the afflicted, which is the necessary effect of genuine sympathy, a character of this sort flies from misery, to shew that it is too delicate to support the sight of distress.—The appearance of a toad, or the jolting of a carriage, will cause a paroxysm of fear. But it is remarkable, that this delicacy and tenderness often disappear in solitude, and the pre-
tender

tender to uncommon sensibility is frequently found, in the absence of witnesses, to be uncommonly unfeeling.

To have received a tender heart from the hand of Nature, is to have received the means of the greatest blessings. To have guided it by the dictates of reason, is to have acted up to the dignity of human nature, and to have obtained that happiness of which the heart was constituted susceptible. May a temper, thus laudable in itself, never be rendered contemptible by affectation, or useless by neglect!

ACCOUNT OF *A SINGULAR CHARACTER.*

THE village of Threlkeld, in Cumberland, a curacy, was once in the possession of a clergyman remarkable for the oddity of his character. This gentleman, by name Alexander Naughley, was a native of Scotland.

The cure in his time was very poor, only eight pounds sixteen shillings yearly; but, as he lived the life of a Diogenes, it was enough. His dress was mean and even beggarly: he lived alone, with
out

out a servant to do the meanest drudgery for him: his victuals he cooked himself, not very elegantly we may suppose: his bed was straw, with only two blankets.—But, with all these outward marks of a sloven, no man possessed a greater genius; his wit was ready, his satire keen and undaunted, and his learning extensive; add to this, that he was a facetious and agreeable companion; and though generally fond of the deepest retirement, would unbend among company, and become the chief promoter of mirth. He had an excellent library, and at his death, left behind him several manuscripts, on various subjects, and of very great merit. These consisted of, a Treatise on Algebra, Conic Sections, Spherical Trigonometry, and other Mathematical pieces. He had written some poetry, but most of this he destroyed before his death. His other productions would have shared the same fate, had they not been kept from him by a person to whom he had entrusted them. The state they were found in is scarcely less extraordinary than his other oddities; being written upon sixty loose sheets tied together with a shoemaker's waxed thread.

Mr. Naughley never was married; but having once some thoughts of entering into that state, he was rejected by the fair one to whom he paid his addresses.

addresses. Enraged at this disappointment, and to prevent the fair sex from having any further influence over him, he castrated himself, giving for his reason, "If thy right eye offend thee, &c." In consequence of this operation he grew prodigiously fat, and his voice, which was naturally good, improved very much, and continued during his life. He died April 30th, 1756, at the age of 76, having served this curacy forty-seven years.

Among the extraordinary anecdotes related of him, the Dean, in the course of his peregrination, visiting Mr. Naughley, upon entering into his house, found great fault with every article of his dress, furniture, and all parts of his dwelling.—The Dean being about to depart, Mr. Naughley stopped him, saying, "Dean, you have not seen the most valuable part of my furniture." The Dean looked, but could not perceive any thing even decent. "Ah," said Mr. Naughley, "there is contentment peeping out of every corner of my cot, and you cannot see her. I suppose you are not acquainted with her? Upon the walls of your lordly mansion, and in your bedchamber, is written, Dean and Chapter; after that, Bishop. No thought of these here; nor ladies, nor equipage. Contentment keeps them off." Mr. Naughley
then

then repeated to him the passage in Horace.—*Hoc erat in votis, modus agri non ita magnus, &c.* A little farm, and a pleasant clear spring, a garden, and a grove—were the utmost of my wish. Heaven, in its bounty, has exceeded my hopes; it has given me contentment.

A MAN PERISHING IN THE SNOW,

WITH REFLECTIONS

On the MISERIES of Human Life.

(THOMSON.)

AS thus the snows arise; and foul, and fierce,
 All winter drives along the darkened air;
 In his own loose-revolving fields the swain
 Disaster'd stands: sees other hills ascend,
 Of unknown joyless brow! and other scenes,
 Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain:
 Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
 Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on
 From hill to dale, still more and more astray;
 Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted heaps,
 Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of
 home
 Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
 In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!

O

What

What black despair, what horror fills the heart!
When for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd
His tufted cottage rising thro' the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the track, and blest abode of man;
While round him night resistless closes fast,
And every tempest, howling o'er his head,
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent! beyond the power of frost,
Of faithless bogs, of precipices huge,
Smooth'd up with snow; and, what is land, un-
known,

What water, of the still unfrozen spring,
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
These check his fearful steps, and down he sinks
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
Mix'd with the tender anguish, nature shoots
Thro' the wrung bosom of the dying man,
His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.
In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their fire,
With tears of artless innocence. Alas!

Nor

Nor wife, nor children, no more shall he behold,
 Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
 The deadly winter seizes; shuts up sense;
 And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
 Lays him along the snows, a stiffened corpse,
 Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

Ah little think the gay licentious proud,
 Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;
 They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
 And wanton, often cruel, riot waste;
 Ah little think they, while they dance along,
 How many feel, this very moment, death
 And all the sad variety of pain:

How many sink in the devouring flood,
 Or more devouring flame; how many bleed,
 By shameful variance betwixt man and man:
 How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms;
 Shut from the common air, and common use
 Of their own limbs: how many drink the cup
 Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
 Of misery; sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
 How many shrink into the sordid hut
 Of cheerless poverty: how many shake
 With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
 Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse;
 Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
 They furnish matter for the tragic muse:
 Even in the vale, where wisdom loves to dwell,

With friendship, peace, and contemplation join'd,
How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop
In deep retir'd distress: how many stand
Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,
And point the parting anguish,—Thought fond
man

Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills
That one incessant struggle render life,
One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,
Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,
And heedless rambling impulse learn to think;
The conscious heart of charity would warm,
And her wide wish benevolence dilate;
The social tear would rise, the social sigh;
And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
Refining still, the social passions work.

A N E C D O T E

O F

FREDERICK THE GREAT,

LATE KING OF PRUSSIA.

HIS MAJESTY being *incognito* at Amsterdam,
wished to speak to a banker who was to pay
him a considerable sum of money. He therefore
went

went to his house; but not finding him at home, the banker's wife said he would soon be back, and if he chose he might wait in the parlour, the door of which she opened. The King, who did not discover himself to the lady, accepted the proposal; but was not in the least aware of the compliment he was going to receive; for she begged him to leave his shoes at the door. The King scraped and wiped them as clean as possible; but all in vain;—he was at last obliged to submit to the ceremony. The lady was not polite enough to stay with him 'till her husband returned, which was shortly after, and who was much astonished to see the monarch under his roof; but was near sinking with shame when he saw him without his shoes. Throwing himself on his knees to beg pardon for his wife: "Heavens, why did not your Majesty discover yourself?" "Quite the contrary," said the King, "I took pains not to do it: for the King of Prussia himself could not have released me from this little ceremony." In this he was not deceived. The banker's wife was called. "What have you done?" exclaimed the husband, informing her of the quality of his visitor. "Down on your knees, and beg pardon for your rudeness." Well, says she, I cannot help it: kings and queens must submit—don't I pull off my shoes, although the mistress of the apartment? You are perfectly right, madam,

madam, answered this best of kings. " Now, my dear Sir, are you convinced? I was certain that my submission, and keeping *incognito*, would save the King of Prussia from disgrace."

CONTEMPLATION ON NIGHT.

WHETHER, amid the gloom of night I
 stray,
Or my glad eyes enjoy revolving day,
Still nature's various face informs my sense
Of an all-wise, all-powerful providence.

When the gay sun first breaks the shades of night,
And strikes the distant hills with eastern light,
Colour returns, the plains their liv'ry wear,
And a bright verdure clothes the smiling year;
The blooming flowers with opening beauties glow,
And grazing flocks their milky fleeces shew.
The barren cliffs, with chalky fronts, arise,
And a pure azure arches o'er the skies.
But when the gloomy reign of night returns,
Stript of her fading pride, all nature mourns;
The trees no more their wonted verdure boast,
But weep, in dewy tears, their beauty lost.
No distant landscapes draw our curious eyes,
Wrapt in night's robe the whole creation lies.

Yes

Yet still ev'n now, while darkness clothes the land,
 We view the traces of th' Almighty hand;
 Millions of stars in heaven's wide vault appear,
 And with new glories hang the boundless sphere.
 The silver moon her western couch forfakes,
 And o'er the skies her nightly circle makes;
 Her solid globe beats back the sunny rays,
 And 'till the world her borrow'd light repays.

Whether those stars, that twinkling lustre send,
 Are suns, and rolling worlds those suns attend,
 Man may conjecture, and new schemes declare,
 Yet all his systems but conjectures are.
 But this we know that heaven's eternal king,
 Who bid this universe from nothing spring,
 Can at his word bid num'rous worlds appear,
 And rising worlds th' all-powerful word shall hear.

When to the western main the sun descends,
 To other lands a rising day he lends;
 The spreading dawn another shepherd spies,
 The wakeful flocks from their warm folds arise.
 Refresh'd, the peasant seeks his early toil,
 And bids the plough correct the fallow soil.
 While we, in sleep's embraces, waste the night,
 The climes oppos'd enjoy meridian light.
 And when those lands the busy sun forsakes,
 With us again the rosy morning wakes;

In lazy sleep the night rolls swift away,
And neither clime laments his absent ray.

When the poor soul is from the body flown,
No more shall night's alternate reign be known;
The sun no more shall rolling light bestow,
But from th' Almighty streams of glory flow.
Oh! may some nobler thought my soul employ,
Than empty, transient, sublunary joy!
The stars shall drop, the sun shall lose his flame,
But thou, O God! for ever shine the same.

OF CULTIVATING CHEARFULNESS AND GOOD-HUMOUR.

THE chearful man reflects that the greatest sorrow cannot indemnify him for an evil that is past; that it is madness to chagrin himself for what cannot be prevented, and impiety to murmur at the dispensations of Providence; and that melancholy and sadness are the greatest of misfortunes: he avoids mournful reflections, which might impair his health; for fear of giving up himself to sorrow, he takes up a book to amuse, or goes in quest of company to enliven him. The body is worn out by sorrow, as the heart by love,
or

or the faculties of the mind by study: we should therefore take care to fortify ourselves against all cross accidents.

We are not in health but when our nerves are elastic, and our whole being, as well spiritual as material, is in a certain degree of ease: therefore sorrow, which overwhelms us, must necessarily disturb our health; by suspending the free course of our desires and our thoughts, it works in us the same alteration which happens in rivers in very cold weather. The water which is converted into a kind of marble, is an image of the change that melancholy produces. Cheerfulness, on the contrary, like a gentle heat, constantly expands the mind and heart. Scarron, whose soul was united to a very ill-organized body, would not have lived two years, had not Cheerfulness, his only fortune, continually sustained and comforted him: she put herself in the place of his disorders, and inspired him with the most burlesque ideas, at the time he was enduring the most cruel sufferings.

We are greatly deceived concerning the nature of chagrins, if we imagine that those only which destroy our reputation, or overthrow our fortune, have a hurtful impression on our health. Disquiets are relative to constitutions, to characters, to tastes,

P

to

to situations of life. Every one has his imaginary troubles. One is as much affected by the loss of a favorite animal, as another is by the loss of his fortune. Cheerfulness alone dissipates our alarms, and reduces them to their just value: then our days pass tranquilly, and we insensibly arrive at old age, without perceiving we grow old. Persons who afflict themselves voluntarily, or who are ignorant of the art of virtuous rejoicing, are only half alive; while cheerful men enjoy a complete existence, and every moment are sensible of the pleasure of being and of thinking.

But it will be sufficient to examine the countenance of a man naturally and habitually cheerful, to convince us of the happy influences of good-humour: he has a serene visage, which, as clear as the finest day, announces neither clouds nor storms; clear and speaking eyes, which indicate the harmony of the body and mind; a smiling mouth, expressive of the joy of his heart. Seldom do wrinkles disfigure a countenance naturally and habitually open: in vain does time trace furrows on every thing that breathes, and engrave himself in a manner on our foreheads and our cheeks: he does but lightly touch the cheerful, because they depend much less than others on his caprices, revolutions and misfortunes. In fact, the Philosopher,

pher, accustomed to live in himself, makes the happiness of his existence, not to depend on fashions, on events, or years: he only knows the present day, without anxious discontent or inquietude for the morrow, which seems to him imaginary: he contents himself with the society he is in, without a desire for places where he is not: he makes a pleasure of his business, without thinking there are others more eligible: in short, he raises himself above human miseries, without despising mankind.

Chearfulness, like those liquors, which swim upon the lee, keeps itself (if I may be allowed the expression) above our misfortunes, and so purifies itself, that we always perceive it without any mixture. The blood becomes more fluid, the heart more at ease, the humours more acrid and less abundant, and the mind more disengaged. We feel ourselves beginning life again, as soon as chagrin and discontent leave us: and this is so true, that most invalids desire a cheerful physician; and many doctors have grown rich, rather by their vivacity than their ability. Almost every one, and especially the female sex, forget their complaints, when they are told the news of the day, or hear agreeable and ingenious conversation.

I am

I am afraid of nothing (said a philosopher) when I have chearfulness: she makes amends for bad fortune; she preserves me from diseases, or makes me forget them; she accompanies me in society, or in retirement; like those flowers which open and shut successively, yet always preserve their freshness.

Nothing is more liable to maladies than Misanthropy. What did I say? It is itself the most severe of all maladies. Whoever is seized with it, suffers and smarts at every pore, without being able to determine the place of his sufferings. But the chearful are no more afflicted with chagrin, than with what is transitory; or if at any time they indulge it, it is only by their feeling a certain satisfaction, which springs up even in the bosom of their grief. Tears are precious to sensible minds; and in vain do they flow: they cannot alter the Chearfulness philosophy produces.

Every man who disquiets himself, is very near being ill; and every invalid who afflicts himself, approaches to death. It is then that which disgusts by day, and wakeful nights, exhaust the body, and reduce the soul to complaints and sighs. It can be scarce imagined how much even the reveries of a melancholy man impair his health; they are like slow fevers, which consume without appearing

pearing to act. It is not so with chearful persons; afflictions only slide over their minds, without being able to fix there: What do I say? They never arrive as far as there: the soul keeps itself free from all cloud, and without any trouble. But let us leave these details, to determine the question by a calculation. If we reckon up those who arrive at a very advanced age, we shall find that the greatest number consists of persons of sweet and chearful dispositions. Contentment, the true elixir of life, does, as it were, re-animate us: it divests us of our phlegmatic humours, to communicate to us a certain complacency and ease we perceive in ourselves, and that we cannot describe: it lightens us so much, as to diminish our proper weight, and to elevate us above our senses and our passions, by a habit of thinking that breathes nothing but a happy independence. If our bodies were transparent, the happy effects of Chearfulness would be there seen. Like a new juice, it dilates the muscles, gives to our whole being a fresh agility, and renders us in some sort more dear to ourselves. Nor old age, nor disease, have any thing terrifying to the chearful man; he fades it is true; but like the rose, which preserves, even when perishing, some vestiges of its beauty. And we may observe persons, that are good-humoured by constitution, or by reflection, surrounded by

their

their friends even to their very last moment. We take pleasure in enjoying the remains of their past chearfulness, and hear them relate the anecdotes of their youth.

The chearful man feels within himself a heart dilated by joy, and an imagination extending itself agreeably: his ideas, his thoughts, his desires, are so arrayed and multiplied, as to open to him the path of happiness. The melancholy man, on the contrary, loses at least one third part of his happiness, and is often the occasion of other's dissatisfaction.

It is commonly said that chagrin kills the men, and only occasions vapours in the women; because the fair-sex weep more easily, and because they have more volatile ideas: but have not we, in return, more opportunities of dissipation? However that be, sorrow will always become a dangerous disease, when we give up ourselves to it, and we cannot divert it too much.

O ye, who consume your days in the bosom of projects, of chagrins, and of embarrassments, enjoy the life and being that Heaven grants you, instead of tormenting yourselves. Know that to set bounds to your desires, is to be rich, and that it is madness to live only after an uncertain manner.

Chearfulness,

Chearfulness, like a delicious balm, calms all evils, and makes us see only pusillanimity in the greatest part of the anxieties which devour us.

In short, if gratitude to Heaven be a duty, if health be a blessing, let us cultivate Cheerfulness and Good-Humour: they are the best expressions of a devout and contented mind; they are also the best preservatives of health, or the best antidotes and remedies against disease. A merry heart does good like a medicine, and with an aching one the best remedies will be of no avail, not only the body, but all the faculties of the mind, are broken and impaired by thick-eyed, musing, cursed melancholy.

MILTON'S

MORNING HYMN.

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good!

Almighty! thine this universal frame,
Thus wond'rous fair! Thyself how wond'rous then!
Unspeakable! who sitt'st above these Heav'ns,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare

Thy

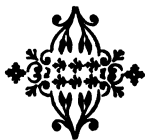
Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine.
 Speak ye, who best can tell, ye sons of light;
 Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs
 And choral symphonies, day without night,
 Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in Heav'n,
 On Earth join all ye Creatures to extol
 Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
 Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
 If better thou belong not to the dawn,
 Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
 With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere
 While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
 Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
 Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise
 In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
 And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou
 fall'st.

Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st
 With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that lies;
 And ye five other wand'ring fires that move
 In mystic dance, not without song, resound
 His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
 Air, and ye Elements, the eldest birth
 Of Nature's womb, that in quaternions run
 Perpetual circle; multiform, and mix,
 And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
 Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
 Ye Mists and Exhalations that now rise

From

From hill or streaming lake, dusky or gray,
 Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
 In honour to the world's great Author rise,
 Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd sky,
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
 Rising or falling still advance his praise.
 His praise, ye Winds, that from four quarters
 blow,

Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines,
 With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
 Fountains, and ye, that warble, as ye flow,
 Melodious murmurs, warb'ling tune his praise.
 Join voices all ye living Souls; ye Birds,
 That singing up to Heaven-gate ascend,
 Bear on your wings, and in your notes his praise.
 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
 The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
 Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
 To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
 Hail universal Lord, be bounteous still,
 To give us only good; and if the night
 Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.



THE HISTORY OF
A L M A M O U L I N,
 THE
 SON OF NOURADIN.

IN the reign of *Jenghiz Can*, conqueror of the east in the city of *Samarcand*, lived Nouradin the merchant, renowned throughout all the regions of *India*, for the extent of his commerce, and the integrity of his dealings. His warehouses were filled with all the commodities of the remotest nations; every rarity of nature, every curiosity of art, whatever was valuable, whatever was useful, hastened to his hand. The streets were crowded with his carriages, the sea was covered with his ships, the streams of *Oxus* were wearied with conveyance, and every breeze of the sky waisted wealth to *Nouradin*.

At length *Nouradin* felt himself seized with a slow malady, which he first endeavoured to divert by application, and afterwards to relieve by luxury and indulgence; but finding his strength every day less, he was at last terrified, and called for help upon the sages of physic; they filled his apartments with alexipharmics, restoratives, and essential virtues, the pearls of the ocean were dissolved, the spices of *Arabia* were distilled, and all
 the

the powers of nature were employed to give new spirits to his nerves, and new balsam to his blood, *Nouradin* was for some time amused with promises, invigorated with cordials, or soothed with anodynes; but the disease preyed upon his vitals, and he soon discovered with indignation, that health was not to be bought. He was confined to his chamber, deserted by his physicians, and rarely visited by his friends; but his unwillingness to die flattered him long with hopes of life.

At length having passed the night in tedious languor, he called to him *Almamoulin*, his only son; and dismissing his attendants, "My son," says he, "behold here the weakness and fragility of man: look backward a few days, thy father was great and happy, fresh as the vernal rose, and strong as the cedar of the mountain; the nations of *Asia* drank his dews, and art and commerce delighted in his shade. Malevolence beheld me and sighed; His root, she cried, is fixed in the depths; it is watered by the fountains of *Oxus*; it sends out branches afar, and bids defiance, to the blast; prudence reclines against his trunk, and prosperity dances on his top. Now, *Almamoulin*, look upon me withering and prostrate; look upon me and attend. I have trafficked, I have prospered, I have rioted in gain; my house is splendid, my ser-

vants are numerous; yet I displayed only a small part of my riches; the rest, which I was hindered from enjoying by the fear of raising envy, or tempting rapacity, I have piled in towers, I have buried in caverns, I have hidden in secret repositories, which this scroll will discover. My purpose was, after ten months more spent in commerce, to have withdrawn my wealth to a safer country; to have given seven years to delight and festivity, and the remaining part of my days to solitude and repentance; but the hand of death is upon me, a frigid torpor encroaches upon my veins; I am now leaving the produce of my toil, which it must be thy business to enjoy with wisdom." The thought of leaving his wealth filled *Nouradin* with such grief, that he fell into convulsions, became delirious, and expired.

Almamoulin, who loved his father, was touched awhile with honest sorrow, and sat two hours in profound meditation, without perusing the paper which he held in his hand. He then retired to his own chamber, as overborne with affliction, and there read the inventory of his new possessions, which swelled his heart with such transports, that he no longer lamented his father's death. He was now sufficiently composed to order a funeral of modest magnificence, suitable at once to the
rank

rank of *Nouradin's* profession, and the reputation of his wealth. The two next nights he spent in visiting the tower and the caverns, and found the treasures greater to his eye than to his imagination. *Almamoulin* had been bred to the practice of exact frugality, and had often looked with envy on the finery and expences of other young men: he therefore believed, that happiness was now in his power, since he could obtain all of which he had hitherto been accustomed to regret the want. He resolved to give a loose to his desires, to revel in enjoyment, and feel pain or uneasiness no more.

He immediately procured a splendid equipage, dressed his servants in rich embroidery, and covered his horses with golden caparisons. He showered down silver on the populace, and suffered their acclamations to swell him with insolence. The nobles saw him with anger, the wise men of the state combined against him, the leaders of armies threatened his destruction. *Almamoulin* was informed of his danger, he put on the robe of mourning in the presence of his enemies, and appeased them with gold, and gems, and supplication.

He then sought to strengthen himself by an alliance with the princes of *Tartary*, and offered the price of kingdoms for a wife of noble birth. His suit was generally rejected, and his presents re-
fused;

refused; but a princess of *Afracan* once condescended to admit him to her presence. She received him sitting on a throne, attired in the robe of royalty, and shining with the jewels of *Golconda*; command sparkled in her eyes, and dignity towered on her forehead. *Almamoulin* approached and trembled. She saw his confusion, and disdained him: How, says she, dares the wretch hope my obedience, who thus shrinks at my glance? Retire, and enjoy thy riches in sordid ostentation; thou wast born to be wealthy, but never canst be great.

He then contracted his desires to more private and domestic pleasures. He built palaces, he laid out gardens, he changed the face of the land, he transplanted forests, he levelled mountains, opened prospects into distant regions, poured fountains from the tops of turrets, and rolled rivers through new channels. These amusements pleased him for a time; but languor and weariness soon invaded him. His bowers lost their fragrance, and the waters murmured without notice. He purchased large tracts of land in distant provinces, adorned them with houses of pleasure, and diversified them with accommodations for different seasons. Change of place at first relieved his satiety, but all the novelties of situation were soon exhausted;

ed; he found his heart vacant, and his desires for want of eternal objects, ravaging himself.

He therefore returned to *Sarmacand* and set open his doors to those whom idleness sends out in search of pleasure. His tables were always covered with delicacies, wines of every vintage sparkled in his bowls, and his lamps scattered perfumes. The sound of the lute, and the voice of the singer, chased away sadness; every hour was crowded with pleasure; and the day ended and began with feasts and dances, and revelry and merriment. *Almamoulin* cried out, "I have at last found the use of my riches; I am surrounded by companions, who view my greatness without envy; and I enjoy at once the rapture of popularity, and the safety of an obscure station. What trouble can he feel, whom all are studious to please, that they may be repaid with pleasure? What danger can he dread, to whom every man is a friend?"

Such were the thoughts of *Almamoulin*, as he looked down from a gallery upon the gay assembly regaling at his expence: but in the midst of this soliloquy, an officer of justice entered the house, and in the form of legal citation, summoned *Almamoulin* to appear before the emperor. The guests stood awhile aghast, then stole imperceptibly away, and he was led off without a single voice

to

to witness his integrity. He now found one of his most frequent visitants accusing him of treason, in hopes of sharing his confiscation; yet, unpatronized, and unsupported, he cleared himself by the openness of innocence, and the consistence of truth; he was dismissed with honour, and his accuser perished in prison.

Almamoulin now perceived with how little reason he had hoped for justice, or fidelity from those who live only to gratify their senses: and being now weary with vain experiments upon life and fruitless researches after felicity, he had recourse to a sage, who, after spending his youth in travel and observation, had retired from all human cares, to a small habitation on the banks of *Oxus*, where he conversed only with such as solicited his counsel. "Brother," said the philosopher, "thou hast suffered thy reason to be deluded by idle hopes, and fallacious appearances. Having long looked with desire upon riches, thou hadst taught thyself to think them more valuable than nature designed them, and to expect from them, what experience has now taught thee, that they cannot give. That they do not confer wisdom, thou mayest be convinced, by considering at how dear a price they tempted thee, upon thy first entrance into the world, to purchase the empty sound of vulgar

vulgar acclamation. That they cannot bestow fortitude or magnanimity, that man may be certain, who stood trembling at *Afracan*, before a being not naturally superior to himself. That they will not supply unexhausted pleasure, the recollection of forsaken palaces, and neglected gardens, will easily inform thee. That they rarely purchase friends, thou didst soon discover, when thou wert left to stand thy trial uncoun tenanced, and alone. Yet think not riches useless; there are purposes, to which a wise man may be delighted to apply them; they may, by rational distribution to those who want them, ease the pains of helpless disease, still the throbs of restless anxiety, relieve innocence from oppression, and raise imbecility to cheerfulness and vigour. This they will enable thee to perform, and this will afford the only happiness ordained for our present state, the confidence of divine favour, and the hope of future rewards."

ANECDOTE OF SALADIN,

SOLDAN OF EGYPT.

SALADIN, the Soldan of Egypt, though he had dominions enough of his own, was always
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ready,

ready, when occasion offered, to make free with other people's. At his return, without success, from the siege of Mouful, in Syria, he seized into his hands the whole lordship of Emessa, in prejudice to the right of Nasir Eddin, the young Prince who claimed it. And this he did upon pretence, that the father of the youth had forfeited it, by giving countenance to confederacies against the Soldan's interest. Saladan, however, ordered that proper care should be taken of the injured Prince's education: and being desirous to observe what progress he made in his studies, he was brought one day before the Soldan; who asked him; with much gravity, in what part of the Alcoran he was reading? I am come, replied the young Prince, (to the surprize of all who were near him) to that verse which informs me, that he who devours the estates of orphans, is not a King, but a Tyrant. The Soldan was much startled at the turn and spirit of his repartee; but, after some pause and recollection, returned the youth this generous answer: He who speaks with such resolution, would act with so much courage, that I restore you to your father's possessions, lest I should be thought to stand in fear of a virtue which I only reverence.

THE DREAM.

SIR WILLIAM COURTNEY met the elegant Miss Bendish at the Opera; Sir William was a man of family, but his paternal estate was small—so small, indeed, that he did not think it would entitle him to a kind reception from the lady in question, a rich heiress, with a large fortune in her own power, in consequence of which she had a train of admirers, apparently admirers of her *person*; but the majority of them would not, probably, have given themselves any trouble about her, beautiful as she was, had she not possessed an estate which brought her in a neat fifteen hundred a year. Sir William, however, did not follow Miss Bendish merely with lucrative views; he was struck with her personal charms, and was convinced, in his conversations with her, that she had a bright understanding, improved by cultivation, knowledge of the world, and connections with the best bred people in it. She was also of a mild and benevolent disposition. The only failing with which she could have been justly charged, was a tendency to caprice; a failing for which *some* excuses might have been framed, as she had in the bloom of youth, so much beauty and wealth at her command. Upon the first acquaintance with Sir William Courtney, she thought him a very amiable

man; but, as she had, from the great superiority of her fortune, reason to suppose every man actuated by mercenary motives, who with an income much inferior to her own, ventured to pay his addresses to her, she had made a resolution never to marry. She had not yet, indeed, met with an admirer who was, at the same time, richer than herself, and sufficiently agreeable to move her heart in his favour. She therefore gave no direct encouragement to any man, though she treated all with politeness, and might very well have been distinguished by the following lines:

“ Favours to none, to all she smiles extends;
“ Oft she rejects, but never once offends.”

By a behaviour quite enchanting, and by the numberless graces which she discovered, upon a nearer acquaintance with Sir William, she captivated his heart; but, at the same time that behaviour, and those graces, almost made him resolve never to sue for a blessing, the dreadful denial of which would give him, he felt, the severest disquiet. However, some favourable glances which she now and then directed to him; her softened tones, whenever she happened to speak to him; and the readiness with which she offered him her hand, to conduct her to her coach or chair to or from any public places, joined to the *affected indifference* with
which

which she beheld him sometimes paying attentions to other females, induced him at length to imagine that she had no aversion to him, and that she might be brought, by a proper train of assiduities, to listen to his suit.

Sir William was not more vain than other handsome young fellows generally are, yet he had no mean opinion of his person or manners: he really thought he was very capable of making any woman happy, who could like him; he therefore determined to make a trial of his parts: but as he also had judgment enough to know that a man is often more likely to gain a victory by *soft* than by *storm*, he began to discover more solicitude about Miss Bendish than usual. Whenever she went abroad, he followed her—he flew to obey her commands,—a look, a nod, was sufficient to make him undertake and execute any thing for her; every thing, indeed, with whatever difficulties the execution of it might be attended. He was deterred by no difficulties of any kind. Animated with the hopes of making himself an object of importance in *her* eyes, and of giving *her* pleasure, he exerted all his powers, in order to arrive at the consummation of his desires.

These striking marks of attention in Sir William's behaviour to Miss Bendish, had the intended effect.

effect. She was charmed with his assiduities,—they made the wished-for impression on her heart; yet, upon a moment's consideration, she began to reflect, that if she *did* consent to Sir William's wishes, and threw her person and fortune into his power, she should not know whether she was not obliged to the *latter* alone, for the preference he gave her. She could not bear the idea of being solicited by a needy man, studious only of enabling himself to support his rank in life at *her* expence.—And though she really, at that time, loved Sir William well enough to accept of him, though he had neither birth nor riches to recommend him, she resolved to put a flat negative upon his solicitations, if they amounted to any overtures of the matrimonial kind. She determined, indeed, to let him see (supposing him adventurous enough to act in the manner she expected)—to let him see she believed that he sighed for her fortune alone; and that any woman, possessed of the same qualifications for the marriage state, would be equally desirable in his eyes. Agreeably to this resolution she acted. Sir William, imagining, from the attractions, in her carriage, that there was room for him to hope for success, made the long delayed disclosure. He spoke, and was rejected—he sighed, bowed, and retired. However, though he could not, rationally, raise new expectations,

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She was still the woman of his heart: he still seized every opportunity to gaze on her lovely face, to listen to her melodious voice, and to offer her, though with the greatest diffidence, his hand. *She* also, on *her* side, would often say to one of her intimate female friends, "Oh my dear Harriot, what would I not give, that Courtney had a fortune equal to my own!"

While she was talking in this strain one day to this friend, Harriot replied, "Why should you be so anxious about money, my dear Clara. You have a great deal; you cannot possibly want any more. Besides, it would be an act of true generosity to raise a pretty fellow; and the reflections arising from such an act, must surely produce infinite satisfaction."

And so my dear Harriot, (replied Clara) you would have me reward a man for being mercenary, and give myself to a fellow, who, most probably, has nothing in view but my fortune; who has distinguished me only on that account; and who, should he fall in the way of a still richer woman, would, doubtless, give *me* up immediately for a more advantageous alliance. No, no, Harriot—a woman can never be sure that a man is sincere, if he has a shilling less than herself." There may
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be some truth in what you say, (answered Harriot,) yet, methinks, I should like to make the fortune of the man I loved." Clara replied with a blush, which clearly discovered the situation of her mind, "When I am in love, Harriot, I may possibly think as you do."

In a very few months after this conversation, Sir William, by the unexpected death of a first cousin, as young and as likely to live as himself, became possessed of a fortune three times larger than that in the possession of Miss Bendish; and the pleasure which he felt from so considerable an acquisition, was greatly increased by the feeling himself in a situation to renew his addresses to his lovely Clara with more confidence. Some men, indeed, would have been so disgusted at a first refusal, that they would not have hazarded a second; they would have probably thought that the Lady who could reject a man merely on account of the smallness of his fortune, and receive him upon his gaining an addition to it, was of a very fordid disposition.

Sir William's sentiments upon this occasion were of a more liberal kind: he considered the behaviour of the woman whom he loved with the greatest candour; he made due allowance for the deference

deference which such a young Lady pays to her relations and friends, as they commonly prefer the accumulation of riches to every thing else. He thought also, she might very rationally wish to have her conduct approved by that world in which she made so conspicuous a figure. These considerations, joined to the contemptible idea he had of his own fortune, when he first addressed her, made him most readily excuse her proceedings at that time; and having now no doubts of success, he offered himself again to the sole object of his wishes, exclusive of all pecuniary motives. He offered himself again, and, to his extreme surprize was again rejected.

Surprized—distressed at his *second* dismissal, he would have expostulated with her upon the cruelty of her behaviour; but she was not capable of entering into the discussion of a subject in which her heart was so deeply interested, and by which it was so tenderly affected. She left him abruptly; but she left him—determin'd to relinquish his hopes.

Clara, flying to her friend; told her how much it had cost her to reject the man who had ever, she was now thoroughly convinced, loved her with the sincerest affection—loved her for herself alone;

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adding, that she was resolved to retire immediately into the country, as she could not, she was certain, resist the looks, the sighs, the importunities of the amiable Courtney, if she continued exposed to the sight of him.

“ And why should you make such a resistance?” said Harriot: “ Have you not tried him? Have you not found him most deserving?” Yes, (replied Clara,) and shall I be less deserving than *he* is? Oh no! He shall never think me mercenary.”

In consequence of her new resolutions, Miss Bendish removed from London, and went down to one of her country houses. Sir William, as soon as he heard of her departure, followed her. One afternoon, Clara having strolled into her garden, with a tender tale in her hand, which brought to her mind all that had passed between herself and her beloved Sir William, she became so fatigued by walking in the sun, that she was glad to retire to a bench, in the most shady situation. On that seat, still oppressed with the heat, she fell asleep, and her book soon dropped out of her hand.

At that moment, Sir William having bribed the gardener to let him into the garden when his mistress was alone, made his appearance. He stood “ root-bound” at the sight of her, for some time, and then threw himself into an attitude of rapture, which

which love inspired.—What were his transports, while he remained in that attitude, when he heard her give a vent to the ideas which floated in her mind, during the apparent cessation of reflection! —“ Yes, Courtney,” the transported lover heard her say,—“ Yes Courtney, you I love sincerely; but I cannot bear to be thought under the influence of interested views.”

This involuntary effusion was sufficient for the enamoured bearer of it, who then ventured to wake her from a dream of pleasure, to the “ sober certainty” of real delight.—She blushed at having discovered, undesignedly, the secret of her heart to Sir William; but she had no reason, when she had given him her hand, to repent of her union with him, as he made an exemplary husband. They had both, indeed, sufficient reason to be satisfied with the dream, and looked upon it as the foundation of all their felicity.

ANECDOTE

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King George the Second.

DURING the siege of Fort St. Philip, a young Lieutenant of the Marines was so unhappy

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as to lose both his legs by a chain shot. In this miserable and helpless condition he was conveyed by the first opportunity to England, and a memorial of his case presented to an honourable board, in order to obtain some additional consideration to the narrow stipend of half-pay. The honourable board pitied the youth, but disregarded the petition. Major Mafon had the poor Lieutenant conducted to Court on a public day, in his uniform; where, posted in the Guard-room, and supported by two of his brother officers, he cried out, as the King was passing to the Drawing-Room, *Behold, great Sire, a man who refuses to bend his knee to you, he has lost both in your service.* The King, struck no less by the singularity of this address, than by the melancholy object before him, stopped, and hastily demanded what had been done for him. *Half-Pay,* (replied the Lieutenant) *and please your Majesty.—Fye, fye, on't,* said the King, shaking his head, *but let me see you again next Levee-day.* The Lieutenant did not fail to appear at the place of assignation, when he received from the immediate hands of Royalty, five hundred pounds smart money, and an appointment of two hundred a year, to be paid quarterly so long as he lived.

ANECDOTE OF A COUNSELLOR

FAMED FOR

His Eloquence and Covetousness.

A Certain Counsellor, famed both for his eloquence and covetousness, and who seldom considered the goodness of the cause that he undertook, provided his client could pay him, was consulted by a notorious robber, who promised him a large reward, provided that he brought him off; and the pleader so dexterously managed, that he saved the rogue from the gallows: and the client, to shew his gratitude to his good friend, as soon as freed, hastened to his house, and presented him with a thousand crowns. The Counsellor in return to so generous a client, solicited the favour of his company to supper, and the night proving wet and dark, further invited him to take a bed there, which offer he accepted. The guest arose in the middle of the night, found the way to the room of his hospitable host, and without ceremony bound and gagged him—re-pocketed his thousand crowns, and broke open a chest, in which he found plenty of silver and gold, with which (after wishing him a good night) he marched off in triumph.—If we screen a villain at the expence of our conscience, from law and justice, we merit no other return than ingratitude.

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THE DISTRESS OF POVERTY,

EXEMPLIFIED IN

AN AFFECTING STORY.

IN the year 1662, when Paris was afflicted with a long and severe famine, M. de Sallo, returning from a summer's evening walk, with only a foot-boy, was accosted by a man who presented his pistol, and, in a manner far from the resoluteness of an hardened robber, asked him for his money.—M. de Sallo, observing that he came to the wrong man, and that he could get little from him, added, “I have only three pistoles about me, which are not worth a scuffle, so much good may they do you, but let me tell you, you are in a bad way.” The man took them and walked off, without asking for more, with an air of dejection and terror.

The fellow was no sooner gone, than M. de Sallo ordered the boy to follow him, to see where he went, and to give him an account of every thing. The lad obeyed, followed him through several obscure streets, and at length saw him enter into a baker's shop, where he observed him change one of the pistoles; and buy a large brown loaf. With this purchase he went a few doors farther, and, entering an alley, ascended a pair of stairs. The boy crept up after him to the fourth story,

story, where he saw him go into a room that had no other light but that it received from the moon; and peeping through a crevice, he perceived him throw it on the floor, and burst into tears, saying, "there, eat your fill, that's the dearest loaf I ever bought; I have robbed a gentleman of three pistoles; let us husband them well, and let me have no more teazings, for soon or late these doings must bring me to the gallows, and all to satisfy your clamours." His lamentations were answered by those of the whole family; and the wife, having at length calmed the agony of his mind, took up the loaf, and cutting it, gave four pieces to four starving children.

The boy, having thus happily performed his commission, returned home and gave his master an account of every thing he had seen and heard. M. de Sallo, who was much moved, ordered the boy to call him at five in the morning: this humane gentleman arose at the time appointed, and, taking the boy with him to shew him the way, enquired in the neighbourhood the character of a man who lived in such a garret, with a wife and four children; when he was told, that he was a very industrious, good kind of man;—that he was a shoemaker, and a neat workman, but was overburthened with a family, and had a hard struggle to live in such bad times.

Satisfied

Satisfied with this account, M. de Sallo ascended to the shoemaker's garret, and knocked at the door; it was opened by the poor man himself, who knowing him at first sight to be the person he had robbed the evening before, fell at his feet, and implored his mercy,—pleading the extreme distress of his family, and begging that he would forgive his first crime. M. de Sallo desired him to make no noise, for he had not the least intention to hurt him. “ You have a good character among your neighbours, said he, but must soon expect to be cut off, if you are now so wicked to continue the freedoms you took with me. Hold your hand, here are thirty pistoles to buy leather; husband it well, and set your children a commendable example. To put you out of farther temptations to commit such ruinous and fatal actions, I will encourage your industry: I hear you are a neat workman, and you shall take measure of me and this boy for two pair of shoes each, and he shall call upon you for them.” The whole family appeared struck with joy, amazement and gratitude, and M. de Sallo departed greatly moved, and with a mind filled with satisfaction at having saved a man, and perhaps a family, from the commission of further guilt, from an ignominious death, and perhaps from eternal perdition. Never could a day be much better begun; the consciousness of
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having performed such an action, whenever it recurs to the mind of a reasonable being, must be attended with pleasure, and that self-complacency and secret approbation which is more desirable than gold and all the pleasures of the earth.

ANECDOTE

O F

THE FAMOUS WALLER.

AFTER that remarkable, and never to be forgotten period of time, when the most unfortunate prince fell a sacrifice to the fury of an incensed and enthusiastic people, and there was some reason to think the royal family of the Stuarts would never fill the throne of these kingdoms; Waller made his court to the Protector, and bestowed the most lavish encomiums on that artful, that pretended guardian of English liberty. He arrayed tyranny, murder, and usurpation in the robes of mercy, justice, and benevolence. But when Charles was recalled, and took possession of the throne of his ancestors, the poet changed his strain, congratulated the monarch's restoration, and celebrated the happiness that would undoubtedly

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edly flow from that very monarchical government, which he had before considered as a species of tyranny, and an unjust restraint upon British liberty.

When he presented his poem to the King, which was done in a crowded drawing-room, and doubtless, every one impatient to know how his Majesty would receive both the poet and his performance, as the pains he had taken to ingratiate himself both with Cromwell and his son Richard were sufficiently known, some expected he would have been forbid the Court, and the person who had introduced him have received a severe reprimand: but those who thought in this manner, did not sufficiently know the character of that prince. He read the verses to himself, and then looking at Mr. Waller, with a smile said, "these lines are extremely good; but I think several of those you wrote on the Protector were still better." Waller, with a presence of mind equal to his other great talents, replied, with a low bow, "O may it please your Majesty, we poets always write better on fiction than on truth."

This answer, and the manner in which it was made, entirely removed all the remains of discontent, the King might have conceived against him for his former behaviour; and whatever he wrote afterwards

afterwards always met with a favourable reception; wit being, in that prince, a sufficient satisfaction for almost any offence, when it regarded only himself.

ANECDOTE
OF THE FAMOUS PAINTER,
ANNIBAL CARRACHE.

AMONG the beautiful paintings, none are more deservedly admired than those in the Farnesian Gallery. They are executed in Fresco by Annibal Carrache, and represent the amours of the Gods and Goddesses, with the history of Andromeda. All the paintings were so surprisingly beautiful, that the best judges are of opinion, that no gallery in the universe can be compared to this. But merit is not always properly rewarded. Carrache experienced this; for when the gallery was finished, Pope Paul III. asked his favourite Gioseppino, otherwise Joseph d'Arpino, what reward the painter deserved for this admirable performance. D'Arpino, who was himself a painter, and extremely jealous of Carrache's high reputation, told the Pope that two thousand crowns would do very well, though he knew, in his conscience, that an hundred thousand would hardly

be a sufficient equivalent. The silly Pontiff listened to his adviser; and Carrache hearing of this unjust transaction, was so enraged, that he swore by his Maker, that he would be revenged both of the Pope and his adviser. He set out immediately for Naples, and, having no money, was obliged to travel on foot.

The first stage he stopped at was a wretched village, called Piperno, where the fatigues of his journey, and the vexations of his mind, threw him into a long and dangerous fit of illness. To complete the poor artist's misfortunes, his landlord grew very insolent, taking every opportunity of teasing him for money. Carrache was long at a loss how to pacify his rude host; but at last thought of the following expedient, which he apprehended would at once satisfy the innkeeper, and his own resentment against the Pope. He had recourse to his pencil and colours, drew on a piece of broken chest, an ass of a monstrous size, magnificently accoutred, and decorated with the ignorant Pontiff's arms. The driver of this beast was proportionably large and tall, representing to the life the envious Gioseppino. The picture being finished, Carrache advised his landlord to set it up instead of the old sign post of his inn. This being done, the novelty of the painting drew the eyes of travellers,

vellers, and occasioned a very considerable quantity of money to be spent in the house. Many of them being well acquainted with Gioseppino, soon guessed the true reason of his portrait being placed there. This occasioned a great deal of mirth and laughter in Rome, at the expence of the Pope and his worthless favourite, whose excessive mortification is much easier imagined than expressed. Thus the poor and injured painter found means to reward his landlord for his trouble and expence, and at the same time to mortify his enemies.

A N E C D O T E

OF THE

Celebrated DUKE DE ROCLORE,

The favourite Wit & Buffoon of Lewis XIV.

THE Duke de Roclore was in his person far from being agreeable : his countenance was rather forbidding, and his person was awkward. Another Nobleman, whose personal beauty was even inferior to that of Roclore, having killed his antagonist in a duel, applied to the Duke for his interest and protection, knowing it was the only channel through which he could obtain a pardon. The Duke readily engaged in his friend's interest,
and

and fairly rallied the King into a compliance. After the King had finished his fit of laughter, and given his Royal promise, he added, " But for Heaven's sake, Roclore, what could induce you to be so strenuous in his intercession? " I will tell your Majesty : if he had suffered, I then should have been the ugliest man in all France."

ANECDOTE

O F

GEORGE the FIRST.

THIS illustrious Monarch evinced by his words and actions the true sense which he entertained of the duty of a King. Among the many proofs of this kind, the following should not be forgotten :

In answer to a petition of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the City of London, on the 6th of November, 1718, his Majesty said, " I shall be glad, not only for your sakes but my own, if any defects, which may touch the rights of my good subjects, are discovered in my time, since that will furnish me with the means of giving you and all my people an indisputable proof of my tenderness of their privileges."

CONVERSATION.

CONVERSATION.

WHEN we converse familiarly with a learned friend, we have his own help at hand to explain to us every word and sentiment that seems obscure in his discourse, and to inform us of his whole meaning, so that we are in much less danger of mistaking his sense: whereas in books, whatsoever is really obscure, may also abide always obscure without remedy, since the author is not at hand, that we may inquire his sense.

If we mistake the meaning of our friend in conversation, we are quickly set right again; but in reading we many times go on in the same mistake, and are not capable of recovering ourselves from it. Thence it comes to pass, that we have so many contests in all ages about the meaning of ancient authors, especially sacred writers. Happy should we be, could we but converse with *Moses*, *Isaiah*, and *St. Paul*, and consult the prophets and apostles, when we meet with a difficult text! But that glorious conversation is reserved for the ages of future blessedness.

Conversation calls out into light what has been lodged in all the recesses and secret chambers of the soul. By occasional hints and incidents it brings old useful notions into remembrance; it unfolds

unfolds and displays the hidden treasures of knowledge with which reading, observation, and study had before furnished the mind. By mutual discourse, the soul is awakened and allured to bring forth its hoards of knowledge, and it learns how to render them most useful to mankind. A man of vast reading without conversation is like a miser, who lives only to himself.

In free and friendly conversation our intellectual powers are more animated, and our spirits act with a superior vigour in the quest and pursuit of unknown truths. There is a sharpness and sagacity of thought that attends conversation beyond what we find whilst we are shut up reading and musing in our retirements. Our souls may be serene in solitude, but not sparkling, though perhaps we are employed in reading the works of the brightest writers. Often has it happened in free discourse, that new thoughts are strangely struck out, and the seeds of truth sparkle and blaze through the company, which in calm and silent reading would never have been excited. By conversation, you will both give and receive this benefit; as flints, when put into motion and striking against each other, produce living fire on both sides, which would never have risen from the same hard materials in a state of rest.

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In generous conversation amongst ingenious and learned men, we have a great advantage of proposing our own opinions, and of bringing our own sentiments to the test, and learning in a more compendious way, what the world will judge of them, how mankind will receive them, what objections may be raised against them, what defects there are in our scheme; and how to correct our own mistakes; which advantages are not so easily obtained by our own private meditations: for the pleasure we take in our own notions, and the passion of self-love, as well as the narrowness of our own views, tempt us to pass too favourable an opinion on our own schemes; whereas the variety of genius in our several associates, will give happy notices how our opinion will stand in the view of mankind.

'Tis also another considerable advantage of conversation, that it furnishes the student with the knowledge of men and the affairs of life, as reading furnishes him with book-learning. A man who dwells all his days among books, may have amassed together a vast heap of notions, but he may be a mere scholar, which is a contemptible sort of character in the world. A hermit who has been shut up in his cell in a college, has contracted a sort of mould and rust upon his soul, and all his

airs of behaviour have a certain awkwardness in them: but these awkward airs are worn off by degrees in company: the rust and mould are filed and brushed off by polite conversation. The scholar now becomes a citizen or a gentleman, a neighbour and a friend; he learns how to dress his sentiments in the fairest colours, as well as to set them in the fairest light. Thus he brings out his notions with honour, he makes some use of them in the world, and improves the theory by practice.

ANECDOTES

O F

The Great LORD HALLIFAX,

AND MR. ADDISON.

MR. Addison had the honour to accompany Lord Hallifax when he set out for Greenwich, to wait upon King George the First. Before he went, he took him into his library, and with an air that spoke the infinite satisfaction of his mind, expressed himself in these words:—
 “ Well, Sir, we have at length gained a complete victory; the Hanover succession takes place, the King is landed, and we shall soon have the pleasure to kiss his hand. You are so much my friend,
 that

that I must tell you plainly I expect to have the white staff; and I have been long considering, and am come to a resolution how to behave: I came into the world with little or no fortune: every man will try to make his private circumstances easy; I thank God, I have made mine so: I have got more money than it is, perhaps, proper every body should know, and I am come to a full resolution to set up my rest, as to that point, where I am. I have been in my time a good deal in hot water, and as deeply engaged in parties as most men. To say the truth, I have done a great many things in the spirit of party, which, when I reflect on seriously, I am heartily ashamed of. I resolve, by the help of God, to make King George — not the head of a party, but the King of a glorious nation. To be sure a great many people must be removed from their posts: the Tories themselves can't expect it should be otherwise; and it would be the highest ingratitude not to reward several gentlemen, who have borne the heat of the day, and run all hazards for the house of Hanover; yet at the same time, if his Majesty will take my advice, there shall be no cruelties, no barbarities committed; every worthless fellow that has called himself a Whig, got drunk, and bawled at an election, shall not displace a man of ten times his own merit, only because he is a reputed Tory.

I think I know that party; some of them did mean to elevate the Pretender; but yet there are others among them, that are as worthy men as ever lived. It is time the nation should be united; we shall then, indeed, be a formidable people. I hope this glorious work has been reserved by providence for the reign of his present Majesty. I have told you already, that I do not propose to lay up a farthing out of the present profits of my post. I design to live in such a manner, as I hope shall be no dishonour to my master; and will, if possible, put an end to the scandalous practice of buying places. I am firmly resolved to recommend no man for a post in the government but such an one as I believe to be a man of merit, and who will be a credit to his country and his King. As for you, Addison, as soon as I have got the staff myself, I intend to recommend you to his Majesty for one of his Secretaries of State."

Mr. Addison told his Lordship, that he did not aim at so high a post; and desired him to remember he was not a speaker of the House of Commons. Lord Hallifax briskly replied, "Come, prithee, Addison, no unseasonable modesty: I made thee Secretary to the Regency with this very view: thou hast now the best right of any man in England to be Secretary of State; nay, it will be
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a sort of displacing thee not to make thee so. If thou couldst but get over that silly sheepishness of thine, that makes thee sit in the house and hear a fellow prate for half an hour together, who has not a tenth part of thy good sense, I should be glad to see it; but since I believe it is impossible, we must contrive as well as we can. Thy pen has already been a credit to thy country, and I dare say will be a credit to thy King."

With these sentiments Lord Hallifax waited upon George the First at Greenwich, when he soon found that he had been a little too sanguine. Measures were taken very different from those which Lord Hallifax thought would have been most for the service of his King and Country.

ANECDOTE

O F

The L A T E K I N G.

HIS Majesty once, on his return to England from his German dominions, having his carriage broke down between the Brill and Helvoetsluys, was obliged to stay at an obscure public-house on the road, whilst some of his servants went forward to order another carriage. The refreshment

refreshment he had there, was a pot of coffee for himself and Lord Delawar, and four bottles of Hollands gin, made into punch, for the footmen: however, when the bill came to be called for, the honest Dutchman, knowing who he had under his roof, made out the following charge: "To refreshments for his Sacred Majesty King George the Second, and household, 91£." Lord Delawar was so provoked at such an imposition, that he could not forbear raising his voice so loud, that the King overheard him, and insisted upon knowing the particulars; which his Lordship had no sooner informed him of, than he very good-humouredly replied, "He is a very great rogue: however, my Lord, let him be paid: Kings seldom call this way."

ANECDOTE

O F

ANN, DUCHESS of ALBEMARLE,

WHO LIVED

In the REIGN of CHARLES II.

A NN CLARGES, Dutchess of Albemarle, was the daughter of a Blacksmith, who gave her an education suitable to the employment she was

was bred to, which was that of a milliner. As the manners are generally formed early in life, she retained something of the smith's daughter, even at her highest elevation. She was first the mistress, afterwards the wife of General Monk; who had such an opinion of her understanding, that he often consulted her in the greatest emergencies. As she was a thorough Royalist, it is probable she had no inconsiderable share in the restoration.— She is supposed to have recommended several of the privy-counsellors in the list which the General presented to the King soon after his landing. It is more than probable that she carried on a very lucrative trade in selling of offices, which were generally filled by such as gave her most money. She was an implacable enemy to Lord Clarendon; and had so great an influence over her husband, as to prevail upon him to assist in the ruin of that great man, though he was one of his best friends. Indeed, the General was afraid to offend her, as she presently took fire, and her anger knew no bounds. She was a great mistress of all the low eloquence of abusive rage, and seldom failed to discharge a volley of curses against such as thoroughly provoked her. Nothing is more certain, than that the intrepid commander, who was never afraid of bullets, was often terrified by the fury of his wife.

ANECDOTE

O F

The Celebrated Dr. GARTH.

WHILE Dr. Garth was detained in his chariot one day, in a little street near Covent Garden, in consequence of a bloody battle between two female bruisers, an old woman hobbled out of a cellar, and begged him for God's sake to *take a look* at her husband, who was *in a mortal bad way*; adding, " I know you are a sweet-tempered gentleman, as well as a *cute* Doctor, and therefore make bold to *ax* your advice, for which I shall be obliged to you as long as I live."

The Doctor, whose good nature was really equal to his medical knowledge, instead of being offended with the old woman's redundant address to him, quitted his chariot immediately, and followed her to her husband; but finding, by his appearance, that he wanted *food* more than *physic*, and having reason to believe, from the answers which they both returned to his questions, that they deserved his charity as much as they excited his compassion, sat down and wrote a draft on his banker for ten pounds.

A STORY

(153)

A S T O R Y
O F
An ancient DUTCH SEAMAN,
R E L A T E D

By SIR WM. TEMPLE.

AMONG the many and various hospitals that are in every man's curiosity and talk that visits Holland, I was affected with none more than that of the aged seamen at Enchusyen, which is contrived, finished, and ordered, as if it were finished with a kind intention of some well-natured man, that those who had passed their lives in the hardships and incommodities of the sea, should find a retreat stored with all the ease and convenience that old age is capable of feeling and enjoying. And here I met with the only rich man I ever saw in my life: for one of these old seamen entertaining me a good while with the plain stories of his fifty years voyages and adventures, while I was viewing this hospital and the church adjoining, I gave him at parting, a piece of their coin, about the value of a crown. He took it smiling, and offered it me again; but when I refused it, he asked me what he should do with the money? I left him to overcome his modesty as he could; but a servant coming after me, saw him give it to a little girl that opened the church door,

as she passed by him, which made me reflect upon the fantastic calculation of riches and poverty that is in the world, by which a man that wants a million is a prince, he that wants but a groat is a beggar ; and this was a poor man that wanted nothing at all.

ANECDOTE

O F

LORD GEORGE GERMAINE.

LORD George Germaine, through the application of some of his relations, procured a living for a gentleman whom he had not the honour of knowing. For this civility, the gentleman waited on his Lordship to return him thanks. His Lordship being inclined to make his situation as easy as possible, acquainted him, that since he had procured the living, a second of equal value was within his gift, and he begged to recommend it to him in preference to the other, which was unluckily situated close to a *powder-mill*. The young parson, desiring to express a sense of his gratitude, and also to give his Lordship a specimen of his wit, unfortunately answered, *that he was much obliged to his Lordship for this second mark*
of

of his favour, for he had as great an aversion to powder as Lord George Sackville.—His Lordship, unruffled, replied, with the highest courtesy, *In that particular, Sir, you may find, upon more mature consideration, that common fame has deceived you, without ever betraying to the flippant priest, that Lord George Germaine had been Lord George Sackville.*

A N E C D O T E

OF THE

MARQUIS OF ORMOND.

WHILE the Marquis resided in France, after the unfortunate defeat of Charles II. at Worcester, his finances were in a very disorderly condition; the King was unable to assist him, and the Parliament had seized all his estates. In these distressful circumstances the Nobility of France shewed him great civilities, and invited him to spend some time at their country seats: among the rest a nobleman of great quality carried him to his house at St. Germain, in Laye, where he entertained him, for some time, in a manner perfectly suitable to his own rank and that of his guest. At his coming away, the Marquis, in com-

pliance with a very inconvenient English custom, left with the maitre d'hotel ten pistoles to be distributed amongst the servants. It was all the money he had, nor did he know how to get more when he reached Paris. As he was on the road ruminating on this melancholy circumstance, and contriving how to raise a small supply for the present use, he was surprized at being told by his servant, that the nobleman at whose house he had been entertained, was driving furiously behind him on the road, as if he was desirous of overtaking him. It seems, the Marquis had scarce left St. Germain's, when the distribution of the money he had given, caused a great disturbance among the servants, who exalting their own services and attendance, complained of the maitre d'hotel's partiality. The nobleman hearing an unusual noise among his family, and upon enquiring into the matter, discovered the real cause, took the ten pistoles himself, and causing horses to be put immediately to his chariot, made all the haste possible after the Marquis of Ormond. The Marquis, upon his coming up, alighted from his horse, while the other quitted his chariot, and advanced to embrace him with great affection and respect; but was strangely surprized to find a coldness in the nobleman, which forbade all embraces, till he had received satisfaction in a point which had given him

him great offence. He asked the Marquis if he had any reason to complain of any disrespect he had met with in the too mean, but friendly entertainment which his house afforded? and being answered by the Marquis that his treatment had been full of civility; that he had never passed so many days more agreeably in his life; and could but wonder why the other could suspect the contrary. The nobleman then told him, that the leaving ten pistoles to be distributed among the servants, was treating his house as an inn, and was therefore the greatest affront that could be offered to a man of quality; that he paid his own servants well, and had hired them to wait on his friends as well as himself; that he considered him as a stranger that might be unacquainted with the customs of France, and commit the error from some practice deemed less dishonourable in his own country, otherwise his resentment would have prevented expostulation; but as the case stood, after having explained the nature of the affair, he must either redress the mistake by receiving back the ten pistoles, or give him the usual satisfaction of men of honour from an avowed affront: the Marquis acknowledged his error, took back his money, and returned to Paris with less anxiety about his subsistence.

ANECDOTE

ANECDOTE

Concerning QUEEN ELIZABETH.

A CARTER had three times been at Windsor with his cart to carry away, upon summons of a removal from thence, some part of the stuff of Queen Elizabeth's wardrobe; and when he had repaired thither once, twice, and the third time, and they of the wardrobe told him the third time, that the removal held not, the Queen having changed her mind, the carter, clapping his hand on his thigh, said, *Now I see that the Queen is a woman as well as my wife*; which words being overheard by her Majesty, who then stood at the window, she said, *What a villain is this?* and so sent him three angels to stop his mouth.

IMMORTALITY

The DOCTRINE of Christianity.

AS the doctrine of the immortality of the soul is the basis of the *Christian religion*, and of the utmost importance to us whilst here; so it is also a doctrine delightful to contemplate by every religious mind. And herein the Christian religion discovers its superior excellence and perfection, by exhibiting this doctrine, and giving mankind
a rational

a rational ground of hope that they were formed for an eternal existence in another world.

If we examine those accounts which the most authentic historians have transmitted to us, concerning the early ages of mankind, it appears that the doctrine of the soul's immortality was not known; nor in the general but little expected. And amongst those who carried their researches beyond the rest of their contemporaries, it was only guessed at, or at most held as a very doubtful point. So little could the strongest exertion of their reason, as men, inform them respecting the nature, properties, and duration of spirits, that those researches were generally terminated by representing it as only an opinion incapable of proof, and supported by nothing more than a bare probability.

It is true they could find no absolute proof to the contrary; and therefore, the most sanguine amongst them rather wished than believed that after the dissolution of their mortal frame, there might be another state of existence. But we find that this apprehension was so weak, or restricted within such narrow limits, that it was not considered as any motive to human actions, or conducive to the purposes of virtue and religion.

If



If we examine the sacred records of the Old Testament, we find the generality of mankind, in those early ages, were almost totally destitute of this apprehension, nor did the patriarchs themselves seem to entertain any idea of a future state. Their hopes and fears were apparently terminated by the enjoyments and sufferings of the present life, nor did they look for another.

And if we examine the Mosaic Law, with the most scrupulous attention, I do not recollect any clear intimations thereof being given to the Jews.

Although it pleased infinite wisdom to communicate the *moral law* to them, in the tables of stone from the sacred mount; and the *ceremonial law* was afterwards delivered to them by the lip of Moses; yet we find all the sanctions with which these laws were guarded, had an immediate relation to the happiness or unhappiness of the present state of being.

When the succeeding prophets preached the doctrine of universal righteousness, in the name of God, to the revolting tribes of Israel and Judah, they confined themselves within the same contracted limits.

When Moses exhorted the people in the wilderness to fulfil the neglected duties of the Horeb covenant,

covenant, he promised them, not the rewards of immortality and eternal life, but that they should “overcome the Heathens around them and possess in peace the land of Canaan, a land flowing with milk and honey.” He also threatens them, that if they swerved from the true worship of the God of their fathers, they should be overcome by their enemies, and their carcases should fall in the wilderness, and that they should never inherit the promised land. We also find, that after they were established in the land, and by their frequent transgressions had incurred the divine displeasure, the succeeding prophets threatened them, in the name of the Lord, with the calamity of war and captivity. They were frequently told, that unless they repented and amended their doings, “their houses should become desolate, and their inheritance taken from them by the Heathens; that their wives and their children should be slain before their faces, and the land become desolate, &c. &c.” but in neither case do we find the least intimation of any future state of existence.

Even Solomon himself, who was reputed the wisest among the sons of men, appears to be of a contrary opinion. After having explored the material world, and the whole scene of the lower creation; after having investigated the nature of

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every

every rank of sensitive beings, and the highest perfections of which the human race are capable, he declares the result of his judgment in the following expressions: " For that which befalleth the sons of men, befalleth beasts, even one thing befalleth them : as the one dieth, so dieth the other, yea, they have all one breath ; so that a man hath no pre-eminence over a beast ; for all is vanity, and all go to one place ; all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again."

But when this universal darkness began to vanish, and the resplendent lustre of the gospel-day broke forth, then was the doctrine of life and immortality brought to light with the most glorious certainty ; and we find our blessed Saviour, and the apostles under his immediate influence, proclaiming the joyful tidings to a world that had long sat in darkness, and in the regions and shadow of death. At this period, the religion of nature was republished with additional illustrations, the moral law was exhibited without that veil of carnal ordinances, which heretofore rendered it imperfect, and was guarded by the dreadful, yet pleasing sanctions of rewards and punishments. Every social, every relative, and every religious duty was pointed out with circumstantial precision ; and the motives to virtue were strengthened by every support

port that the free agency of rational beings could admit of, or the severest trials could require.

It is therefore reasonable to conclude, that the woe pronounced by our Lord himself on the inhabitants of Chorazen and Bethsaida, will fall with equal weight on obstinate unbelievers in the present age: "Woe unto thee Chorazen and Bethsaida, for if the mighty works, which were done in you, had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago."

And by a parity of reason may we not conclude, that in the final hour of retribution, the iniquities of the heathen world will find an easier pardon from the righteous judge of quick and dead, than these, who continue to sin under the clearer discoveries, and more illustrious beams of the gospel day.

It will, therefore, be the highest wisdom to mankind, to consider the dreadful consequences of shutting their eyes against that light, by and through which life and immortality is manifested, and by that consideration to walk as becomes the children of the light and the day. This is an employment which best becomes the dignity of an immortal spirit, to consider its being and its end, and to reflect, that although the limits of terrestrial ex-

istence may be fixed in the succeeding hour, yet infinite is the extent of never ending ages. To the certainty of immortality and eternal life, the unassisted faculties of the human mind could never arrive, and therefore, the consideration of that subject was generally terminated with anxiety and the horrors of suspense. But when we are assured by the lip of divine veracity, that mankind were formed for the glorious purpose of an immortal residence in the celestial regions, it inspires the soul with the most exalted transports of gratitude, affection and joy.

To cultivate this gratitude and preserve this affection undiminished in our mind, will be the strongest incitements to a life of godliness and virtue; these, and these only, being the appointed means by which that excellent end can be attained.

Those who thus apply their hearts unto wisdom, and receive her instructions, she will cause to inherit substance, and fill their treasures with the durable riches of righteousness and peace. Such, however circumstanced in this world, have a rational foundation for a steadfast hope that they shall stand in their lot in the end of days. This hope will support in life, open a safe path through the thorny tracts of adversity, and prove stronger than

than the bands of death: they will wait his arrival with pleasing expectation, and unshaken confidence, as a welcome messenger commissioned to strip off this mortal vesture of decay, and release the enraptured spirit to join its celestial kindred in the glorious realms of immortality and eternal life.

COMPASSION.

COMPASSION is an emotion of which we ought never to be ashamed. Graceful, particularly in youth, is the tear of sympathy, and the heart that melts at the tale of woe. We should not permit ease and indulgence to contract our affections, and wrap us up in a selfish enjoyment: but we should accustom ourselves to think of the distresses of human life, of the solitary cottage, the dying parent, and the weeping orphan. Nor ought we ever to sport with pain and distress in any of our amusements, nor treat even the meanest insect with wanton cruelty.

It has been objected, and it is to be feared with some reason, that female conversation is too frequently tinctured with a censorious spirit, and that ladies

ladies are seldom apt to discover much tenderness for a fallen sister. No arguments can justify, no pleas extenuate it.

To insult over the miseries of an unhappy creature is inhuman, not to compassionate them is unchristian. The worthy part of the sex always expresses themselves humanely on the feelings of others, in proportion to their undeviating goodness, and by that gentle virtue are prompted to alleviate the distresses of the unfortunate and wretched; it prevents us from retaliating injuries, and restrains us our severe judgments and angry passions.

THE POWER OF ELOQUENCE.

WHEN a man of eloquence speaks or writes upon any subject, we are too ready to run into his sentiments, being sweetly and insensibly drawn by the smoothness of his harangue, and the pathetic power of his language. Rhetoric will varnish every error, so that it shall appear in the dress of truth, and put such ornaments upon vice, as to make it look like virtue. It is an art of wondrous and extensive influence; it often conceals, obscures, or overwhelms the truth; and places sometimes a gross falshood in the most alluring

ing light. The decency of action, the music of the voice, the harmony of the periods, the beauty of the style, and all the engaging airs of the speaker, have often charmed the hearers into error, and persuaded them to approve whatsoever is proposed in so agreeable a manner. A large assembly stands exposed at once to the power of these prejudices, and imbibes them all. So Cicero and Demosthenes made the Romans and the Athenians believe almost whatever they pleased.

The best defence against both these dangers, is to learn the skill (as much as possible) of separating our thoughts and ideas from words and phrases, to judge of the things from their own natures, and in their natural or just relation to one another, abstracted from the use of language, and to maintain a steady and obstinate resolution, to hearken to nothing but truth, in whatsoever dress or style it appears.

ON CONSCIENCE,
RELATIVELY TO
The Wise Conduct of Providence,
IN PUNISHING GUILT.

CONSCIENCE is the law of the all-wise author of nature, written on our hearts, or properly

properly the application of this law, as it regards the judgments we should form of particular actions. It is like a censor noting and observing our actions, and therefore it has not undeservedly been called by some a portion of the virgin-soul, as not admitting the least blemish of prevarication. Hence good actions beget security in the conscience, but bad, cause anguish and vexation, which is better known by experience than explained by words: For, if it be painful to us to abide by the judgments of those we live with, and to put up with their reprehensions, it will be more so to be condemned by our own reason, and to carry about us so severe a judge of our actions: And thus it is that conscience performs the functions both of a witness and judge, when it reprimands us for having done amiss, as Juvenal says:

But why must those be thought to 'scape, who feel
 'Those rods of scorpions, and those whips of steel,
 Which conscience shakes, when she with rage
 controuls,

And spreads amazing terrors thro' their souls?
 Nor sharp revenge, nor hell itself, confin'd
 A fiercer torment than a guilty mind;
 Which day and night does dreadfully accuse,
 Condemns the wretch, and still the charge renews.

Many instances might be given of the wonderful force of those inward compunctions and horrors,

rors, that sometimes possess a guilty mind, and are awakened there, by the most unexpected circumstances. When these at once let loose upon the unhappy patient, the beloved associations of interest, power, and pleasure, burst asunder like bubbles of air, the whole scene of his past life rises full to his view, and appears big with extravagance and frenzy; the base or wicked part he has acted, stares him in the face, nor can he find any relief from those stings of remorse that pierce his inmost frame, till he has disclosed his guilt, expelled the exorbitant passion, and become sensible to more worthy sentiments and affections.

Our acquaintance with history and the world, will suggest to us many examples of this kind, in which it must be confessed that the hand of the sovereign physician of nature is very conspicuous. One happened in a neighbouring state not many years ago :

“ A jeweller, a man of good character and considerable wealth, having occasion, in the way of his business, to travel at some distance from the place of his abode, took along with him a servant, in order to take care of his portmanteau. He had along with him some of his best jewels, and a large sum of money, to which his servant was likewise privy. The master having occasion to dismount

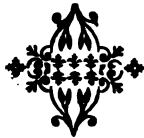
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on the road, the servant watched his opportunity, took a pistol from his master's saddle, and shot him dead on the spot: then rifling him of his jewels and money, and hanging a large stone to his neck, he threw him into the nearest canal. With this booty he made off to a distant part of the country, where he had reason to believe that neither he nor his master were known: there he began to trade in a very low way at first, that his obscurity might screen him from observation, and, in the course of a good many years, seemed to rise by the natural progress of business, into wealth and consideration, so that his good fortune appeared at once the effect of his industry and virtue. Of these he counterfeited the appearances so well, that he grew into great credit, married into a good family, and by laying out his hidden stores discreetly, as he saw occasion, and joining to all an universal affability, he was admitted to a share of the government of the town, and rose from one post to another, till at length, he was chosen chief Magistrate. In this office he maintained a fair character, and continued to fill it with no small applause, both as a governor and a judge; 'till one day, as he sat on the bench with some of his brethren, a criminal was brought before them, who was accused of having murdered his master. The evidence came out full. The jury brought in their verdict

verdict that the prisoner was guilty, and the whole assembly waited the sentence of the president of the court (which he happened to be that day) with great suspense. Meanwhile he appeared to be in an unusual disorder and agitation of mind; his colour changed often: At length he rose from his seat, and, coming down from the bench, placed himself just before the unfortunate man at the bar, to the no small astonishment of all present. "You see before you," said he, addressing himself to those who sat on the bench with him, "a striking instance of the just awards of heaven, which, this day, after thirty years concealment, presents to you a greater criminal, than the man just now found guilty." Then he made an ample confession of his guilt, and of all its aggravations, particularly the ingratitude of it to a master, who had raised him from the very dust, and reposed a peculiar confidence in him: and told them in what manner he had hitherto screened himself from public justice, and how he had escaped the observation of mankind by the specious mask he had wore, "But now," added he, "no sooner did this unhappy prisoner appear before us, charged with the same crime I was conscious of myself, than the cruel circumstances of my guilt, beset me in all their horror:—the arrows of the Almighty stuck fast within me, and my own crime appeared so

atrocious, that I could not consent to pass sentence against my fellow criminal, till I had first empannelled and accused myself; nor can I now feel any relief from the agonies of an awakened conscience, but by requiring that justice may be forthwith done against me, in the most public and solemn manner, for so aggravated a parricide.—Therefore, in the presence of the all-seeing God, the great witness and judge of my crime, and before this whole assembly, who have been the witnesses of my hypocrisy, I plead guilty, and require sentence may be passed against me as a most notorious malefactor.” We may easily suppose the amazement of all the assembly, and especially of his fellow-judges. However, they proceeded, upon his confession, to pass sentence upon him; and he died with all the symptoms of a penitent mind. An exemplary instance of the fatal effects of an exorbitant passion; and of the tremendous justice of providence, in detecting one of the most cool and artful villains, after so long a concealment.



A N E C D O T E
OF THE
LATE GENERAL GANSEL'S
PROMOTION.

MANY years ago the late King had a violent pain in his thumb, which, after many ineffectual experiments, made by the state physicians, was consigned over to Dr. Ward, who was at that time in great vogue with the public. Previous to Ward's admission to the royal presence, he had minutely acquainted himself with the disorder, and had prepared himself with a particular nostrum, which he had concealed in the hollow of his hand. When he was introduced, he begged his Majesty would permit him to look at his hand; which the King complied with; when Ward gave him such a sudden wrench, that the King called him a rascal, and at the same time gave him a kick on the shins. Ward bore all this patiently, till finding him a little cool, he desired him to stir his thumb, which he did to his very great surprize, without the least pain whatever. The King was so transported with this sudden relief, that he called him his *Æsculapius*, made him sit down in his presence, and insisted upon knowing how he could serve him. Ward replied, that he thought the honour and pleasure he received in giving him ease was sufficient;

sufficient; but that since his Majesty was so obliging, he told him he had a nephew (meaning the late General Gansel) who was unprovided for, and any favour granted him, he should consider as bestowed on himself. The King, after first insisting on himself accepting a state coach, immediately sent his nephew a pair of colours in the Guards, and by degrees made him a Lieutenant General.

UNNATURAL BROTHER.

UPON the death of Selimus the second, which happened in the year 1582, Amurah the third succeeded in the Turkish empire; at his entrance upon which he caused his five brothers, Mustapha, Solymon, Abdalla, Osman, and Sinagar, without pity or commiseration, to be strangled in his presence, and gave orders that they should be buried with his dead father, an ordinary thing with Mahometan princes, who, to secure to themselves the empire without rivalry, stick not to pollute their hands with the blood of their nearest relations. It is said of this Amurah, when he saw the fatal bow-string put about the neck of his younger brother, that he was seen to weep, but it seems they were crocodile tears, for he held firmly to his bloody purpose,

A THOUGHT

A T H O U G H T
O N
F I R S T W A K I N G.

TO God, who guards me all the night,
Be honour, love, and praise;
To God, who sheds the morning light,
And gives me length of days.

His pow'r first call'd us forth from nought,
Inspir'd the vital flame;
And with amazing wisdom wrought
The whole material frame.

He gave the soul its heav'nly birth,
He, by his word divine,
Prepar'd the fit enclosing earth,
And bade them both combine.

Strange, that a pure, immortal mind,
A bright celestial ray,
Should be with frailest nature join'd,
And mixt with common clay!

O! wond'rous union, so compos'd,
That none can understand;
'Tis such as evidently shews,
Th' Almighty Maker's hand.

INSTANCES

I N S T A N C E S

O F

P R E S E N C E O F M I N D.

PRESENCE of mind may be defined, ‘ a readiness to turn to good account the occasions for speaking or acting.’ It is an advantage that has often been wanting to men of the most accomplished knowledge. Presence of mind requires an easy wit, a proper share of cool reflection, a practice in business, an intuitive view according to different occurrences, memory, and sagacity in disputation, security in danger, and, in the world, that liberty of heart which makes us attentive to all that passes, and keeps us in a condition to profit by every thing. The Caliph Hégiage, the horror and dread of his people, on account of his cruelties, was often wont to traverse incog. the extensive provinces of his empire without attendants, or any mark of distinction. He meets with an Arab of the desert, and after some discourse with him, ‘ Friend, said he, I would be glad to know, from you, what sort of a man this Hégiage is, there is so much talk about?’ Hégiage, answered the Arab, is not a man, but a tyger, a monster!—What is laid to his charge?—A multitude of crimes: he has drenched himself in the blood of more than a million of his subjects.—

Have

Have you ever seen him? No! well then! look up: it is the very man to whom you speak! The Arab, without shewing the least surprise, looked stedfastly at, and said haughtily to him, 'and you, do you know who I am?'—No! I belong to the family of Zobair, every one of whose descendants becomes a fool once a year; this is my day. Hagiage smiled at so ingenious an excuse, and pardoned him.

A Gascon officer, in the French army, was speaking pretty loud to one of his comrades: as he was leaving him, with an important tone of voice, 'I am going to dine with Villars.' Marshal Villars, who then happened to be standing behind this officer said to him mildly, 'On account of my rank of General, and not on account of my merit, you should have said Mr. Villars.' The Gascon, who little imagined he was so near the General, replied, without appearing the least astonished: 'Well-a-day, nobody says Mr. Cæsar, and I thought nobody ought to say Mr. Villars.'

Presence of mind seems to be particularly necessary to a General of an army, not only for obviating accidents in the midst of an action, but also for effectually putting a stop to the disorders of a frightened army, or when it declines in duty, and is ripe for mutiny.

Ascent history mentions, that the army of Cyrus, in presence of that of Croesus, took for an ill omen a loud clap of thunder. The impression did not escape the penetration of Cyrus, his genius immediately suggesting to him an interpretation of the presage, which spirited up his soldiery. 'Friends, said he, the heavens declare for us: let us march on to the enemy: I hear the cry of victory: we follow thee, O great Jupiter!'

Lucullus being ready to give battle to Tigranes, it was remonstrated to him, to dissuade him from it, that it was an unlucky day. 'So much the better, said he; we shall make it lucky by our victory.'

Gonsalvo of Corduba, a General of Ferdinand V. King of Arragon, happened, in an action, to see blown up, at the first discharge of the enemy, the powder magazine of the Spaniards. "My brave boys, cried he immediately to his soldiers, the victory is ours: for heaven tells us by this grand signal, that we shall have no further occasion for our artillery." This confidence of the General passed to the soldiers, and made them gain the victory.

The same General commanded, in 1502, the Spanish army in the Kingdom of Naples. The troops ill-paid and wanting necessaries, took up
arms

arms for the most part, and presented themselves before Gonfalso, in order of battle, to demand their pay. One of the boldest of them urged the matter so far, as to level at him the point of his halbert. The general, not in the least dismayed, or even seeming to be surprized, laid hold of the soldier's arm, and affecting a gay and smiling air, as if it had only been in play, 'Take care, comrade, said he, that in fiddling with that weapon you do not wound me.' But the night following, when all was quiet, Gonfalso had this seditious soldier put to death, and had him tied up to a window, where the whole army saw him exposed the next day. This example of severity recovered and confirmed the General's authority, which sedition had like to have overturned.

A REMARKABLE STORY

OF

KING OSMIN

AND BISHOP AIDAN.

KING OSMIN had given bishop Aidan a fine horse. Some time after the bishop happening to meet upon the road a poor man, who begged his charity, dismounted and gave him the horse, with its rich furniture. The King, on

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hearing

bearing this, was displeased, and the next time the bishop came to dine with him, spoke to him in the following manner: "Why were you, my Lord, so prodigal of my favour, as to give away my pad to a beggar? If there was a necessity for setting him on horseback, could not you have furnished him with one of less value? or if he wanted any other relief, you might surely have taken some other method to supply his wants, and not have parted so easily with the present I made you."—To which the bishop replied, "Your Majesty seems to have considered the matter very imperfectly; for otherwise I am very certain you would not set a greater value on the son of a mare, than on a son of a god." Upon this nothing more passed on the subject, and they sat down to dinner. Not long after the King returning from hunting, when the bishop was at court, and remembering what had passed between them, laid by his sword, and falling at the bishop's feet, desired he would not take amiss what he had formerly said about the pad. The bishop, greatly affected at seeing the King in that posture, raised him up, and requested he would never give himself any further trouble with regard to that affair, for that he himself had forgot it. The prelate's spirits were not, however, soon composed: he wept bitterly; and being asked the cause of his tears, replied, "I foresee

foresee that Osmin's life draws toward its period, for in my whole life I never saw so humble a Prince before. His soul is too heavenly to dwell long among us: indeed the nation does not deserve the blessing of such a governor." The bishop proved a true prophet, for the King was soon after treacherously slain; and in about a fortnight after Aidan himself resigned his breath; and as Bede expressed it, received the reward of his pious labours in heaven.

ANECDOTE.

ANTALCIDAS, a Spartan, being about to enter into the Priesthood, was asked by the Priest, what action worthy of renown he had performed during his life? He replied, "If I have performed any, the Gods themselves are acquainted with it."—How noble an instance of modesty! How exalted a notion of the Deity! and surely nothing can be more foolish than to imagine, by the commemoration of our actions, we recommend ourselves to the Deity, who, of whatever nature these actions may be, must have the clearest knowledge of their quality and worth.

TREACTHRY

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TREACHERY

JUSTLY REWARDED :

An ANECDOTE.

WHILST the Romans were besieging the city of Falisca, a School-Master contrived to lead the children of the principal men of the city into the Roman camp. The novelty of such a baseness surprized them, and they so much abhorred it, that immediately they ordered the arms of the traitor to be tied, gave each of the scholars rods, and bid them whip him back to the city, and return to their parents. They did so accordingly, and in so rigorous a manner, that the wretch died under their blows, as they entered the city. The generosity of the Romans touched the Faliscans so sensibly, that the next day, on honourable terms, they submitted themselves to the Romans.

AN ANECDOTE.

WHEN Lord Percy was with the army at Cork, previous to their departure for America, he observed a beautiful boy in the ranks as a cadet: he went up to him, asked his name, and his connections. The boy answered, " My Lord,

Lord, I am the son of an old officer, who after many years service both abroad and at home, is now a Captain in the Royal Hospital near Dublin; I am his third son, and my two elder brothers are now in the army." His Lordship, not in the usual mode of recommending the lad to his Majesty for the next vacant commission, but with a spirit, the inheritance of his noble family, instantly wrote to his agent, Sir William Montgomery, to lodge the money for an Ensigncy then to be sold in the fifth regiment, and to name this boy as the successor. The commission was signed accordingly; and at Bunker's-Hill, Brandywine, &c. his Lordship's Ensign behaved with a degree of courage that reflected honour on the regiment.

Of L I F E.

THERE is not a word in the English language more frequently used, nor more ambiguous in its meaning, than Life. We hear of persons being acquainted with life, enjoying life, having a taste for life. Misers, lovers, men of pleasure, business and ambition, appropriate it to themselves, and exclude the pretensions of all the world beside. They permit others to breathe, and move
and

and exist ; to live, is a peculiar privilege of their own. Even those who invert the course of nature, and never begin to wake 'till the season of repose, assume the name of fine spirits, possessed of the invaluable secret of improving life to the utmost, and intitled to treat the most respectable characters with contempt. Passion, education, and fancy, determine men to different pursuits, and pride is always ready to vindicate their choice. Hence it happens, that every station has had its friends and advocates; that some are charmed with the grandeur of a public scene, and others with the freedom and independence of obscurity; that some are happy only in courts, and others in desarts; that some look upon life as a ridiculous farce, and others as an agreeable tour, always presenting new prospects, pleasures, and adventures. If you will believe the philosopher, no gratification is so exquisite as the discovery of truth; and, if you credit the Epicure, no entertainment is like that of a luxurious table. All these various paths and characters of life, we ought freely to examine, that we may impartially pronounce upon the advantages and merits belonging to each. We ought not to content ourselves with looking upon the outward appearances of mankind, but enquire into the truth of their several pretensions to wisdom, honour, and happiness. We should consider human

man actions from their secret springs, pry into the recesses of the heart, and observe what is transacted in the green-room; which, as Mr. Bays thinks, makes a very considerable part of the plot.

According to the degrees of life which mankind seem to possess, they cannot be more justly divided than into the three classes of rational, animal, and vegetable. If all but the first were to be cancelled out of existence, what a proscription would there be of the human race! For none belong to that order, but those who consider the end pointed out by their frame and situation, and unite every passion and faculty in the pursuit of them; who fill some useful place in society, and direct their actions by well-examined and approved principles. In the second class, we may range all those who blindly follow the dictates of custom, and yield to the impression of every object round them, with any guide but sense, or any power but that of imitation. They can do as they are trained, glitter at public places, dress, visit, and go well thro' the artificial decorums of life, but cannot distinguish between its amusements and concerns. In a word, they have sensibility without sentiment, and vivacity without pleasure. The lowest in this scale are those who look upon themselves as made to consume the fruits of the ground, and have no other

sense but hunger and thirst. Their whole employment is to excite and gratify their appetites: their pleasure is insensibility, and the most distinguished periods of their lives, are the seasons of refreshment and rest; and, therefore, they may be compared to those vegetables which flourish or decay as the elements bestow or deny their influence.

The highest perfections of life is, that regular system of thinking and acting, which affords the compleatest gratifications to the mind and body, and produces most public and private happiness.

BON MOT

OF

Dr. HENNIKER.

BEING in a private conversation with the late Earl of Chatham, his Lordship asked him, amongst other questions, how he defined Wit? "My Lord," said the Dr. "Wit is like what a pension would be, given by your Lordship to your humble Servant,—a good thing well applied."

AMOR

AMOR AND OBEDIENTIA :

A MORAL TALE.

THE obstinacy of parents and friends often destroys the future happiness of young couples, who entertained a pleasing passion, and perhaps vowed eternal fidelity to each other, through the violence and compulsion too often used to separate them from all that is dear, on pretence of the inequality of the match, and, as they call it, befriending them by forcing a marriage into a higher station, though detestable to the party compelled, and for ever after rendering life a burthen, or perhaps occasioning some rash step whereby their ruin ensues.

It is much to be lamented that parents do not consider the imprudence of such a compulsion, as it is known to every one, that titles and honour, without love, can never render life happy in the marriage state; not admitting every imprudent connection, which two young heads may frame, but such only as are of age of maturity to judge for themselves.—The following authentic story of Amor and Obedientia will confirm the truth of the above assertion,

In a corporation town, in Cheshire, lived Amor and Obedientia. Amor was brought up under the

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care of a friend, on whom he chiefly depended for a subsistence, as his own parents were not able to give him any fortune, having been lately reduced in the world. His fortune, therefore, depended upon his own abilities, and his behaviour towards his friend, (whom I shall call by the name of Sir Peter) who loved him as his own Son, and intended to dispose of him as such.

Obedientia was the daughter of an honest tradesman of the same place, a lady of surprising abilities, agreeable behaviour, and an enchanting person, and had received a very liberal education. In short, the young couple were made to please, and were the very model of happiness. Her fortune was but small, but her accomplishments made amends for that. Sir Peter intended Amor for a much greater fortune than Obedientia was possessed of.

The acquaintance of Amor and Obedientia began at a public diversion, about ten miles from home. Obedientia was there upon a visit for some time, at a friend's house, where Amor likewise went one day to see the diversions. They met by chance at this place, which was the first scene of their future intrigue. Amor never had any acquaintance with Obedientia before this time, tho' they lived both in one town, but had often heard
of

of her abilities, which he found perfectly true, as his heart was by this accidental acquaintance entirely her's. He was so much engaged, that he did not return home for two or three days; and when he did, he waited with the utmost impatience for the arrival of the fair keeper of his heart. He did not disclose his mind to her for some time, but gave evident marks thereof, which were agreeably returned.

Amor at first was afraid so charming a Lady as Obedientia was otherwise engaged, than to hearken to his solicitations, but soon found her attached to no one, though numbers were striving to gain her affections. He then ventured to disburthen his mind to her, which was received by evident marks of satisfaction. Things being in this train, he visited her constantly at her parent's, three or four times a day. He spent his evenings successively with her, and accompanied her to all the assemblies and diversions in the country. In short, he was never happy but when in her company. Their happiness was of too great moment to last long: they loved each other with equal affection; and nothing was wanting but their union to make them perfectly happy, which at that interval, was totally impossible for a number of years. The busy world saw with enmity the happiness

pinels of this charming pair; and strove, by a number of schemes and fabulous stories, to destroy it.

Sir Peter, all this time, knew nothing of the connection, which Amor and Obedientia endeavoured by all means to conceal from him, as they well knew he would object against it, and the violence of his temper might thereby be their immediate separation. However, he perceived an alteration in the behaviour of Amor, and that he totally neglected his studies, which surprised him very much, as he could not tell the reason, till his ears were at last caught by the ill-natured stories then circulating about, which assuredly brought on a violent quarrel between Amor and his guardian, who insisted upon Amor's immediately leaving his house, or breaking off the connection with Obedientia; and persevered therein so much, that Amor was at last forced faithfully to promise to banish all thoughts of Obedientia, and never speak to her more.

He was obliged to submit to his fate, as he very well knew his fortune depended upon Sir Peter, and his non-compliance to his will, would be his certain and immediate ruin. The situation he was now in cannot be expressed. Deprived of his dear Obedientia, and the thoughts of the pleasure he
used

used to enjoy in her company, he was driven to despair. But how to disclose this sad tale to Obedientia, he was at a loss to determine: he, however, resolved to pay her a last and final visit, to communicate to her the cause of their separation, which he did, with as much fortitude and resolution as lay in his power.

No one can judge the sorrow that was painted on their countenances: the circumstances they were in is past the power of a pen to describe, and the tortures they suffered upon the occasion, were more than they could bear.

But when the time came that they must bid the last parting farewell, it is too affecting to express. Encircled in each others arms, and floods of tears flowing down their cheeks, with vows of eternal constancy passing and re-passing between them, their case was really deplorable: however, they at last tore themselves from each other, in a situation not to be described.

Amor continued several days in a state of stupefaction, insomuch that his health began perceptibly to impair. As for Obedientia, she was much in the same state; and a fortnight passed in this unhappy situation, 'till it was impossible to bear it
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any longer, and Amor resolved upon a scheme, which he conjectured might produce some little happiness.

He entrusted an acquaintance, whom he believed his friend, laid his heart open to him, and begged his friendship to assist him in keeping a correspondence with Obedientia, by letters. He promised his sincerity, and pledged it by a solemn oath : a correspondence was thereby carried on for some time ; at last they agreed upon a place of rendezvous, a little way out of town, to meet each other, and there to enjoy the happiness of each other's company in private, which they were deprived of in public.

Sir Peter never had the least suspicion of their clandestine meetings, as he put too much confidence in Amor, to believe he would deceive him ; yet he saw his situation, but ascribed it to the sudden parting.

In this situation they did not continue long, before their happiness was again totally destroyed, through the perfidy of their friend, who was entrusted with the fatal secret. He proved a serpent in their breast, instead of a sincere friend, as they thought him to be : he was the instrument of accelerating their misfortunes, and their ruin, as afterwards ensued.

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This person being an insinuating, sly man, took an opportunity, perhaps through interest, to inform Sir Peter of their correspondence, and of the clandestine meetings of the distressed pair.—Sir Peter could not easily believe it: upon which the traitor offered, at the next meeting of Amor and Obedientia, to lay the scene before his own eyes; which he actually did, by conducting him privately to the appointed place. Rage and revenge immediately took possession of the breast of Sir Peter; he flew to the loving couple, who were at that time at the highest pitch of happiness which their forbidden connection allowed them, and tore Amor from the arms of his charming Obedientia, and beat him before her eyes in a most inhuman manner; and, to complete their ruin, absolutely insisted on Amor's never entering his doors any more. The entreaties and prayers of Amor and Obedientia were of no effect; and, after disowning all pretensions to Amor, he left them in a situation every humane breast must feel for. What was to be done in their present circumstances? They could not conceive any thing but that impending ruin lay before them: however, Amor resolved not to be the cause of Obedientia's ruin; he loved her to such excess, that to see the partner of his heart want, would be worse than a total separation; which, if they had married, would

have been the certain consequence ; therefore, he resolved to run the risk of his own ruin, to preserve that of Obedientia ; and under pretence of a short parting, he immediately set off for a seaport town, and entered a volunteer on board a man of war, in order to gain a fortune by some means, so as to set him and his fair Obedientia above the cares of life, or die in the attempt ; persevering still rather to die than to reduce to want, by any rash step, one of the most amiable women in the universe ; for he well knew the fortune Obedientia was likely to be possessed of, was too small to support them long. However, his fate was otherwise determined ; for at an engagement at sea he was wounded, and soon after bravely died, fighting for his King and country : and thus ended the life of the faithful Amor, whose death was crowned with honour and virtue.

Obedientia knew nothing for some time of the fate of Amor, but was surprized at his long stay from her, and waited with the utmost impatience for his return. Being between hope and despair, divers thoughts alternately took possession of her mind, continually dreading some misfortune ; when at last the shocking news of his death arrived, with the particulars of the former part of the above account, wrote in his own hand to an acquaintance,
and

and nearly at the same time a most pathetic letter to Obedientia, acquainting her with his resolutions, and professing the tenderest regard and sincere continuance thereof, 'till the time arrived that might render them happy; hoping he should have no reason to repent his constancy, by the fidelity of Obedientia; and concluded with begging she would make herself as happy in her present circumstance as she possibly could.

His death no sooner reached the ears of Obedientia, than she fainted away, and soon after fell into a high fever, in which she lingered for some time, continually raving on her dear Amor, and died soon after in the utmost agonies of death, bewailed by all her acquaintance, and leaving behind her a pattern of true love, and real virtue.

And thus ended the lives of those amiable persons, Amor and Obedientia, whose only fault was loving too well. Their last misfortunes were chiefly owing to a treacherous and dissembling friend. Their correspondence seems all along honourable, and their intention is supposed to be, to have kept on in the same secret connection, 'till a convenient season had interfered, that they might have been united in the nuptial bands, without incurring the displeasure of friends, or reducing themselves to a state of beggary.

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EXHORTATION
AGAINST
EXCESSIVE SORROW.

LET not your thoughts dwell continually upon your distresses and afflictions. Suffer not the chambers of your soul to be ever hung round with dark and dismal ideas: chew not always the worm-wood and the gall; but remember the many temporal mercies you enjoy, and the rich treasures of grace in the gospel. Survey the immortal blessings of pardon of sin, and eternal life; the love of God, and the hope of heaven. Look sometimes on these brighter scenes; suffer not your sorrow to bury all your past and present comforts in darkness and oblivion. Thankfulness is one way to joy.

Remember, if you are a christian indeed, the springs of your grief cannot flow long, the hour of death will dry them all up. The last moment of this mortal life is a certain and final period to sorrow. Converse much among the mansions and joys of the invisible world, and your hope which is laid up there: the very gleamings of that glory will brighten the darkest providences, and relieve the soul under its sharpest pains.

Compare your miseries with your sins, and then you will think them lighter. You will learn then
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to bear your burdens with a more serene and peaceful mind, and turn your sorrows into repentance for sin. But, alas! we aggravate our sufferings, and extenuate and excuse our sins: whereas sufferings would appear lighter, if we did but consider how much heavier evils we have deserved from the hands of an holy and offended God.

O N T H E
VANITY of RICHES.

SEEST thou, fond youth, yon precipice on high,
 Rob'd by the clouds, and turban'd by the sky,
 How low'ring darkly o'er the shadow'd plains,
 It strikes wild terror thro' the gazing swains?
 It's craggy sides can boast no fertile soil,
 No promis'd harvest tempts a rural toil;
 No grazing cattle find their pasture there,
 Nor fragrant flowers perfume the ambient air;
 No sweet-meand'ring current glides along,
 Courting the meadows with its murm'ring song;
 No shady bow'rs adorn its barren sides,
 Nor fair enclosure its rough ground divides;
 No lofty spires a wond'ring glance invite,
 Nor artful gardens tempt the distant sight.

All

All rough and wild, it rears its rocky head,
 And strikes the wond'ring eye with awful dread.
 From its high top impetuous torrents flow,
 Form'd by dissolving tracts of native snow;
 Sorrow sits brooding on its furrow'd face,
 And desolation triumphs o'er the place :
 Se'est thou all this, fond mortal? Think, if so,
 Thou se'est the bliss the vain ambitious know.
 Such are the barren pleasures they enjoy,
 For this alone whole ages they employ.
 They move our pity, tho' they tempt our fight,
 High above all, but wretched by their height.

D U T Y.

WHEN we act according to our duty, we
 commit the event to him by whose laws
 our actions are governed, and who will suffer
 none to be finally punished for obedience. But,
 when in prospect of some good, whether natural
 or moral, we break the rules prescribed to us, we
 withdraw from the direction of superior wisdom,
 and take all consequences upon ourselves.



ROYAL.

ROYAL ANECDOTE.

AS an instance of the excellent manner in which the Royal children are educated, one instance is worthy of mention respecting their pocket money.—The younger ones have all a stated sum allowed, proportioned to their age; and the Queen requires them to give an account, how they dispose of it, when they receive a lecture, if a considerable portion is not bestowed in some commendable charity, that is free from ostentation.—Every one chuses how he will bestow his money. One of the little ones hearing a newspaper read, said to the Queen, “Mamma, I can’t think what a prison is?” Upon its being explained, and understanding that the prisoners were half-starved for want,—“That,” replied the child, “is very cruel, for the prison is bad enough without starving.—I will certainly give my charity in bread to poor prisoners;” which being ordered, was sent accordingly. Thus it is, that in the minutiae of education, principles of humanity and tenderness are instilled, which are much more likely to form the mind, than the most solemn arguments, and tedious reasonings.

RELAXATION.

RELAXATION.

AFTER the exercises which the health of the body requires, and which have themselves a natural tendency to actuate and invigorate the mind, the most eligible amusement of a rational being, seems to be that interchange of thoughts which is practised in free and easy conversation; where suspicion is banished by experience, and emulation by benevolence; where every man speaks with no other restraint than unwillingness to offend, and hears with no other disposition than a desire to be pleased.

RELIGION.

THE spirit of true religion spreads gentleness and affability. It gives a native unaffected ease to the behaviour; it is social, kind and cheerful; far removed from that gloomy and illiberal superstition which clouds the brow, sharpens the temper, dejects the spirits, and teaches men to fit themselves for another world, by neglecting the concerns of this.

On the contrary, religion connects our preparation for heaven with an honourable discharge of the

the duties of active life. It is associated in the imagination with all that is lovely and useful ; with whatsoever things are true, are just, are pure, are lovely, are of good report ; wherever there is any virtue, and wherever there is any praise.

Religion is rather a matter of sentiment than reasoning. The important and interesting articles of faith are sufficiently plain. Our attention should be fixed on these, and not suffered to meddle with controversy: for there we are plunged into a chaos from which we never shall be able to extricate ourselves. It spoils the temper, and has no good effect on the heart.

All books, and all conversation that tend to shake our faith, on those great points of religion, which should serve to regulate our conduct, and on which our hopes of future and eternal happiness depend, should be avoided.

We should never indulge ourselves in ridicule on religious subjects, nor give countenance to it in others, by seeming diverted with what they say. This, to people of good breeding, will be a sufficient check. It is not necessary to go further than scripture for our religious opinions.

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We should embrace those we find clearly revealed, and never perplex ourselves about such as we do not understand, but treat them with silent and becoming reverence.

O N G O D.

WHAT tho' no object strike upon the sight,
 Thy sacred presence is an inward light.
 What tho' no sound shall penetrate the ear,
 To list'ning faith the voice of truth is clear.
 Sincere devotion wants no outward shrine,
 The centre of an humble Soul is thine.
 There may I worship, and there may'st thou raise
 Thy seat of glory, and thy throne of grace;
 Yea, fix, (if Christ my advocate appear)
 The strict tribunal of thy justice there.
 Let each vain thought, and each impure desire,
 Meet in thy wrath with a consuming fire.
 Thou too can'st raise (tho' punishing for sin)
 The joys of peaceful penitence within;
 Thy justice and thy mercy both are sweet;
 Thou mak'st our sufferings and salvation meet.
 Befal me, then, whatever God shall please,
 His wounds are healing, and his griefs give ease.
 He is the true physician of the soul,
 Applies the med'cine that can make it whole.

I'll do, I'll suffer, whatsoe'er he wills;
 I see his aim thro' all these transient ills:
 'Tis to insure a salutary grief,
 To fit the mind to absolute relief;
 'Till purg'd from ev'ry false and finite love,
 Dead to the world, alive to things above;
 The soul renew'd, as in its first form'd youth,
 Shall worship God in spirit and in truth.

Against Indulging
IMPROPER CURIOSITY.

RESTRAIN your needless curiosity, and all solicitous enquiries into things which were better unknown. How many plentiful springs of fear, sorrow, anger, and hatred have been found out and broken up by this laborious digging? Have-a-care of an over curious search into such things as might have safely remained for ever secret, and the ignorance of them had prevented many foolish and hurtful passions. A fond solicitude to know all that our friends or our foes say of us, is often recompensed with vexing disquietudes and anguish of soul.

LOVE.

L O V E.

WHAT is commonly called LOVE amongst the women, is rather gratitude and partiality to the man who prefers any individual to the rest of the sex; such a man she often marries with little of either personal esteem or affection. Indeed, without an unusual share of sensibility, and very peculiar good fortune, a woman in this country has very little probability of marrying for love. For love is not to begin on the part of the female, but entirely to be the consequence of a man's attachment to her. Nature has therefore as wisely as benevolently assigned to the tender sex, a greater flexibility of taste on this subject.

Some agreeable qualities recommend a gentleman to common good liking, and friendship. In the course of acquaintance, he contracts an attachment. When a woman perceives it, it excites her gratitude; this rises into preference, perhaps, at last advances to some degree of attachment, especially if it meets with crosses and difficulties; for these, and a state of suspense are very great incitements to attachment, and are the food of love in both sexes.

The effects of love among men are diversified by their different tempers. An artful man may counterfeit

counterfeit every one of them so as easily to impose on a young girl of an open, generous, and feeling heart, if she is not extremely on her guard. The finest parts of such a girl may not always prove sufficient for her security. The dark and crooked paths of cunning are unsearchable, and inconceivable to an honourable and elevated mind.

Superstition and Enthusiasm.

SUPERSTITION and Enthusiasm are two capital sources of delusion. Superstition on the one hand, attaching men with immoderate zeal to the ritual and external part of religion; Enthusiasm, on the other, directing their whole attention to internal emotions, and mystical communications with the spiritual world; while neither the one nor the other has paid sufficient regard to the great moral duties of the christian life. Indeed, the horror of Superstition has sometimes reached so far, as to produce contempt for all external institutions, whilst persons of a devout turn, being carried by warm affections at times into unjustifiable excesses, have thence made many conclude, that all devotion was a-kin to enthusiasm.

ENTRANCE



ANECDOTE

OF THE

Late JONAS HANWAY, Esq.

DURING the progress of the bill which he introduced into the house of Commons, for the regulation of the infant parish-poor, he was obliged to be incessantly going about to the members of the clerks, and to bring down his evidences; for he was his own solicitor. His coachman, which had not the same motives to soften his fatigue, which his master felt, after driving him about from dawn 'till near the evening, was stopped in the Strand, in their way to the Parliament house, by a crowd of carriages. The old gentleman, full of the great object then on his hands, and impatient of the least delay, put his head through the window of his carriage, and began to rate his Coachman for not getting on; called him blockhead, fool, &c. and directed him how to drive, to extricate himself from the crowd. Upon which, the fellow descended from the box, with great seeming composure, and said, "If you think you can drive better than I can, you may drive yourself." He accordingly came home, and brought his whip with him. The carriage was driven home by a Porter; and Mr. Hanway pursued his way on foot.

ANECDOTE

ANECDOTE
OF
Dr. JOHNSON.

A GENTLEMAN observing to the Doctor, that there was less vagrant poor in Scotland than in England, and as a proof of it, said there was no instance of a beggar dying in the streets there. "I believe you are very right, Sir, says Johnson, but that does not arise from the want of vagrants, *but the impossibility of starving a Scotchman.*"

OF THE
FORCE and BENEFIT
OF A
GOOD EXAMPLE.

THE way to love our fellow-creatures, is to with them all the good we think conducive to their happiness, and to procure it for them, if in our power. As nothing is more conducive to happiness than virtue, the first and most important duty of society, is to display it in its full lustre to those who surround us, in order to make them fall in love with it. Now, example is the most pro-

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per means to produce this effect, and frequently it is the only one in our power. Every man cannot compose books, preach sermons, or make laws; besides, these are only lifeless pictures, which seldom touch the heart, and exhibit only imperfect and mutilated representations of virtue. The pen, and even the tongue itself, like the pencil, paint only the surface of objects; and of this surface they represent no more than can be perceived at one view, and one attitude: they cannot animate the figure. Example is a living picture, which represents virtue in action, and communicates the impression that moves it to the heart of every spectator.—Now every one is capable of giving an example of virtue, since nothing more is requisite than to act uniformly the honest man.

Let us leave all curious and useless speculation, and admire the Divine Wisdom; which of all the means capable of contributing to purity of morals, has invested all men with that which is known to produce the most certain effect. Some, indeed, contribute more than others; but every one is capable of contributing in some degree. There is a radiancy in all the stars, but they have not all objects of equal dimensions. It is the same in respect to examples of virtue; each, in the circle he occupies, illuminates and vivifies whatever approaches him.

A CLERICAL

A C L E R I C A L
BON MOT.

A FARMER riding with a licentious Divine, when the discourse turned upon personal reformation, asked him, how he thought his directions to his flock could ever be effectual, as it was plain, from his own conduct, that he made no progress in the way himself?

“ Not the less for that,” replied the parson, “ Don’t you see that hand post? It never goes to the place it points to, but it is effectual in directing others.”

“ Certainly,” replied the farmer.

“ And besides,” said the divine, “ if I was to be foremost in this journey, pray who is to take care of the hindmost of my flock ?”

ANECDOTE

O F

The Late Lord Chatbam.

WHEN this great statesman had settled a plan for some sea expedition he had in view, he sent orders to Lord Anson to see the necessary ar-

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rangements

rangements taken immediately, and the number of ships required, properly fitted out by a given time. On the receipt of the orders, Mr. Cleveland was sent from the Admiralty to remonstrate on the impossibility of obeying them. He found his Lordship in the most excruciating pain, from one of the most severe fits of the gout he had ever experienced.—“Impossible, Sir,” said he, “don’t talk to me of impossibilities,” and then raising himself upon his legs, while the sweat stood in large drops on his forehead, and every fibre of his body was convulsed with agony, “Go, Sir, and tell his Lordship, that he has to do with a minister who actually treads on impossibilities.”

ON THE
VANITY of HUMAN LIFE.
 THE VISION OF MIRZA.

*“Oh! what is Life? that thoughtless Wish of all!
 “A Drop of Honey, in a Draught of Gall!”*

ON the fifth day of the Moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always kept holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended up
 the

the high hills of Bagdad, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the top of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, surely, said I, Man is but a shadow, and Life a dream. Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eye towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it.—The sound of it was exceedingly sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from any thing I had ever heard. This puts me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in paradise, to wear out the impressions of their agonies, and to qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place.—My heart melted away in secret rapture. I had often been told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius; and that several had been entertained with music who hath passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts, by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked
upon

upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat: I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability, that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all my fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground; and taking me by the hand, Mirza, said he, I have heard thee in thy soliloquies: follow me. He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placed me on the top of it: Cast thine eye Eastward, said he, and tell me what thou see'st. I see, said I, a huge Valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it. The valley that thou see'st said he, is the vale of misery; and the tide of water that thou see'st, is part of the great tide of eternity. What is the reason, said I, that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other? What thou see'st said he, is that portion of eternity which is called time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now, said he, this sea that is thus bounded with darkness on both ends, and
tell

tell me what thou discoverest in it. I see a Bridge, said I, standing in the midst of the tide. The bridge thou see'st, said he, is human life; consider it attentively. Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me, that this bridge at first consisted of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. But tell me further, said he, what thou discoverest on it. I see multitudes of people passing over it, said I, and a black cloud hanging on each end of it. As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and, upon further examination perceived, there were innumerable trapdoors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell thro' them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pit-falls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

tire. There were indeed some persons, but their numbers were very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through, one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk. I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented.—My heart was filled with a deep melancholy, to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at every thing that flooded by them to save themselves. Some were looking upwards towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and, in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often, when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sunk.—In this confusion of objects I observed some with scymetars in their hands, and others with urinals, who ran too and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors, which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped, had they not thus been forced upon them. The genius seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it: Take thine eyes off the bridge, said he, and tell me if thou yet see'st any thing
thou

thou dost not comprehend. Upon looking up, what mean, said I, these great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it, from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and, among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches. These, said the genius, are envy, avarice, superstition, despair, love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life. I here fetched a deep sigh; alas, said I, Man was made in vain! How is he given away to misery and mortality; tortured in life, and swallowed up in death! The genius being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect.—Look no more, said he, on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity: but cast thine eye to that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it. I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) saw the valley opening at the further end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it,

inſomuch that I could diſcover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vaſt ocean, planted with innumerable iſlands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thouſand little ſhining ſeas that ran among them.—I could ſee perſons dreſſed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, paſſing among the trees, lying down by the ſides of fountains, or reſting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confuſed harmony of ſinging birds, falling waters, human voices, and muſical inſtruments. Gladneſs grew in me upon the diſcovery of ſo delightful a ſcene. I wiſhed for the wings of an eagle that I might fly away to thoſe happy ſeas: But the genius told me there was no paſſage to them, except through the gates of death, that I ſaw opening every moment upon the bridge.—The iſlands, ſaid he, that lie ſo freſh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears ſpotted as far as thou canſt ſee, are more in number than the ſands on the ſea ſhore. There are myriads of iſlands beyond thoſe which thou here diſcovereſt, reaching farther than thine eye, or even thine imagination can extend itſelf. Theſe are the manſions of good men after death, who, according to the degrees and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are diſtributed among thoſe ſeveral iſlands, which abound with pleaſures of different kinds and degrees,

degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them: Every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him. I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, shew me now I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under these dark clouds, which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant.

The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me; I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating, but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow Valley of Bagdad, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it.



R E P A R T E E
O F A
Y O U N G P R I N C E .

HUNTING one day with his governor, he complained he was cold.—“Give me,” says he, “my cloak.”—‘My prince,’ replied the governor, ‘persons of your rank must not express themselves in the first person, like the inferior class of people, but in the plural, when it is relative to themselves; for this reason you should have said, Give *us our* cloak.’ Some time after, the prince was seized with a violent tooth-ache, of which he complained; but remembering well his lesson, cried out, “Ah! *our* teeth—*our* teeth!” To which the governor observed, *his* did not in the least suffer. “So I perceive,” replied the prince, who was much out of humour, “that the cloak is for *us both*, but the pain for *me alone*.”

M E R C Y .

THE merciful man will extend his hand of relief and comfort, as far as he may, to his fellow creatures, whether they labour under temporal or spiritual distress, whether they call for his pity from their sins or from their sorrows; while,
in

in every relation of life, he will exercise this heavenly temper; as a magistrate, gentle and humane, however compelled, in certain cases, to be severely just; as a creditor, mild and forbearing, not flying hastily and rigorously to the utmost extremity, much less condemning the unhappy debtor to imprisonment, which may utterly incapacitate from all power and hope of payment; and in short, in every case exercising that lenity, mildness, forgiveness, and mercy, whereof the eternal God hath set us so bright an example; and all our expectation of which from him, he hath made to depend on our shewing the same to others: "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

DEVOTION

IS the lively exercise of those affections which we owe to the supreme Being. It comprehends several emotions of the heart; which terminate in the same object: The chief of them are veneration, gratitude, desire, and resignation.

It implies first, profound veneration for God; that is, an affection compounded of awe and love: secondly, sincere gratitude for all his benefits; this is a warmer emotion than veneration; veneration
looks

looks up to the Deity as he is himself, gratitude regards what he is towards us : Thirdly, the desire of the soul after the supreme Being, as its chief good and final rest : And, fourthly, it advances to an entire resignation of the soul to God: it is the consummation of trust and hope; it banishes anxious cares and murmuring thoughts; it reconciles us to every appointment of Divine providence, and resolves every wish into the desire of pleasing him whom our hearts adore. It is one of the noblest acts of which the human mind is capable. It is a powerful principle which penetrates the soul, which purifies the affections from debasing attachments; and, by a fixed and steady regard to God, subdues every sinful passion, and forms the inclinations to piety and virtue.

It expresses the spirit which must animate all religious duties. It stands opposed not merely to downright vice, but to a heart which is cold and insensible to sacred things, and obeys the Divine commands without ardour, love and joy. It is rational and well-founded. It is of the highest importance to every other part of religion and virtue; and, in fine, is the most conducive to our happiness. It diffuses an auspicious influence over the whole of virtue. It is often found a powerful instrument in humanizing the manners of men,
and

and taming their unruly passions. It smoothenes what is rough, and softens what is fierce in our nature. It is the great purifier of the affections. It inspires contempt of the low gratifications belonging to animal life. It promotes a humble and cheerful contentment with our lot, and subdues the eager desire of riches and of power, which has filled this unhappy world with crimes and misery. The spirit of devotion is the gift of God: from his inspiration it proceeds; towards him it tends; and in his presence, hereafter, it shall attain its full perfection.

Exemplary Generosity.

WHEN the late Mr. Rofs was compelled, from the changed appearance of his person, to relinquish the stage, he was for some time confined to severe distress. Improvident, like the generality of his brethren, he had made no provision for the future, and in this situation, an ill-paid annuity served rather to *tantalize* than to relieve. His wants, however, unavoidably disclosing themselves, he was one day surprised by an inclosure of a £60 note; the *envelope* containing only a mention that it came from an old school-fellow, and a direction to a banker, where he

he was to receive the same sum annually.—This, which he afterwards found his most certain provision, was continued many years, and the donor was still unknown. The mystery was at length discovered through the inadvertence of the banker's clerk, and Ross, with infinite gratitude, found his benefactor in the person of ADMIRAL BARRINGTON.

Anecdote of a Man of Quality,

AND A

Reverend FRENCH BISHOP.

A NOBLEMAN advised a French Bishop to make an addition to his house, of a new wing in the modern stile. The Bishop immediately answered him: "The difference, my lord, that there is between your advice, and that which the Devil gave to our Saviour, is, that Satan advised Jesus to change the stones into bread, that the poor might be fed, and you desire me to turn the bread of the poor into stones."

CHARITABLE

CHARITABLE JUDGMENT

Of our Fellow-Creatures,

RECOMMENDED.

LET us take a survey of the world, and see what mixture there is of amiable and hateful qualities among the children of men. There is beauty and comeliness; there is vigour and vivacity; there is good humour and compassion, there is wit, and judgment, and industry, even amongst those that are profligate and abandoned to many vices. There is sobriety, and love, and honesty, and justice, and decency amongst men that know not God, and believe not the gospel of our Lord Jesus." There are very few of the sons and daughters of Adam, but are possessed of something good and agreeable, either by nature or acquirement; therefore when there is a necessary occasion to mention the vices of any man, I should not speak evil of him in the gross, nor heap reproaches on him by wholesale. Is it very dissingenuous to talk scandal in superlatives, as though every man who was a sinner, was a perfect villain, the very worst of men, all over hateful and abominable.

How sharply should our own thoughts reprove us, when we give our pride and malice a loose to ravage over all the characters of our neighbours,

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and

and deny all that is good concerning them, because they have something in them that is criminal and worthy of blame! Thus our judgment is abused by our passions; and sometimes this folly reigns in us to such a degree, that we can hardly allow a man to be wise or ingenuous, to have a grain of good sense, or good humour, that is not of our profession, or our party, in matters of church or state. Let us look back upon our conduct, and blush to think that we should indulge such prejudices, such sinful partiality.

HENRY VANE.

HENRY VANE possessed abilities of the first rate, and an extensive knowledge of mankind. In his youth he was much addicted to company, and promised little to business; but in reading a book called the Signs of a Godly Man, and being convicted in himself that they were just, but that he had no share in any of them, he fell into that extreme anguish and horror, that for some days and nights, he took little food or rest, which at once dissolved his old friendships, and made those impressions and resolutions to religion, that neither university, courts, princes nor parents, nor any losses or disappointments that threatened his new course.

course of life, could weaken or alter. And though this laid him under some disadvantages for a time, his great integrity and abilities quickly broke through that obscurity; so that those of very different sentiments did not only admire, but very often desired him to accept the most eminent negotiations of his country, which he served, according to his own principles, with great success, and a remarkable self denial. This great man's maxim was, " Religion was the best master, and the best friend; for it made men wise and would never leave them that never left it," which he found true in himself: for as it made him wiser than those that had been his teachers, so it made him firmer than any hero, having something more than nature to support him; which was the judgment as well of foreigners, as others, that had the curiosity to see him die. Making good some meditations of his own, viz. ' The day of death is the judge of all our other days; the very trial and touch-stone of the actions of our lives. It is the end that crowns the work, and a good death honoureth a man's whole life. The fading corruptions and loss of this life, is the passage into a better. Death is no less essential to us, than to live, or to be born. In flying death, thou fleest thyself; thy essence is equally parted into these two; life and death. It is no small reproach to a christian,

whose faith is in immortality, and the blessedness of another life, to fear death much, which is the necessary passage thereunto,'

ANECDOTE
OF
V O L T A I R E.

THE present Empress of Russia once sent this celebrated genius a little ivory box made by her own hands. Voltaire, upon this, got his niece to instruct him in knitting stockings, and actually half finished a pair of white silk, when he became completely tired. In this unfinished state he sent them to the Empress, with a charming poetical epistle, replete with gallantry, in which he told her, that as she had presented him with a piece of man's workmanship, wrought by a woman, he thought it his duty to crave her acceptance in return, of a piece of woman's work, from the hands of a man.



HERVEY,

HERVEY, when on a SICK BED,
TO A FRIEND.

MY health is continually upon the decline, and the springs of life are all relaxing. My age is removing, and departing from me as a shepherd's tent, Medicine is baffled; and my physician, Dr. Stonehouse, who is a dear friend to his patient, and a lover of the Lord Jesus, pities, but cannot succour me. Now I apprehend myself near the close of life, and stand, as it were, on the brink of the grave, with eternity full in my view, perhaps my dear friend would be willing to know my sentiments in this awful situation. At such a juncture the mind is most unprejudiced, and the judgment not so liable to be dazzled by the glitter of worldly objects.

I have been too fond of reading every thing valuable and elegant that has been penned in our own language, and been peculiarly charmed with the historians, orators, and poets of antiquity; but was I to renew my studies, I would take leave of those accomplished trifles; I would resign the delights of modern wits, amusements and eloquence, and devote my attention to the scriptures of truth. I would sit with much greater assiduity at my Divine Master's feet, and desire to know nothing but Jesus Christ, and him crucified.

SINCERITY

SINCERITY.

SINCERITY is the basis of every virtue. The love of truth, as we value the approbation of Heaven, or the esteem of the world, should be cultivated. In all our proceedings it will make us direct and consistent. Ingenuity and candour possess the most powerful charm; they bespeak universal favour, and carry an apology for almost every failing.

The path of truth is a plain and safe path. It supplies us with an openness of character, which displays a generous boldness necessary to distinguish youth. To give an early preference to honour above gain, when they stand in competition; to despise every advantage which cannot be obtained without dishonest arts; to brook no meanness, and stoop to no dissimulation, are the indications of a great mind, the presages of future eminence and distinction in life.

At the same time, this virtuous sincerity is perfectly consistent with the most prudent vigilance and caution. It is opposed to cunning, not to true wisdom. It is not the simplicity of the weak and improvident, but the candour of an enlarged and noble mind; of one who scorns deceit, because he accounts it both base and unprofitable; and who seeks no disguise, because he needs none to hide him.

ANECDOTE

ANECDOTE
OF
SIR RICHARD STEELE,
And Mr. SAVAGE.

SIR RICHARD desired Mr. Savage to come very early to his house one morning. Mr. Savage came as he had promised, found the chariot at the door, and Sir Richard waiting for him, and ready to go out. What was intended, or whither they were to go, Savage could not conjecture, and was not willing to enquire; but immediately seated himself with Sir Richard. The coachman was ordered to drive, and they hurried with the utmost expedition to Hyde Park Corner, where they stopped at a petty tavern, and retired to a private room. Sir Richard then informed him, that he intended to publish a pamphlet, and that he had desired him to come thither that he might write for him. They soon sat down to the work. Sir Richard dictated, and Savage wrote, till the dinner that had been ordered was put upon the table. Savage was surprized at the meanness of the entertainment, and after some hesitation, ventured to ask for wine, which Sir Richard, not without reluctance, ordered to be brought. They then finished their dinner, and proceeded in their pamphlet,

pamphlet, which they concluded in the afternoon. Mr. Savage then imagined his task over, and expected that Sir Richard would call for the reckoning and return home; but his expectations deceived him, for Sir Richard told him that he was without money, and that the pamphlet must be sold before the dinner could be paid for; and Savage was therefore obliged to go and offer the new production to sale for two guineas, which, with some difficulty he obtained. Sir Richard then returned home, having retired that day only to avoid his creditors, and composed the pamphlet only to discharge his reckoning.

FRATERNAL AFFECTION :

Paraphrased from XENOPHON.

TWO brothers, named Chærephon and Chærecrates, had quarrelled with each other, when Socrates, being acquainted with them, was solicitous to restore their amity. Meeting, therefore, with Chærecrates, he thus accosted him. "Is not friendship the sweetest solace in adversity, the greatest enhancement of the blessings of prosperity?" "Certainly it is," replied Chærecrates; "because our sorrows are diminished, and our joys increased by sympathetic participation."

"Amongst

“ Amongst whom, then, must we look for a friend?” said Socrates. “ Would you search amongst strangers? they cannot be interested about you: Amongst your rivals? they have an interest in opposition to yours: Amongst those, who are much older or younger than yourself? their feelings and pursuits will be widely different from yours. Are there not, then, some circumstances favourable, and others essential to the constitution of friendship?” “ Undoubtedly there are,” answered Chærecrates. “ May we not enumerate,” continued Socrates, “ amongst the circumstances favourable to friendship, long acquaintance, common connections, similitude of age, and union of interest?” “ I acknowledge,” said Chærecrates, “ the powerful influence of those circumstances: But they may subsist, and yet others be wanting, that are essential to mutual amity.” “ And what,” said Socrates, “ are those essentials, which are wanting in Chærephon?” “ He has forfeited my esteem and attachment,” answered Chærecrates. “ And has he also forfeited the esteem and attachment of the rest of mankind?” continued Socrates. “ Is he devoid of benevolence, generosity, gratitude, and other social affections?” “ The Gods forbid!” cried Chærecrates, “ that I should lay such a heavy charge upon him! His conduct to others, I believe is irreproachable; and it wounds me the

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more,

more, that he should single me out as the object of his unkindness." " Suppose you have a very valuable horse," resumed Socrates, " gentle under the treatment of others, but ungovernable, when you attempt to use him; would you not endeavour, by all means, to conciliate his affection, and to treat him in the way most likely to render him tractable? Or if you have a dog, highly prized for his fidelity, watchfulness, and care of your flocks, who is fond of your shepherds, and playful with them, and yet snarls whenever you come in his way; would you attempt to cure him of this fault by angry looks, or words, or any other marks of resentment? You would surely pursue an opposite course with him. And is not the friendship of a brother of far more worth, than the services of a horse, or the attachment of a dog? Why then do you delay to put in practice those means, which may reconcile you to Chærephon?" " Acquaint me with those means," answered Chærecrates, " for I am a stranger to them." " Answer me a few questions," said Socrates. " If you desire, that one of your neighbours should invite you to his feast, when he offers a sacrifice, what course would you take?"—" I would first invite him to mine." " And how would you induce him to take the charge of your affairs, when you are on a journey?"—" I should
be

Lord Brook, who was his intimate friend, and who has written an account of his life, says, "Though I lived with him, and knew him from a child, yet I never knew him other than a man; with such steadiness of mind, lovely and familiar gravity, as carried grace and reverence above greater years. His talk was ever of knowledge; and his very play tended to enrich his mind."

He was an active supporter of the cause of liberty, in the Low Countries, where he had a command, under his uncle, the earl of Leicester, general of the English forces employed against the tyrant Philip II. of Spain. In the battle near Zutphen, he displayed the most undaunted and enterprising courage. He had two horses killed under him; and whilst mounting a third, was wounded by a musket-shot out of the trenches, which broke the bone of his thigh. He returned about a mile and a half, on horseback, to the camp; and being faint with the loss of blood, and probably parched with thirst, through the heat of the weather, he called for drink. It was presently brought to him; but as he was putting the vessel to his mouth, a poor wounded soldier, who happened to be carried by him at that instant, looked up to it with wishful eyes. The gallant and generous Sydney took the bottle from his mouth, just when

when he was going to drink, and delivered it to the soldier, saying, "*Thy necessity is yet greater than mine.*" Sir Philip was conveyed to Arnheim, and attended by the principal surgeons of the camp. During sixteen days, great hopes were entertained of his recovery; but the ball not being extracted, and a mortification ensuing, he prepared himself for death with the utmost piety and fortitude; and expired on the 17th of October, 1586, in the thirty-second year of his age. He is said to have taken leave of his brother in these affecting terms: "Love my memory; cherish my friends; their fidelity to me may assure you that they are honest. But above all, govern your will and affections, by the will and word of your Creator; in me beholding the end of this world, with all her vanities."

ANECDOTE

O F

The late Mr. FORDYCE,

A BANKER.

WITH the foibles generally attendant upon an aspiring man, Fordyce had generous qualities. A young intelligent merchant, who kept

kept cash at his banking-house, one morning making a small lodgment, he happened to say in the shop, "that if he could command some thousands at present, there was a certain speculation to be pursued, which in all probability, would turn out fortunate." This was said loosely, without Fordyce's making any answer, or seeming to attend to it, and no more passed at the time.

A few months afterwards, when the same merchant was what they call *settling his book* with the house, he was very much surprised to see the sum of £500. placed to his credit side more than he knew he possessed. Thinking it a mistake, he pointed it out to the clerk, who seeing the entry in Mr. Fordyce's hand-writing, said he must have paid it to him.

The merchant, however, knowing he had not, begged to see Mr. Fordyce, who appeared, and told him, "it was all right enough; for that as the hint he had a few months before thrown out in the shop, gained him above £5000. he thought him fairly entitled to the *tithe* of that sum.

S E L F - L O V E.

YOUTH is wild and licentious. In those years, we persuade ourselves that we are only making a just use of liberty. In that scene of folly we are light and vain, and set no bounds to the frolick humour; yet we fancy it is merely an innocent gaiety of heart, which belongs to the springs of nature, and the blooming hours of life. In the age of manhood, a rugged or a haughty temper is angry or quarrelsome; the fretful and peevish in elder years, if not before, are ever kindling into passion and resentment; but they all agree to pronounce their furious or fretful conduct a mere necessary reproof of the indignities which were offered them by the world. Self-love is fruitful of fine names for its own iniquities.—Others are sordid and covetous to a shameful degree, uncompassionate and cruel to the miserable, and yet they take this vile practice to be only a just exercise of frugality, and a dutiful care of their own household. Thus, every vice that belongs to us, is construed into a virtue; and, if there are any shadows or appearances of virtue upon us, these poor appearances and shadows are magnified and realized into the divine qualities of an angel. We who pass these just censures on the
follies

follies of our acquaintance, perhaps approve the very same things in ourselves, by the influence of the same native principle of flattery and self-fondness.

A N E C D O T E

O F

SIR THOMAS MOORE.

WHEN he was Lord Chancellor, he decreed a gentleman to pay a sum of money to a poor widow, whom he had wronged; to whom the Gentleman said, "Then I hope your lordship will grant me a long day to pay it;" "I will grant your motion," said the Chancellor, "Monday next is *St. Barnabas's Day*, which is the longest day in the year; pay it to the widow that day, or I will commit you to the fleet."

CONVERSATION.

IN conversing with a fellow-creature on earth, it is not with his body we converse, though it is his body only which we see. From his words and actions we conceive his mind; with his mind, though

though invifible, we hold correſpondence, and direct towards this ſpiritual eſſence our affection and regard.

It has been laid down as a rule, that in converſation, women ſhould carefully conceal any knowledge or learning they happen to poſſeſs; but there ſeems neither to be neceſſity or propriety in this advice. Let diſcretion and modeſty, without which all knowledge is little worth, govern a lady's underſtanding, ſhe will never make an oſtentatious parade of it, becauſe ſhe will rather be intent on acquiring more, than on diſplaying what ſhe has.

For why ſhould ſhe exhibit her ſkill in muſic, dancing, ſinging, taſte in dreſs, thoſe ornamental graces, and her acquaintance with the moſt fashionable arts and amuſements, while her piety is to be anxiously concealed, and her knowledge *affectedly* diſavowed; leſt the former ſhould draw on her the appellation of an enthuſiaſt, or the latter that of a pedant.

It would, without doubt, be to the laſt degree preſumptuous and abſurd, for a young woman to pretend to give the *ton* to the company, to interrupt the pleaſures of others, and her own opportunity of improvement, by *talking* when ſhe ought

to listen; or to introduce subjects out of the common road, in order to shew her own wit, or expose the want of it in others; but were the sex totally silent when any topic of literature happens to be discussed in their presence, conversation would lose much of its vivacity, and society would be robbed of one of its most interesting charms.

ANECDOTE OF A DRUMMER.

IN the late war, an English drummer having wandered from his camp, and getting too near the French lines, he was seized and brought before the French commander, on suspicion of being a spy disguised in a drummer's uniform. On being asked who he was by the general, he answered, a drummer in the English service. This not gaining credit, a drum was sent for, and he was desired to beat a couple of marches, which accordingly he did, and removed the Frenchman's suspicion. However, he desired the drummer to beat a retreat, "A retreat, Sir! (replied the Briton) I don't know what it is, nor is it known in the English service." This answer so pleased the French officer, that he dismissed the drummer, and wrote to his general, commending his spirited behaviour.

THE

THE DYING CHRISTIAN

TO HIS SOUL.

I.

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame!
Quit, oh quit! this mortal frame—
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh! the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

II.

Hark! they whisper, angels say,
Sister spirit, come away!
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight;
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath,
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

III.

The world recedes, it disappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes—my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
Oh! grave, where is thy victory?
Oh! death, where is thy sting?

THE WISH.

I ASK not fortune's partial smile,
Exhaustless source of care;
Not all her fancied gay delights
Can claim a serious prayer.

Nor pleasure's soft alluring form,
With ardent wish I seek;
Far less the captivating bloom
That glows on beauty's cheek,

I ask not, that in calm repose
My even days may flow,
Unruffled by adversity,
Exempt from human woe.

Enough that no reflections keen,
No crimes my soul oppress,
To rob me of the flattering hope
Of future happiness.

But grant me that blest frame of mind,
Where no vain thoughts intrude;
That blest serenity which springs
From conscious rectitude.



RELIGION,

RELIGION, THE SOURCE OF HAPPINESS.

RELIGION opens the mind to great conceptions, and fills it with more sublime ideas than any that are to be met with in the most exalted science; and at the same time warms and animates the soul more than sensual pleasure.—The imprinting an early and deep sense of Religion on the minds of youth, is an essential part in a complete plan of education.

All sorts of men who have gone before us into an eternal state, have left this great observation behind them; that upon experience they have found, that what vain thoughts soever men may in the heat of their youth, entertain of religion, they will sooner or later, feel a testimony, God hath given in every man's breast, which will one day make them serious, either by the inexpressible fears, terrors, and agonies of a troubled mind, or the inconceivable peace, comfort, and joy of a good conscience. Let profane minds laugh at it as much as they will; there is a secret commerce between God and the souls of good men: they feel the influence of heaven, and become both wiser and better for it: Therefore, those who are
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so happy as to be properly affected by religion, piety and devotion, experience their internal comforts, and the practice of their duty is an everlasting pleasure to them. The man who lives under an habitual sense of the divine presence, keeps up a perpetual cheerfulness of temper, and enjoys every moment the satisfaction of thinking himself in company with his nearest and best friend. The time never lies heavy upon him. It is impossible for him to be alone : his thoughts and passions are most busied at such hours, when those of other men are most inactive. He no sooner steps out of the world, but his heart burns with devotion, swells with hope, and triumphs in the consciousness of that presence which every where surrounds him : or, on the contrary, pours out its sorrows, its apprehensions to the great Author and supporter of its existence.

SEARCHING AFTER HAPPINESS.

O H! happiness, thou pleasing dream,
 Where is thy substance found?
 Sought through the varying scenes in vain,
 Of earth's capacious round.

The charms of grandeur, pomp, and shew,
 Are nought but gilded snares;

Ambition's

Ambition's painful steep ascent,
Thick set with thorny cares.

The busy town, and crowded street,
Where noise and discord reign,
We gladly leave, and tired, retreat,
To breathe and think again.

Yet, if retirement's pleasing charms
Detain the captive mind,
The soft enchantment soon dissolves,
'Tis empty all as wind.

Religion's sacred lamp alone,
Unerring points the way,
Where happiness for ever shines,
With unpolluted ray.

To regions of eternal peace,
Beyond the starry skies,
Where pure, sublime and perfect joys,
In endless prospect rise.

L I F E.

LIFE is an uncertain ocean; numberless, nameless dangers lurk beneath the surface; no one, at his first embarkation, can promise to himself

self he shall go through his voyage unruffled with the storms which from above, below, and every where, impend.

A mixture of pleasures and pains constitutes what we call life; that is to say, a determined space, (always too long in the opinion of wisdom) which ought to be employed in being useful to society of which we are members; in rejoicing in the works of the Almighty, without foolishly enquiring into their causes; in regulating our conduct upon the testimony of our conscience; and, above all, in respecting our religion:—happy, if we could always observe its precepts!

It is thus in the life of a man of sense—a short life is sufficient to manifest himself a man of honor and virtue; when he ceases to be such, he has lived too long, and while he is such, it is of no consequence to him how long he shall be so, provided he be so to his life's end.

For what is life, the longest life of man,
But the same scene repeated o'er and o'er!
A few more lingering days to be consum'd
In throngs and crowds, with sharpers, knaves,
and thieves;
From such the speediest riddance is the best.

PROSPECT

PROSPECT OF DEATH.

“ **H**OW should we rejoice in hope of that hour that shall release us from the sinful flesh; and when we shall serve God in spirit without a clog, without a tempter!” O, with what a relish of sacred pleasure should a saint read those words in 2 Cor. 5. 8. “ Absent from the body, and present with the Lord ?” Absent from this traitor, this vexing enemy, that we constantly carry about with us! Absent from the clog and chain of this sinful flesh, the prison wherein we are kept in constant darkness, and are confined from God! Absent from these eyes, that have drawn our souls afar from God by various temptations! And absent from these ears, by which we have been allured to transgression and defiling iniquities! Absent from these lusts and passions, from that fear and hope, that pleasure and that pain, that love, that desire, and anger, which are all carnal, and seated in the fleshly nature, and become the spring and occasion of so much sin and mischief to our souls in this state. “ Absent from the body, and present with the Lord:” Methinks there is a heaven contained in the first part of these words, “ Absent from the body ;” and a double happiness in the last, “ Present with the Lord:” present with him who hath saved our spirits through all the days

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of our christian conflict, and hath given us the final victory: present with that God, who shall eternally influence us to all holiness, who shall for ever shine upon us with his own beams, and make us conformable to his own holy image: present with that Lord and Saviour, from whom it shall not be in the power of all creatures to divert or draw us aside.

A D R E A M.

TORTUR'D with pain, as late I sleepless lay,
Oppress'd with care, impatient for the day;
Just at the dawn, a gentle slumber came,
And to my wand'ring fancy brought this dream.

Methought my pains were hush'd, and I was
laid

In earth's cold lap, among the silent dead;
Prop'd on my arm, I view'd, with vast surprize,
This last retreat of all the great and wise;
Where fool, with knave, in friendly concert lies. }
Whilst thus I gaz'd, behold a wretch appear'd,
In beggar's garb, with loathsome filth besmear'd;
His carcase, *Lazar* like, was crusted o'er
With odious leprosy, one horrid sore.
This wretch approach'd, and laid him by my side,
Good

Good Heaven!—how great a shock to mortal
pride;

Enrag'd I cry'd—" Friend, keep the distance due

" To us of rank, from beggars such as you;

" Observe some manners, and do me the grace,

" To move far off, and quit your better's place."

" And what art thou? audacious! (he reply'd)

" That thou dost shew such reliques of thy pride?

" What tho' in life the harder lot was mine,

" Of ease and plenty ev'ry blessing thine,

" Yet here, distinctions cease; a beggar's dust

" Shall rise with kings—more happy if more just.

" Till then we both one common mass shall join,

" And spite of scorn, my ashes mix with thine."

A N E C D O T E

O F

David Hume and Lady W——e.

THE lady was partial to the philosopher, and the philosopher was partial to the lady. They once crossed the Firth from Kinghorn to Leith together, when a violent storm rendered the passengers apprehensive of a salt-water death; and her ladyship's terror induced her to seek consolation from her friend, who with infinite *sang froid*, af-

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fured her, " he thought there was great probability of their becoming food for fishes!" " And pray, my dear friend," said Lady W——e, " which do you think they will eat first?" " Those who are *gluttons*," replied the historian, " will, undoubtedly fall foul of me; but the *epicures* will attack your ladyship."

EXQUISITE IRONY.

A LATE noble lord, who was rather frugal of money, and lavish of promises, had given his note to a gentleman for a considerable sum he owed him: it had been long due, and the Peer never failed when he met him, to make a handsome apology. Tired with promises that did not mean any thing, the creditor one day shewing his Lordship the note, observed, he had no doubt of his intended honour; " but in the mean time," added he, " as this is almost worn out, I should be glad if your lordship would take it up, and give me one upon parchment?" The peer being a man of wit, could not stand the severity of the rebuke, but with a little ceremony paid the money immediately.

ANECDOTE

ANECDOTE

O F

Mr. ANDREW MILLAR,

A BOOKSELLER.

EVERY body has heard of the book intitl'd ' *Burn's Justice of the Peace.*' The author of that book, Mr. Burn, was a curate in some of the northern counties of England. When he had completed it, he set out for London to dispose of it in the best way he could. When he arrived there, being an entire stranger in town, he applied to the landlord of the inn where he stopped, a decent looking, obliging sort of a man, to see if he could recommend him to any bookseller, who might be likely to purchase his manuscript. The landlord readily introduced him to a bookseller of his acquaintance, who, upon having the matter explained to him, begged to look at the manuscript. The papers were put into his hands, which he returned in a few days, telling the disappointed author, that he could not venture to give more than twenty pounds for the book. This offer Burn could not think of accepting. He returned very melancholy, to his lodging, sincerely repenting that he had ever put pen to paper on that subject.

By this time, Mr. Andrew Millar was well established in business, and his name had been several times

times mentioned with some degree of respect to Mr. Burn; so that he resolved to wait upon him, without any person to introduce him. He went, communicated his business in few words, was politely received, and informed, that if he would trust the manuscript with him for a few days, he should be able to give him an answer; and in the mean time, as he was from home, he asked the author to dine with him each day, till they should conclude about the business. Mr. Millar, who did not depend upon his own judgment in cases of this sort, sent the manuscript to a young lawyer, with whom he usually advised in regard to law-books. The gentleman, after reading the performance, returned it to Mr. Millar, and informed him, that if he could purchase the copy right for two hundred pounds, he would certainly have a great bargain; —for the book was extremely well written, and much wanted, so that the sale of it must be very considerable.

Mr. Millar having received this information, met the author the next day as usual, and then asked what price he demanded for his work? The author dispirited with the former offer, said, he was at a loss what to ask; for he had been already offered so small a price, that rather than accept of any thing like it, he would throw the papers into the fire. What was this offer? said Mr. Millar.

Only

Only twenty pounds, said Mr Burn, with great ingenuoufness. But, said Mr. Millar, would you think *two hundred guineas* too little? Too little! says Burn in surprize;—No. Well then said Mr. Millar, the book shall be mine, and you shall have the money when you please. The bargain was instantly struck, and a bottle of good port was drank to the good luck of it. Mr. Millar found no reason to repent of his frankness, for the book sold amazingly well; nor had the author any reason to be dissatisfied with his bargain, for Mr. Millar, with a spirit of candour and liberality, that does not always belong to men of his profession, frankly sent *a hundred guineas* to the author for every edition of the book that was printed in his lifetime; and these were many: infomuch, that by the sale of this book alone, he cleared no less than eleven thousand pounds.

Of the Pyramids of Egypt.

THESE famous pyramids, which a number of writers suppose to have been built before the deluge, still resist the injuries of time, which has destroyed so many empires. There are still three of them remaining, not far from Grand Cairo, where

where Memphis formerly stood. The basis of the largest covers eleven acres of ground, and its perpendicular height is 500 feet, but if measured obliquely to the terminating point, 700 feet. It contains a room thirty-four feet long, and seventeen broad, in which is a marble chest, but without either cover or contents, supposed to have been designed for the tomb of the founder. Many stones of this enormous edifice are thirty feet long, four feet high, and three feet broad.

According to Herodotus, an hundred thousand workmen were employed for thirty years, without intermission, either in preparing the materials, or constructing the work. And an inscription informs us, that the vegetables with which they were fed cost sixteen hundred talents, which is about two hundred and eighty-nine thousand three hundred and seventy-nine pounds of our money.

Several writers inveigh against the foolish vanity, which prompted the sovereigns of that country to such ruinous undertakings.

Some have imagined, that the pyramids were granaries, built by Joseph for the seven years of plenty, an opinion very well adapted, for characterizing those people who are wedded to systems.

The

The pyramids were certainly tombs, by means of which the Kings, who were tainted with the prejudices of their country, wished to make themselves immortal, as they would thus secure to their bodies, a habitation inaccessible, and proof against the attacks of time. Besides superstition, probably a desire of preventing disturbances was another motive for imposing such tedious tasks upon the people.

But whatever was the reason, it may not be improper to remark, that the princes who caused these pyramids to be raised, became so hateful by the oppressive labour which they imposed on their subjects, that they did not enjoy those tombs, nor save their names from oblivion.

The Labyrinth is a curiosity, thought to be more wonderful than the pyramids themselves. It is partly under ground, and cut out of a marble rock, consisting of 12 palaces, and 1000 houses, the intricacies of which occasion its name.

Humility in Company.

OF all the qualifications of conversation, humility, if not the most brilliant, is the safest, the most amiable, and the most feminine. The affectation of introducing subjects with which others

are unacquainted, and of displaying talents superior to the rest of the company, is as dangerous as it is foolish.

There are many who never can forgive another for being more agreeable and more accomplished than themselves, and who can pardon any offence rather than an eclipsing merit. The fable of the nightingale should be ever had in remembrance, as it conveys a most useful lesson replete with valuable instructions. Had the silly warbler conquered his vanity, and resisted the temptation of shewing a fine voice, he might have escaped the talons of the hawk. The melody of his singing was the cause of his destruction; his merit brought him into danger, and his vanity cost him his life.

ANECDOTE.

A NEGRO, who had become bankrupt, surrendered himself to his creditor, who, according to the established custom of the country in such cases, sold him to the Danes. Before the departure of the vessel for the West Indies, the son of this man came to him on shipboard. After the tenderest effusions of sensibility on both sides, the son respectfully reproached the father for not having

having made use of the power the law gave him, of selling his children for paying his debts; and demanded with great earnestness, to be allowed to take his place: but the father, not less generous than the son, having refused to agree to this exchange, the son applied to the owner of the slaves, and had no difficulty in persuading him, that a young robust person was better able to bear the fatigue, than a man already advanced in years. This offer was accepted; the son was put in chains, and the father, in spite of himself, not being able to prevent it, was set at liberty. *Mr. Isert* having been witness to this generous contest, was so affected by it, as to represent it to the governor, who, moved by the story, sent for the owner of the slaves, paid out of his own pocket the money he had given for the old man, and restored the son to his father.

Those who wish to degrade human nature, and vilify the works of God, must often meet with facts which contradict their detestable *hypothesis*. God made man upright; and there are traces of the original propensity of the human mind to beneficence and kindness, in all nations, and among every people.' Whoever attempts to inculcate an opposite doctrine, is guilty of treason,—not against the King,—not against the nation, but against the majesty of human nature.

VERSES ON HAPPINESS.

IS there a man who ne'er has sorrow known,
 Nor felt the pang of fickle fortune's frown?
 Is there a prince or peer of noble birth,
 Who ne'er knew care disturb the hour of mirth?

I fear alas! to search for such is vain;
 The rich, the poor, alike of fate complain;
 'Tis not in pow'r nor riches to bestow
 One happy moment *which* but grief should know,

Who is it then that feels the least distress?
 Who has more joys, or who fears evils less?
 Who does most hours of happiness enjoy?
 I look me round, and fain would say the boy.

Without a sigh, we think he spends the day,
 From play to school, from school again to play,
 And seems not e'er a penfive hour to pass;
 But 'tis not so, he also feels distress.

The boy is still the miniature of man,
 He has his views, so lays his little plan;
 If unsuccessful, then his little cares
 Depress his mind, yet tender as his years.

We look to youth, and hope we there shall see
 A mind more calm, from anxious care more free.
 Here too we err;—the youth ambition fires,
 And racks his heart with numberless desires.

He

He only views the pinnacle of fame,
 Of flatt'ring pow'r and an immortal name,
 But while he gazes on with eager eyes,
 Another gains the *envied* bauble prize.

Thus disappointment all his hope destroys,
 Breaks his proud heart, and blasts his promis'd joys,
 Then is his temper sour'd and manhood spent,
 A scene of fretful, peevish discontent!

Now let us cast our eyes on hoary age,
 Here features grave no happy heart preface;
 The feeble body and the wrinkl'd brow
 Would seem to say, here dwells no pleasure now.

Yet we conjecture wrong; his bosom glows
 With no wild passion, nor ambition knows;
 Tho' his pursuits have unsuccessful been,
 Yet is he chearful, yet his mind serene.

Tho' ne'er his foot has enter'd fortune's door,
 And during life been destin'd to be poor;
 These bring not sorrows on the aged head,
 So soon to rank among the silent dead.

His course is run;—life's goods or evils seem
 Not much distinguish'd, but an empty dream;
 The scene is past; unending joys await
 His rising spirit in a future state.

ANECDOTE.

A N E C D O T E . .

WHEN Oliver Cromwell first coined his money, an old cavalier looking upon one of the new pieces, read this inscription on one side, *God with us*; on the other, *The common wealth of England*. *I see*, said he, *God and the common wealth are on different sides*,

T H E
L I B E R T I N E
R E P U L S E D .

HENCE, Belmour, perfidious! this instant retire,

No further entreaties employ,
Nor meanly pretend any more to admire,
What basely you wish to destroy.

Say, youth, must I madly rush forward on shame,
If a traitor but artfully sighs?
And eternally part with my honour and fame,
For a compliment paid to my eyes?

If a flame all dishonest be vilely profess,
Thro' tenderness must I incline,
And seek to indulge the repose of a breast,
That would plant endless tortures in mine!

No,

No, Belmour!—a passion I can't but despise,
Shall never find way to my ears;
Nor a man meet a glance of regard from these eyes,
That would drench them for ever in tears.

Can the lover who thinks, nay, who wishes me
base!

Expect that I e'er should be kind?
Or atone, with a paltry address to my face,
For the injury done to my mind?

Hence, Belmour, this instant! and cease ev'ry
dream,

Which your hope saw so foolishly born;
Nor vainly imagine to gain my esteem,
By deserving my hate and my scorn.

L I N E S

ADDRESSED BY

A Young Lady to her Father.

O H! author of my being! far more dear
To me than light, than nourishment, or
rest,

Hygeia's blessings, rapture's burning tear,
Or the life blood, that mantles in my breast.

If

If in my heart, the love of virtue glows,
 'Twas planted there by an unerring rule,
 From thy example the pure flame arose,
 Thy life my precept, thy good works my school.

Could my weak pow'rs thy num'rous virtues trace,
 By filial love each fear should be repress'd,
 The blush of incapacity I'd chase,
 And stand recorder of thy worth confess'd.

But since my niggard stars that gift refuse,
 Concealment is the only boon I claim;
 Obscure be still the unsuccessful muse,
 Who cannot raise, but would not sink thy fame.

Oh! of my life at once the source and joy!
 If e'er thy eyes these feeble lines survey,
 Let not their folly, their intent destroy,
 Accept the tribute but forget the lay.

ON THE FOLLY OF

Sacrificing Comfort to Taste.

THERE are certain homely, but sweet comforts and conveniences, the absence of which no elegance can supply. Since, however, they have nothing of external splendour, they are often sacrificed to the gratification of vanity. We live
 too

too much in the eyes and minds of others, and too little to our own consciences, and too little to our own satisfaction. We are more anxious to appear, than to be happy. According to the present modes of living, and ideas of propriety, an ostentatious appearance must be at all events, and in all instances, supported. If we can preserve a glittering and glossy varnish, we disregard the interior materials and substance. Many shew a disposition in every part of their conduct, similar to that of the Frenchman, who had rather go without a shirt, than without ruffles; rather starve as a count, than enjoy affluence and independence as an honest merchant. Men idolize the great, and the distinctions of fashionable life, with an idolatry so reverential and complete, that they seem to mistake it for their duty towards God. For to use the words of the catechism, do they not appear to believe in them, to fear them, to love them with all their hearts, with all their minds, with all their souls, and with all their strength; to worship them, to give them thanks, to put their whole trust in them, to call upon them, to honour their names and their words, and to serve them truly all the days of their lives?" As they worship false goods, their blessings are of the kind which corresponds with the nature of their deities. They are all shadowy

dowy and unsubstantial; dreams, bubbles, and meteors, which dance before their eyes, and often lead them to perdition.

It is really lamentable to behold families of a competent fortune, and respectable rank, who, (while they deny themselves even the common pleasures of a plentiful table, while their kitchen is the cave of cold and famine, while their neighbours, relations, and friends, pity and despise, as they pass, the comfortless and inhospitable door) scruple not to be profusely expensive in dress, furniture, building, equipage, at public entertainments, in excursions to Bath, Tunbridge, or Brighton. To feed the fashionable extravagance, they rob themselves of indulgences which they know to be more truly satisfactory; for which of them returneth from the midnight assembly, or from the summer excursions, without complaining of dulness, fatigue, and insipidity? They have shewn themselves, they have seen many fine persons, and many fine things; but have they felt the delicious pleasures of domestic peace, the tranquil delights of social intercourse at their own towns and villages, the solid satisfactions of a cool collected mind, the comforts arising from a disembarrassed state of finances, and the love and respect of a neighbourhood? The poor imitator of splend

did

did misery, little greatness, and titled infamy, risks his liberty and last shilling to become a man of taste and fashion. He boasts that he is a happy man, for he is a man of pleasure; he knows how to enjoy life; he professes the important science called the *Scavoir Vivre*. Give him the distinction which, in the littleness and blindness of his soul, he considers as the source of happiness and honour. Allow him his claim to taste, give him the title of a man of pleasure, and since he insists upon it, grant him his pretensions to *Scavoir Vivre*. But at the same time he cannot deny that he is hunted by his creditors, that he is obliged to hide himself, lest he should lose his liberty; that he is eating the bread and the meat, and wearing the clothes of those whose children are crying for a morsel, and shivering in rags. If he has brought himself to such a state as to feel no uneasiness, when he reflects on his embarrassment, and its consequences to others; he is a base, worthless, and degenerate wretch: but if he is uneasy, where is his happiness? where his exalted enjoyments? how much happier had been this boaster of happiness, had he lived within the limits of reason, duty, and his fortune, in love and unity with his own regular family, at his own fire-side, beloved, trusted, respected in the neighbourhood, afraid of no creditor or persecution, nor of any thing else, but of doing

wrong?—He might not indeed have made a figure on the turf; he might not have had the honour of leading the fashion; but he would probably have had health, wealth, fame and peace. Many a man who is seldom seen, and never heard of, enjoys, in the silence and security of a private life, all which this sublunary state can afford to sweeten the cup, and to lighten the burthen.

In things of an inferior nature, and such as are not immediately connected with moral conduct; the same predilection for external appearance, and the same neglect of solid comfort, when placed in competition with the display of an affected taste, are found to prevail. Our houses are often rendered cold, small, and inconvenient, for the sake of preserving a regularity of external figure, or of copying the architecture of a warmer climate. Our carriages are made dangerous or incommodious, for the sake of attracting the passenger's eye, by something new or singular in their shape, strength, or fabric. Our dress is fashioned in uneasy forms, and with troublesome superfluities, or uncomfortable defects, just as the Proteus, when he flies out the capricious edicts of a variable wind. We even eat and drink, see and hear, according to our own appetites and senses, but the prevalent taste happens to direct. In this refined

refined age we are all persons of taste, from the hair-dresser and milliner, to the duke and duchess. The question is, not what is right, prudent, pleasing, comfortable, but what is the taste. Hence beggarly finery, and lordly beggary.

The sacrifice of comfort to taste is visible in our modern gardens. I rejoice in the explosion of the Dutch manner. I expatiate with raptured eye and imagination over the noble scenes created by a Kent and a Brown. But at the same time I lament that our cold climate often renders the sublime and magnificent taste in gardening incompatible with comfort. Winter as the poet says, often lingers in the lap of May. How pleasing to step out of the house, and bask under a sunny wall covered with bloom, to watch the expansion of a rose bud, and to see even the humble pea and bean shooting up with all the vigour of vernal fertility. But now the mansion-house stands naked and forlorn. You descend from the flight of steps. You are saluted by the rudest breath of Eurys and Boreas. No trees, no walls, no out-houses, even the kitchen and offices subterraneous. Not a corner to seek the genial warmth of a meridian sun. Fine prospects indeed all around. But you cannot stay to look at them. You fly to your chimney-corner, happy if the persecuting blast pursues you
not

not to your last recess. We allow all that taste can claim. We admire and love her beauties; but they are dearly bought at the expence of comfort.

A little and inclosed garden adds greatly to the real enjoyment of a rural retreat: though taste has thrown down the walls, and laid all open; I venture to predict, that before the lapse of half a century, good sense and the love of comfort will rebuild them. The grounds beyond may still be laid out in the grandest and most beautiful style; but let the house stand in the midst of a little cultivated spot, where every vegetable beauty and delicacy may be displayed, and where the rigours of our inclement clime may be softened with elegant inclosures. The contrast between this, which I would call the domestic, and the other which might be named the outer garden or the grove, would produce an effect by no means unpleasing. They who have no taste for flowers, and the thousand beauties of an inclosed garden, are but pretenders to any kind of taste in the graces of horticulture.

Indeed, such is the nature of man, we commonly advance improvement to the verge of impropriety. We now loath the idea of a straight line, and a regular row of trees. But let us not, in the pride of our hearts, flatter ourselves with
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the unerring rectitude of our taste. Many of the ancients who possessed the best taste, not only in poetry and eloquence, but in arts, in painting, sculpture, architecture, were great admirers of plantations perfectly regular, and laid out in quincunxes. However vanity and fashion may dictate and declaim, the world will not always believe that Homer, Virgil, Cyrus, Cicero, Bacon, and Temple, were totally mistaken in their ideas of horticultural beauty.

Cicero informs us, in a fine quotation from Xenophon's *œconomics*, that when Lyfander came to Cyrus, a prince equally distinguished for his glorious empire and his genius, Cyrus shewed him a piece of ground *well inclosed and completely planted*. After the visitor had admired the tall and straight trees, and the rows regularly formed in a quincunx, and the ground clear of weeds, and well cultivated, and the sweetness of the odours which exhaled from the flowers, he could not help expressing his admiration, not only of the diligence, but the skill of him, by whom all this was measured and marked out; upon which Cyrus answered, "It was myself who measured every thing, the rows of trees are of my disposing, the plan is mine, and many of the trees were planted with my own hand." An illustrious pattern, which I hope our
English

English noblemen and gentlemen will not be afraid to follow. Why always employ a professed plan-maker? Why sacrifice their own amusement and inclination to the will of another, and to the imperious edicts of capricious fashion.

AN ANECDOTE.

SOME time after the conclusion of the late war, a young American was present in a British playhouse, where an interlude was performed in ridicule of his countrymen. A number of American officers being introduced in tattered uniforms, and barefoot, the question was put to them severally, "What was your trade before you entered into the army?" One answered a taylor, another a cobbler, &c. The wit of the piece was to banter them for not keeping themselves clothed and shod; but before that could be expressed, the American exclaimed from the gallery, "Great-Britain beaten by taylor and cobblers! Huzza!" Even the prime minister, who was present, could not help smiling, amidst a general peal of laughter.

ANECDOTE.

ANECDOTE.

AN ingenious young gentleman, at the University of Oxford, being appointed to preach before the Vice-Chancellor, and the heads of the Colleges at St. Mary's, and having formerly observed the drowsiness of the Vice-Chancellor, took this place of scripture for his text. *What! cannot ye watch one hour?* at every division he concluded with his text; which by reason of the Vice-Chancellor sitting so near the pulpit, often awaked him; this was so noted among the wits, that it was the talk of the whole University, and withal it did so nettle the Vice-Chancellor, that he complained to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who willing to redress him, sent for this scholar up to London, to defend himself against the crime laid to his charge; where coming, he gave so many proofs of his extraordinary wit, that the Archbishop enjoined him to preach before King James. After some excuses, he at length condescended; and coming into the pulpit, begins, *James the first and sixth waver not*; meaning the first King of England, and the sixth of Scotland: at first the King was somewhat amazed at the text, but in the end was so well pleased with his sermon, that he made him one of his chaplains in ordinary: After this advancement, the Archbishop sent him down

to Oxford to make his recantation to the Vice-Chancellor, and to take leave of the University, which he accordingly did, and took the latter part of the verse of the former text: *Sleep on now, and take your rest*: Concluding his sermon, he made his apology to the Vice-Chancellor, saying, whereas I said before, which gave offence, *What! can not ye watch one hour?* I say now, *Sleep on, and take your rest*: and so left the University.

The Invisible Nature of GOD.

WE are the work of some more powerful and superior hand; but how we came first into being, we know not: the manner of our original existence is hid from us in darkness: we are neither conscious of our creation, nor of the Power which created us. He made us, but he hid himself from our eyes and ears, and all the searches of sense. He has sent us to dwell in this visible world, amidst an endless variety of images, figures and colours, which force themselves upon our senses; but he for ever disclaims all image, colour and figure himself. He hath set us, who are inferior spirits, this task, in these regions of mortal flesh, to search and *feel after him, if haply we may find,*
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the supreme, the infinite and eternal spirit. *We are* near a kin to him, even his *own offspring*; but we see not our Father's face; nor can all the powers of our nature come at the knowledge of him that made us, but by the labours and inferences of our reason. We toil and work backward to find our Creator: from our present existence, we trace out his eternity; and through the chain of a thousand visible effects, we search out the first the invisible, and Almighty cause.

When we fancy we perceive something of him, it is at a distance, and in a dusky twilight. We espy some faint beams, some glimmerings of his glory breaking through the works of his hands; but he himself stands behind the veil, and does not shew himself in open light to the sons and daughters of mortality. Happy creatures, if we could make our way so near him, as to behold the lovely and adored beauties of his nature; if we could place our souls directly under his kindest influences, as to feel ourselves adore him in the most profound humility, and love him with the most sublime affection.



TRUE VIRTUE AND HONOUR.

MEN possessed of these, value not themselves upon any regard to inferior obligation; and yet violate that which is the most sacred and ancient of all—Religion. They should consider such violation as a severe reproach in the most enlightened state of human nature; and under the purest dispensation of religion, it appears to have extinguished the sense of gratitude to Heaven and to slight all acknowledgment of the great and true God. Such conduct implies either an entire want, or a wilful suppression of some of the best and most generous affections belonging to human nature.

ANECDOTE.

A WOMAN went to find a monk and said to him, that she had stolen a packet which charged her conscience. *You must restore it,* answered the monk. But, father, I am not suspected, and if I restore it, I am dishonoured. Well, answered the monk, bring the theft to me; I myself will make the restitution. The woman liked the expedient wonderfully, and in a short while after, she put into the hands of the monk a basket, well wrapped

wrapped in linen with an address on a card. The monk took the basket, and the woman retired with precipitation. The monk carried the deposit in triumph to the convent ; and says to his brothers on entering, *here is my work*. At the same time they heard the cries of an infant. It was indeed a new born child wrapped up in a basket, which the good woman had confided to the monk, as a packet which charged her conscience.

THE FREQUENT
CONTEMPLATION OF DEATH
NECESSARY

To moderate the Passions.

IT is recorded of some eastern monarch, that he kept an officer in his house, whose employment it was to remind him of his mortality, by calling out every morning, at a stated hour, *Remember, prince, that thou shalt die*. And the contemplation of the frailness and uncertainty of our present state appeared of so much importance to Solon of Athens, that he left this precept to future ages; *Keep thine eye fixed upon the end of life*.

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A frequent and attentive prospect of that moment, which must put a period to all our schemes, and deprive us of all our acquisitions, is indeed of the utmost efficacy to the just and rational regulation of our lives; nor would ever any thing wicked, or often any thing absurd, be undertaken or prosecuted by him who should begin every day with a serious reflection that he is born to die. The disturbers of our happiness, in this world, are our desires, our griefs, and our fears; and to all these, the consideration of mortality is a certain and adequate remedy. Think, says Epictetus, frequently on poverty, banishment, and death, and thou wilt then never indulge violent desires, or give up thy heart to mean sentiments.

That the maxim of Epictetus is founded on just observation will easily be granted, when we reflect, how that vehemence of eagerness after the common objects of pursuit is kindled in our minds.— We represent to ourselves the pleasures of some future possession, and suffer our thoughts to dwell attentively upon it, till it has wholly engrossed the imagination, and permits us not to conceive any happiness but its attainment, or any misery but its loss; every other satisfaction which the bounty of providence has scattered over life, is neglected as inconsiderable, in comparison of the great ob-
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ject which we have placed before us, and is thrown from us as incumbering our activity, or trampled under foot as standing in our way.

Every man has experienced how much of this ardour has been remitted, when a sharp or tedious sickness has set death before his eyes. The extensive influence of greatness, the glitter of wealth, the praises of admirers, and the attendant of supplicants, have appeared vain and empty things, when the last hour seemed to be approaching; and the same appearance they would always have, if the same thought was always predominant. We should then find the absurdity of stretching out our arms incessantly to grasp that which we cannot keep, and wearing out our lives in endeavours to add new turrets to the fabric of ambition, when the foundation itself is shaking, and the ground on which it stands is mouldering away.

All envy is proportionate to desire; we are uneasy at the attainments of another, according as we think our own happiness would be advanced by the addition of that which he withholds from us; and therefore whatever depresses immoderate riches, will, at the same time, set the heart free from the corrosion of envy, and exempt us from that vice which is, above most others, tormenting
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to ourselves, hateful to the world, and productive of mean artifices and sordid projects. He that considers how soon he must close his life, will find nothing of so much importance as to close it well; and will, therefore, look with indifference upon whatever is useless to that purpose. Whoever reflects frequently upon the uncertainty of his own duration, will find out that the state of others is not more permanent, and that what can confer nothing on himself very desirable, cannot so much improve the condition of a rival, as to make him much superior to those from whom he has carried the prize, a prize too mean to deserve a very obstinate opposition.

Even grief, that passion to which the virtuous and tender mind is particularly subject, will be obviated or alleviated by the same thoughts. It will be obviated, if all the blessings of our condition are enjoyed with a constant sense of this uncertain tenure. If we remember, that whatever we possess is to be in our hands but a very little time, and that the little, which our most lively hopes can promise us, may be made less by ten thousand accidents; we shall not much repine at a loss of which we cannot estimate the value, but of which, though we are not able to tell the least amount, we know, with sufficient certainty, the greatest,

greatest, and are convinced that the greatest is not much to be regretted.

But if any passion has so much usurped our understanding, as not to suffer us to enjoy advantages with the moderation prescribed by reason, it is not too late to apply this remedy, when we find ourselves sinking under sorrow, and inclined to pine for that which is irrecoverably vanished.—We may then usefully revolve the uncertainty of our own condition, and the folly of lamenting that from which, if it had stayed a little longer, we should ourselves have been taken away.

With regard to the sharpest and most melting sorrow, that which arises from the loss of those whom we have loved with tenderness; it may be observed, that friendship between mortals can be contracted on no other terms, than that one must sometime mourn for the other's death: And this grief will always yield to the survivor one consolation proportionate to his affliction; for the pain, whatever it be, that he himself feels his friend has escaped.

Nor is fear, the most overbearing and resistless of all our passion, less to be tempered by this universal medicine of the mind. The frequent contemplation of death, as it shews the vanity of

all human good, discovers likewise the lightness of all terrestrial evil, which certainly can last no longer than the subject upon which it acts; and according to the old observation, must be shorter, as it is more violent. The most cruel calamity which misfortune can produce, must, by the necessity of nature, be quickly at an end. The soul cannot long be held in prison, but will fly away, and leave a lifeless body to human malice.

The utmost that we can threaten to one another is that death, which, indeed, we may precipitate, but cannot retard, and from which, therefore, it cannot become a wise man to buy a reprieve at the expence of virtue, since he knows not how small a portion of time he can purchase, but knows, that whether short or long, it will be made less valuable by the remembrance of the price at which it has been obtained. He is sure that he destroys his happiness, but is not sure that he lengthens his life.

The known shortness of life, as it ought to moderate our passions, may likewise, with equal propriety, contract our designs. There is not time for the most forcible genius, and most active industry, to extend its effects beyond a certain sphere. To project the conquest of the world, is the madness of mighty princes; to hope for excellence in
every

every science, has been the folly of literary heroes; and both have found at last, that they have panted for a height of eminence denied to humanity, and have lost many opportunities of making themselves useful and happy, by a vain ambition of obtaining a species of honour, which the eternal laws of providence have placed beyond the reach of man.

The miscarriages of the great designs of princes are recorded in the histories of the world, but are of little use to the bulk of mankind, who seem very little interested in admonitions against errors which they cannot commit. But the fate of learned ambition is a proper subject for every scholar to consider; for who has not had occasion to regret the dissipation of great abilities in a boundless multiplicity of pursuits, to lament the sudden desertion of excellent designs, upon the offer of some other subject made inviting by its novelty, and to observe the inaccuracy and deficiencies of works left unfinished, by too great an extension of the plan?

It is always pleasing to observe how much more our minds can conceive than our bodies can perform; yet it is our duty, while we continue in this complicated state, to regulate one part of our composition by some regard to the other. We

are not to indulge our corporeal appetites with pleasures that impair our intellectual vigour, nor gratify our minds with schemes which we know our lives must fail in attempting to execute. The uncertainty of our duration ought at once to set bounds to our designs, and add incitements to our industry; and when we find ourselves inclined either to immensity in our schemes, or sluggishness in our endeavours, we may either check or animate ourselves, by recollecting, with the father of physic, *that art is long, and life is short.*

A N E C D O T E.

AN Astrologer in the time of Lewis XI. extricated himself very ingeniously from danger. He had foretold to the king, that a lady whom he loved should die in eight days; which having happened, the prince caused the astrologer to be brought before him, and commanded his servants not to fail to throw him out at the window, at a signal which he would give them. As soon as the king saw him: "You who pretend to be such a wise man," says he to him, "and who knows so exactly the fate of others, tell me this moment, what will be yours, and how long you have
have

have yet to live?" Whether it was that the astrologer had been secretly informed of the design of the king, or that he guessed it: 'Sire,' answered he, without testifying any fear, 'I shall die just three days before your Majesty.' The king, after that answer, was not in haste to give the signal for them to throw him out of the window; on the contrary he took particular care to let him want for nothing.

ANECDOTE

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THE LATE LORD R——

THE late Lord R——, with many good qualities, and even learning, and parts, had a strong desire of being thought skilful in physic, and was very expert in bleeding. Lord Chesterfield, who knew his foible, and on a particular occasion wished to have his vote, came to him one morning, and, after having conversed upon indifferent matters, complained of the head-ach, and desired his lordship to feel his pulse. It was found to beat high, and a hint of losing blood was given. "I have no objection, and, as I hear your lordship has a masterly hand, will you favour me with trying

trying your lancet upon me?"—"A-propos," said Lord Chesterfield, after the operation, "do you go to the house to-day!" Lord R—— answered, "I did not intend to go, not being sufficiently informed of the question which is to be debated; but you who have considered it, which side will you be of?"—The Earl, having gained his confidence, easily directed his judgment: he carried him to the house, and got him to vote as he pleased. He used afterwards to say, that none of his friends had done so much as he, having literally *bled* for the good of his country.

ANECDOTE
OF
KING CHARLES II.

KING Charles the Second asked Stillingfleet, how it came about, that he always read his sermons before him, when he was informed he always preached without book elsewhere? He told the king, that the awe of so noble an audience, where he saw nothing that was not greatly superior to him, but chiefly the seeing before him so great and wise a prince, made him afraid to trust himself. With which answer the king was very well

well contented. ‘ But, pray,’ says Stillingfleet, ‘ will your Majesty give me leave to ask a question too:—Why you read your speeches, when you can have none of the same reasons?’—“ Why, truly, Doctor,” says the King, “ your question is a very pertinent one, and so will be my answer: *I have asked them so often, and for so much money, that I am ashamed to look them in the face.*”

ANECDOTE OF DR. JOHNSON.

WHEN Dr. Johnson was told that his translation of Pope’s *Messiah*, was made either as a common exercise, or as an imposition for some negligence he had been guilty of at College, he answered, “ No: at Pembroke the former were always in prose, and to the latter I would not have submitted. I wrote it rather to shew the tutors what I could do, than what should be done. It answered my purpose; for it convinced those who were well enough inclined to punish me, that I could wield a scholar’s weapon as often as I was menaced with arbitrary inflictions. Before the frequency of personal satire had weakened its effect, the petty tyrants of colleges stood in awe of a pointed remark, on a vindictive epigram: but since every man in his turn has been wounded, no man is ashamed of a scar.

ANECDOTE

ANECDOTE OF Dr. YOUNG.

ONE day, as Dr. Young was walking in his garden at Welwyn, in company with two ladies, (one of whom he afterwards married) the servant came to acquaint him, a gentleman wished to speak with him. "Tell him," says the Doctor, "I am too happily engaged to change my situation!" The ladies insisted upon it he should go, as his visitor was a man of rank, his patron, his friend; and, as persuasion had no effect, one took him by the right arm, the other by the left, and led him to the garden-gate; when, finding resistance vain, he bowed, laid his hand upon his heart, and in that expressive manner for which he was so remarkable, spoke the following lines:

"Thus Adam look'd, when from the garden
driv'n,
"And thus disputed orders sent from heav'n:
"Like him I go, but yet to go am loth,
"Like him I go, for angels drove us both:
"Hard was his fate, but mine still more unkind;
"His Eve went with him, but mine stays behind."



THE GARDEN OF HOPE:

A DREAM.

THERE is no temper so generally indulged as hope; other passions operate by starts on particular occasions, or in certain parts of life; but hope begins with the first power of comparing our actual with our possible state, and attends us through every stage and period, always urging us forward to new acquisitions, and holding out some distant blessing to our view, promising us either relief from pain, or increase of happiness.

Hope is necessary in every condition. The miseries of poverty, of sickness, of captivity, would, without this comfort, be unsupportable; nor does it appear that the happiest lot of terrestrial existence can set us above the want of this general blessing; or that life, when the gifts of nature and of fortune are accumulated upon it, would not still be wretched, were it not elevated and delighted by the expectation of some new possession, of some enjoyment yet behind, by which the wish shall be at last satisfied, and the heart filled up to its utmost extent.

Hope is, indeed, very fallacious, and promises, what is seldom gives; but its promises are more valuable than the gifts of fortune, and it seldom frus-

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trates us without assuring us of recompensing the delay by a greater bounty.

I was musing on this strange inclination which every man feels to deceive himself, and considering the advantages and dangers proceeding from this gay prospect of futurity, when falling asleep, on a sudden I found myself placed in a garden, of which my sight could descry no limits. Every scene about me was gay and gladsome, light with sunshine, and fragrant with perfumes; the ground was painted with all the variety of spring, and all the choir of nature was singing in the groves. When I had recovered from the first rapture, with which the confusion of pleasure had for a time entranced me, I began to take a particular and deliberate view of this delightful region. I then perceived that I had yet higher gratifications to expect, and that at a small distance from me, there were brighter showers, clearer fountains, and more luscious groves, where the birds, which I yet heard but faintly, were exerting all their power of melody. The trees about me were beautiful with verdure and fragrant with blossoms; but I was tempted to leave them by the sight of ripe fruits, which seemed to hang only to be plucked. I therefore walked hastily forwards, but found, as I proceeded, that the colours of the field faded at
my

my approach, the fruit fell before I reached it, the bird flew still singing before me, and though I pressed onward with great celerity, I was still in sight of pleasures of which I could not yet gain the possession, and which seemed to mock my diligence, and to retire as I advanced.

Though I was confounded with so many alternations of joy and grief, I yet persisted to go forward, in hopes that these fugitive delights would in time be overtaken. At length I saw an innumerable multitude of every age and sex, who seemed all to partake of some general felicity; for every cheek was flushed with confidence, and every eye sparkled with eagerness: yet each appeared to have some particular and secret pleasure, and very few willing to communicate their intentions, or extend their concern, beyond themselves. Most of them seemed by the rapidity of their motion, too busy to gratify the curiosity of a stranger, and therefore I was content for a while to gaze upon them, without interrupting them with troublesome enquiries. At last I observed one man worn with time and unable to struggle in the crowd; and therefore, supposing him more at leisure, I began to accost him: but he turned from me with anger, and told me he must not be disturbed, for the great hour of his projection was

now come, when Mercury should lose his wings, and slavery should no longer dig the mine for gold.

I left him, and attempted another, whose softness of mien, and easy movement, gave me reason to hope for a more agreeable reception: but he told me, with a low bow, that nothing would make him more happy than an opportunity of serving me, which he could not now want, for a place which he had been twenty years soliciting would soon be vacant. From him I had recourse to the next, who was departing in haste to take possession of the estate of an uncle, who by course of nature could not live long. He that followed was preparing to dive for treasure in a new invented bell; and another was on the point of discovering the longitude.

Being thus rejected wheresoever I applied myself for information, I began to imagine it best to desist from inquiry, and to try what my own observation would discover: but seeing a young man, gay and thoughtless, I resolved upon one more experiment, and was informed that I was in the garden of Hope, the daughter of Desire, and that all those whom I saw thus tumultuously bustling round me were incited by the promises of Hope, and hastening to seize the gifts which she held in her hand.

I turned

I turned my sight upward and saw a goddess in the bloom of youth, sitting on a throne: around her lay all the gifts of fortune, and all the blessings of life were spread abroad to view; she had a perpetual gaiety of aspect, and every one imagined that her smile, which was impartial and general, was directed to himself, and triumphed in his own superiority to others, who had conceived the same confidence from the same mistake.

I then mounted an eminence, from which I had a more extensive view of the whole place, and could with less perplexity consider the different conduct of the crowd that filled it. From this station I observed that the entrance into the garden of Hope was by two gates, one of which was kept by Reason, and the other by Fancy. Reason was furly and scrupulous, and seldom turned the key without many interrogatories and long hesitation; but Fancy was a kind and gentle portress, she held her gate wide open, and welcomed all equally to the district under her superintendency; so that the passage was crowded by all those who either feared the examination of Reason, or had been rejected by her.

From the gate of Reason there was a way to the throne of Hope, by a cragged, slippery, and winding

ing path, called the *Streight of Difficulty*, which those who entered with the permission of the guard, endeavoured to climb. But though they surveyed the way very cheerfully before they began to rise, and marked out the several stages of their progress, they commonly found unexpected obstacles, and were obliged frequently to stop on a sudden, where they imagined the way plain and even. A thousand intricacies embarrassed them, a thousand slips threw them back, and a thousand pitfalls impeded their advance. So formidable were the dangers, and so frequent the miscarriages, that many returned from the first attempt, and many fainted in the midst of the way, and only a very small number were led up to the summit of Hope, by the hand of Fortitude. Of these few the greater part, when they had obtained the gift which Hope had promised them, regretted the labour which it cost, and felt in their success the regret of disappointment; the rest retired with their prize, and were led by Wisdom to the bowers of Content.

Turning then towards the gate of Fancy, I could find no way to the seat of Hope; but though she sat full in view, and held out her gifts with an air of invitation, which filled every heart with rapture, the mountain was, on that side inaccessible
 sleep,

steep, but so channelled and shaded, that none perceived the impossibility of ascending it, but each imagined himself to have discovered a way to which the rest were strangers. Many expedients were indeed tried by this industrious tribe, of whom some were making themselves wings, which others were contriving to actuate by the perpetual motion. But with all their labour, and all their artifices, they never rose above the ground, but quickly fell back, nor ever approached the throne of Hope, but continued still to gaze at a distance, and laughed at the slow progress of those whom they saw toiling in the *Streight of Difficulty*.

Part of the favourites of Fancy, when they had entered the garden, without making like the rest, an attempt to climb the mountain, turned immediately to the vale of Idleness, a calm and undisturbed retirement, from whence they could always have Hope in prospect, and to which they pleased themselves with believing that she intended speedily to descend. These were indeed scorned by all the rest; but they seemed very little affected by contempt, advice, or reproof, but were resolved to expect at ease the favour of the goddess.

Among

Among this gay race I was wandering, and found them ready to answer all my questions, and willing to communicate their mirth: but turning round I saw two dreadful monsters entering the vale, one of whom I knew to be Age, and the other Want. Sport and revelling were now at an end, and an universal shriek of affright and distress burst out and awaked me.











